John Adams.

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THE

WORKS

OF

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

VOLUME X.

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LETTERS

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. SWIFT.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21 1729.

YOU tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, *&c.* This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr. Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust.——I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the inslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Leicestershire, who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his tenants, *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ

them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly croſs the channel, and ſtand by, while my betters were driving the boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of ſuch an endeavour. When I was of your age, I often thought of death; but now, after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me leſs. I conclude, that Providence hath ordered our fears to decreaſe with our ſpirits: and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever; for finding it troubleſome to read at night, and the company here growing taſteleſs, I am always writing bad proſe, or worſe verſes, either of rage or raillery, whereof ſome few eſcape to give offence or mirth, and the reſt are burnt.

They print ſome Iriſh traſh in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends; for all are ſpurious except one paper *, for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordſhip uſed to ſay, that a few good ſpeakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling, To the queſtion, would never hold long when reaſon was on the other ſide. Whether politics do not change, like gaming, by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never, as a miniſter, have ſuffered an act to paſs through the H. of C——s, only becauſe you were ſure of a majority in the H. of L 's to throw it out: becauſe it would be unpopular, and conſequently a loſs of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the caſe in the qualification-bill relating to penſioners. It ſhould ſeem to me, that corruption, like avarice, hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your miniſtry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it

* Intitled, "A libel on Dr. Delany and a certain great Lord."

with

with theſe laſt ſixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running ſeven millions in debt. I am forced to play at ſmall game, to ſet the beaſts here a-madding, merely for want of better game: *Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim, &c.* ——The d— take thoſe politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in perſon to England, if I am provoked, and ſend for the dictator from the plough. I diſdain to ſay, *O mihi præteritos*——but *cruda deo viridiſque ſenectus.* Pray, my Lord, how are the gardens? have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew-hedges? Have you not bad weather for the ſpring corn? Has Mr. Pope gone farther in his ethic poems? and is the head-land ſown with wheat? and what ſays Polybius? and how does my Lord St. John *? Which laſt queſtion is very material to me, becauſe I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley.—— I built a wall five years ago; and when the maſons played the knaves, nothing delighted me ſo much as to ſtand by, while my ſervants threw down what was amiſs. I have likewiſe ſeen a monkey overthrow all the diſhes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleaſure of ſeeing them tumble, and hearing the clutter they made in their fall. I wiſh you would invite me to ſuch another entertainment: but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world, and ſo I would, if I could get unto a better before I was called into the beſt, and not die here in a rage, like a poiſened rat in a hole. I wonder you are not aſhamed to let me pine away in this kingdom, while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *melange* above written, and declare it to be a true copy of my preſent diſpoſition; which muſt needs pleaſe you, ſince

* Lord St. John of Batterſea, father to Lord Bolingbroke.

nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my Lady.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5. 1729.

I Do not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart. I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me, in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own; so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But, before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a news-paper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history; which you often promised Mr. Pope and me to do. I know he desires it very much; and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of oeconomy, than that it is the parent of liberty and ease; and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in such nice matters.

matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim, that ſhould be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wiſe man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, inquire, whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the reſtoration, when he was at Briſtol, did not take ſome care of his fortune, notwithſtanding that quotation I once ſent you out of his ſpeech to the H. of Commons? In my conſcience, I believe Fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually leſs for every year he lives. I have demonſtration for it: becauſe if I play at piquet for ſixpence with a man or a woman two years younger than myſelf, I always loſe; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at back-gammon, though ſhe is a bungler, and the game be eccleſiaſtic. As to the public, I confeſs nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it, but theſe frequent returns of deafneſs, which have hindered me from paſſing laſt winter in London: yet I cannot but conſider the perfidiouſneſs of ſome people, who I thought, when I was laſt there, upon a change that happened, were the moſt impudent in forgetting their profeſſions that I have ever known. Pray, will you pleaſe to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, That *res nolunt diu male adminiſtrari;* the commonneſs makes me not know who is the author, but ſure he muſt be ſome modern.

I am ſorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I proteſt I never knew a very deſerving perſon of that ſex, who had not too much reaſon to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more inſignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I ſhall be ſorry to loſe. But my greateſt miſery is recollecting the ſcene of twenty years paſt, and then all on a ſudden dropping into the preſent. I remember, when

I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in; and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortune, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "That all "times are equally virtuous and vicious;" wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians, that ever writ. It is more probable, that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world; but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimble full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for which I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess, that he proceeds wholly upon the principles of corruption. I say this, because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue; and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a-day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epistola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finished my letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous

dangerous way, which made me think it unſeaſonable to trouble you. I am aſhamed to tell you, that when I was very young, I had more deſire to be famous than ever ſince; and fame, like all things elſe in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are ſo much younger, altho' you want that health you deſerve, yet your ſpirits are as vigorous as if your body were ſounder. I hate a croud, where I have not an eaſy place to ſee and be ſeen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the beſt author is as much ſqueezed, and as obſcure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the compilements of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke), more than all my books beſides; becauſe whoever comes into my cloſet caſts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchſafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you, it is almoſt incredible how opinions change, by the decline or decay of ſpirits; and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours from a boy to diſtinguiſh myſelf, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be uſed like a lord by thoſe who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong is no great matter; and ſo the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue riband, or of a coach and ſix horſes. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendſhip, is what would exceedingly pleaſe me; but yet I never loved to make a viſit, or be ſeen walking with my betters, becauſe they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no ſooner writ this, than I corrected myſelf, and remembered Sir Fulk Grevil's epitaph, "Here lies, *&c.* who was friend to "Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I moſt heartily thank you, for your deſire that I would record our friendſhip in verſe; which if I can ſucceed in, I will never deſire to write one more line in poetry while

while I live. You muſt preſent my humble ſervice to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reaſon, that ſhe may live to take care of you.

LETTER XXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 13. 1729.

I AM very ſenſible, that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wiſhes and deſires; which however I find with ſome comfort do now daily decline, very ſuitable to my ſtate of health for ſome months paſt. For my head is never perfectly free from giddineſs, and eſpecially towards night. Yet my diſorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafneſs this half-year; ſo I am like a horſe, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this compariſon puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wiſh you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place ſtrowed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation, the two thirds of whoſe revenues are ſpent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not ſuffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad. This is the true ſtate of Ireland in a very few words. Theſe evils operate more every day,, and the kingdom is abſolute-

ly

ly undone, as I have been telling often in print theſe ten years paſt.

What I have ſaid requires forgivenneſs; but I had a mind for once to let you know the ſtate of our affairs, and my reaſon for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman, and a piece of a philoſpoper; and perhaps the increaſe of years and diſorder may hope for ſome allowance to complaints, eſpecially when I may call myſelf a ſtranger in a ſtrange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope, (if ſhe be ſtill alive), I heartily pity you and pity her. Her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her beſt friends will moſt wiſh her eaſed of her labours, when ſhe hath ſo many good works to follow them. The loſs you will feel by the want of her care and kindneſs, I know very well; but ſhe has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reaſon why I would have you in Ireland, when you ſhall be at your own diſpoſal, is that you may be maſter of two or three years revenues, *proviſæ frugis in annos copia*, ſo as not to be pinched in the leaſt when years increaſe, and perhaps your health impairs; and when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may ſupport me for the few years I ſhall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant intereſt for the ſpoonful of wine, and ſcraps of a chicken it will coſt me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reaſon to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any perſon one tenth part ſo heartily diſpoſed as you are to do good offices to others, without the leaſt private view.

Was it a gaſconade to pleaſe me, that you ſaid your fortune was increaſed 100 l. a-year ſince I left you? You ſhould have told me how. Thoſe *ſubſidia ſenectutis* are extremely deſirable, if they could be got with juſtice, and without avarice; of which vice though

though I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer, (or rather to be surer of his rents). But I am not half so moderate as you; for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000 l. and live on the interest, without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dexterous disguiser. I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. B—, but to no lady at court. God bless you for being a greater dupe than I. I love that character too myself, but I want your charity. Adieu.

LETTER XL.

Oct. 9. 1729.

IT pleases me that you received my books at last: but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or disapprove not of some parts of the commentary, *&c.* It was my principal aim in the entire work, to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to shew, that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other. If, in any particular, any thing be stated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here, may have it rectified. You'll find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with

with ſome additions to the notes and epigrams caſt in, which I wiſh had been increaſed by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapiers-hill is to emulate Parnaſſus. I fear the country about it is as much impoveriſhed. I truly ſhare in all that troubles you and wiſh you removed from a ſcene of diſtreſs, which I know works your compaſſionate temper too ſtrongly. But if we are not to ſee you here, I believe I ſhall once in my life ſee you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100 l. a-year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: ſhe will never be troubleſome to me, if ſhe be not ſo to herſelf. But a melancholy object it is, to obſerve the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a perſon to whom one is tied by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itſelf would be ſo afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs. I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away 100 l. a-year. Don't be angry: I will not live to be very old: I have revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it. I will enjoy the pleaſure of what I give, by giving it alive. and, and ſeeing another enjoy it. When I die, I ſhould be aſhamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were wanting a friend above ground.

Mr. Gay aſſures me his 3000 l. is kept entire and ſacred. He ſeems to languiſh after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Doctor is unalterable, both in friendſhip and quadrille. His wife has been very near death laſt week: his two brothers buried their wives within theſe ſix weeks. Gay is

ſixty

ſixty miles off, and has been ſo all this ſummer, with the Duke and Ducheſs of Queenſberry. He is the ſame man; ſo is every one here that you know. Mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille qui minimis urgetur.*——Poor Mrs. ** is like the reſt; ſhe cries at the thorn in her foot, but will ſuffer no body to pull it out. The court-lady I have a good opinion of: yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, becauſe you like to ſee the inſide of a court, which I do not. I have ſeen her but twice. You have a deſperate hand at daſhing out a character by great ſtrokes, and at the ſame time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you ſhould draw mine, if I were conſcious of any guilt: but if I were conſcious only of folly, God ſend it! for as no body can detect a great fault ſo well as you, no body would ſo well hide a ſmall one. But, after all, that lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vaſt deal for a courtier. I can aſſure you, that Lord Peterborow always ſpeaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I muſt throw away my pen; it cannot. it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monſtrare, et ſentio tantum.*

LETTER XLI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Bruſſels Sept. 27. 1729.

I Have brought your French acquaintance * thus far on her way into her own country, and con-

* Lady Bolingbroke.

ſiderably better in health than ſhe was when ſhe went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes, that ſhe will recover ſuch a degree of health as may render old age ſupportable. Both of us have cloſed the tenth luſtre, and it is high time to determine how we ſhall play the laſt act of the farce. Might not my life be intitled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it*, than a *farce?* Some comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interſperſed with ſcenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Baloardo, the prototype of your hero.——I uſed to think ſometimes formerly of old age and of death; enough to prepare my mind, not enough to anticipate ſorrow, to daſh the joys of youth, and to be all my life a-dying I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey; little regret when I look backwards, little apprehenſion when I look forward. You complain grievouſly of your ſituation in Ireland: I would complain of mine too in England; but I will not; nay, I ought not; for I find by long experience, that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleaſure of giving*, though your old prating friend Montague does ſomething like it in one of his rhapſodies. To tell you my reaſons would be to write an eſſay, and I ſhall hardly have time to write a letter: but if you will come over, and live with Pope and me, I'll ſhew you in an inſtant why theſe two things ſhould not *aller de pair*; and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneaſy. You know that I am too expenſive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of deſcending without anxiety two or three ſtages more. In ſhort, Mr. Dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middleſex, you ſhall find that I can live frugally without

growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom Fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs: and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused But I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom, (which is sometimes the reason, and oftner the caprice of others, of the mob of the world). Now, to be sure of doing this you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress; and sooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, your scarf, or even that emblematical vestment your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at: and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree, that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his exit than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural: your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. You poets and orators have inverted this order; you propose fame as the end; and good, or at least great actions, as the means. You go further; you teach your self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads besides your own. I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

Fame

Fame is an object which men purſue ſucceſsfully by various and even contrary courſes Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as eſſential, and on the means as indifferent; ſo that Fabricius and Craſſus, Cato and Cæſar, preſſed forward to the ſame goal. After all, perhaps it may appear, from a conſideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world, without calling this paſſion, or this direction of ſelf-love into your aid. Tacitus has crouded this excuſe for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.* But now, whether we conſider fame as an uſeful inſtrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we conſider it as the cauſe of that pleaſure which our ſelf-love is ſo fond of; methinks our entrance into life, or (to ſpeak more properly) our youth, not our old age, is the ſeaſon when we ought to deſire it moſt, and therefore when it is moſt becoming to deſire it with ardour. If it is uſeful, it is to be deſired moſt when we have, or may hope to have, a long ſcene of action open before us. Towards our exit, this ſcene of action is, or ſhould be cloſed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occaſion for. If it is pleaſant, the ſooner we are in poſſeſſion of fame, the longer we ſhall enjoy this pleaſure. When it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the ſenſation of pleaſure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having taſted it ſooner.

From my Farm, Oct. 5.

I am here. I have ſeen Pope, and one of my firſt inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am ſorry to hear; you are building it ſeems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpoſe, in ſome county of Ireland *. Though I have built in a part of the world which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours; yet I am ſorry you do the ſame thing. I have repented a thouſand times of my reſolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu, my old and worthy friend. May the phyſical evils of life fall as eaſily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which ſurround us, make as little impreſſion on you, as they ought to make on one who has ſuch ſuperior ſenſe to eſtimate things by, and ſo much virtue to wrap himſelf up in.

My wife deſires not to be forgotten by you. She's faithfully your ſervant, and zealouſly your admirer. She will be concerned and diſappointed not to find you in this iſland at her return, which hope both ſhe and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

* In the county of Armagh, called Drapier's Hill.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31. 1729.

I Received your Lordſhip's travelling letter of ſeveral dates, at ſeveral ſtages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging, than your kind remembrance of me in ſo many places. As to your ten luſtres, I remember when I complained, in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jeſt, and anſwered me out of Terence, *Iſta commemoratio eſt quaſi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to anſwer for, all monaſtically paſſed in this country of liberty, and delight, and money, and good company! I go on anſwering your letter. It is you were my hero, but the other † never was: yet, if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of your miniſtry, from my accuſations. But I granted he had the greateſt inequalities of any man alive, and his whole ſcene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it than yours: for I declare yours was *unie*; and I wiſh you would ſo order it, that the world may be as wiſe as I upon that article. Mr. Pope wiſhes it too; and I believe there is not a more honeſt man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not.——I was forty-ſeven years old * when I began to think of death; and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in

† Lord Oxford.
* The year of Queen Anne's death.

the morning, and end when I am going to sleep.—I writ to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons; you born to a great fortune: yet I see you, with all your advantages, sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: but yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more, (though it be almost impossible), than ever you were in your highest exaltation;—only I grieve like an alderman, that you are not so rich. And yet, my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you; and I will call five hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I used that expression to Mr. Pope), I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind; and as for the *pleasure of giving*, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things, (be not offended, it is no ecclesiastical, but an Epictetian phrase), could you, when these have brought you to it, come over, and live with Mr. Pope and me at the deanery? I could almost wish the experiment were tried:—no, God forbid, that ever such a scoundrel as want should dare to approach you. But, in the mean time, do not brag; retrenchments are not your talent. But, as old Weymouth said to me in his lordly Latin, *Philosophia verba ignava opera*; I wish you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles, which you advised me to, will tell me, that I can live on 50 l. a year, (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to); but I cannot endure that *otium* should be *sine dignitate*.—My Lord, what I would have

have ſaid of fame, is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; becauſe I cannot be a great Lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *ſubſidium*; I would endeavour that my betters ſhould ſeek me by the merit of ſomething diſtinguiſhable, inſtead of my ſeeking them. The deſire of enjoying it in after times, is owing to the ſpirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the houſe is ſo full, that there is no room for above one or two at moſt in an age, through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you; it gives me pleaſure, and kills me with melancholy. The d—— take ſtupidity, that it will not come to ſupply the want of philoſophy.

LETTER XLIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 31. 1729.

YOU were ſo careful in ſending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleaſed four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abſtracted from every body, in the happineſs of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeneſs, ſhall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it; for we have an octavo of our own, which hath ſold wonderfully, conſidering our poverty, and dullneſs, the conſequence of it.

I writ this poſt to Lord B. and told him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loſs for a frolic, I will fly as ſoon as build; I have neither years, nor ſpirits, nor money, nor patience, for ſuch amuſements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only 100 l. the

the poorer. But this kingdom is grown ſo exceſſively poor, that we wiſe men muſt think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thouſand pounds of ſpecie in the whole Iſland; for we return thrice as much to our abſentees as we get by trade, and ſo are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print theſe ten years, to as little purpoſe as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Iriſh politics, which I only mention, becauſe it ſo nearly touches myſelf. I muſt repeat what, I believe, I have ſaid before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes, is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender diſpoſition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much ſatisfied that your additional 100 l. *per annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends, I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I ſhall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have imbroiled me with Lord B—— about the figure of living, and the pleaſure of giving. I am under the neceſſity of ſome little paltry figure in the ſtation I am: but I make it as little as poſſible. As to the other part, you are baſe, becauſe I thought myſelf as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a ſecret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue. Adieu.

L —— C——, who doth his duty of a good governor in unflaving this kingdom as much as he can, talks to me of you in the manner he ought.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 19. 1729.

I Find that you have laid aſide your project of building in Ireland, and that we ſhall ſee you in this Iſland *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima*, I know not whether the love of fame increaſes as we advance in age; ſure I am that the force of friendſhip does. I loved you almoſt twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you leſs, or for loving you as well after loving you ſo many years, I ſhall not determine. What I would ſay is this: Whilſt my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels leſs need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendſhip return oftener, they buſy me, they warm me more: is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great ſeparation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another ſtate, (for *vera amicitia non niſi inter bonos*), begin to feel more ſtrongly that divine ſympathy which is to be the great band of their future ſociety? There is no one thought which ſoothes my mind like this. I encourage my imagination to purſue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty of the intellect * comes boiſterouſly in,

* *Viz.* Reaſon. Tully (or, what is much the ſame, his diſciple) obſerves ſomething like this on the like occaſion; where, ſpeaking of Plato's famous book of the ſoul, he ſays, "Neſcio quomodo, "dum

in, and wakes me from ſo pleaſing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on œconomies than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will ſay, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500 l. a-year as well as with 5000: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the eſtate. I do aſſure you, that I have never quitted the deſign of collecting, reviſing, improving, and extending, ſeveral materials which are ſtill in my power; and I hope that the time of ſetting myſelf about this laſt work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curioſity and importance are loſt, and ſome of them in a manner which would ſurpriſe and anger you. However, I ſhall be able to convey ſeveral great truths to poſterity, ſo clearly and ſo authentically, that the Burnets and Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, ſince Pope is to write to you. No matter: for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will ſay as much to you in one page, as I have ſaid in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earneſt; it is a fine one; and will be, in his hands, an original *. His ſole complaint is, that he finds it too eaſy in the execution. This flatters his lazineſs; it flatters my judgement, who always thought, that (univerſal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace. Adieu.

" dum lego, adſentior; cum poſui librum, et mecum ipſe de immor-
" talitate animorum cœpi cogitare, adſenſio illa omnis elabitur."
Cicero ſeems to have had but a confuſed notion of the cauſe, which the letter-writer has here explained, namely, that the imagination is always ready to indulge ſo flattering an idea, but ſeverer reaſon corrects and diſclaims it. As to RELIGION, that is out of the queſtion; for Tully wrote to his few philoſophic friends. *Warb.*

* Eſſay on man.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

Nov. 28. 1729.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a rhapsody; it is many years ago since I wrote as a wit †. How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if one determined to say nothing that one could not say prettily? I lately received from the widow of one dead correspondent, and the father of another, several of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myself to observe, how and by what degrees I ceased to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the other. Now, as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more, the longer I have compared you with the rest of the world; so inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but such as love one another will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curl would be bit, were our epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations?

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have something to rebuke you for in the way of œconomy. I love the man that builds a house *subito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horse; then cries, "We wise men must think of nothing but "getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: but I will increase your regard for my wisdom, and tell

† He used to value himself on this particular. *Walk.*

you,

you, that this annuity includes alſo the life of another *, whoſe concern ought to be as near me as my own, and with whom my whole proſpects ought to finiſh. I throw my javelin of hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo* — &c.

The ſecond (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with ſome additional notes and epigrams, ſhall be ſent you, if I know any opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition.——The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, *&c.*; for you know I diſapprove Iriſh politics, (as my commentator tells you), being a ſtrong and jealous ſubject of England. The lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your preſent; ſhe having lately received a much richer preſent from Mr. Knight of the South-ſea; and you are ſenſible ſhe cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an outlaw. It is certain, as he can never expect any favour †, his motive muſt be wholly diſintereſted. Will not this reflection make you bluſh? Your continual deplorings of Ireland make me wiſh you were here long enough to forget thoſe ſcenes that ſo afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow ſuch a patriot here too, as not to be quite at eaſe, for your love of old England. ---- It is very poſſible, your journey in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you muſt ſoon again go back, you would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My conſtant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and leſſen extremely my deſires of long life; ſince I ſee the beſt

* His mother's.

† He was miſtaken in this. Mr. Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742. *Warb.*

that can come of it is a miſerable benediction. I look upon myſelf to be many years older in two years ſince you ſaw me: the natural imbecillity of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at leaſt as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only deſire I may be able to keep pace with you. My firſt friendſhip at ſixteen, was contracted with a man of ſeventy; and I found him not grave enough or conſiſtent enough for me, though we lived well to his death. I ſpeak of old Mr. Wycherley; ſome letters of whom (by the by) and of mine, the bookſellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours *. I don't much approve of it; though there is nothing for me to be aſhamed of, becauſe I will not be aſhamed of any thing I do not do myſelf, or of any thing that is not immoral, but merely dull, (as for inſtance, if they printed this letter I am now writing; which they eaſily may, if the underlings at the poſt-office pleaſe to take a copy of it). I admire, on this conſideration, your ſending your laſt to me quite open without a ſeal, wafer, or any cloſure whatever, manifeſting the utter openneſs of the writer. I would do the ſame by this, but fear it would look like affectation to ſend two letters ſo together. —— I will fully repreſent to our friend, (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart), what you ſo feelingly ſet forth as to the badneſs of your Burgundy, *&c.* He is an extreme honeſt man; and indeed ought to be ſo, conſidering how very indiſcreet and unreſerved he is: but I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idleneſſes in the way of wit. You know my maxim, to keep as clear of all offence, as I am

* See the occaſion, in the ſecond and third paragraphs of the preface to the firſt volume of Pope's letters, the 7th of Warburton's edition of his works.

clear of all intereſt in either party. I was once diſpleaſed before at you, for complaining to Mr. *** of my not having a penſion, and am ſo again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the courſe of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendſhip of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir Robert Walpole), that I never thought myſelf ſo warm in any party's cauſe as to deſerve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it: but give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two perſons I would leaſt have accepted any favour from, are thoſe very two to whom you have unluckily ſpoken of it. I deſire you to take off any impreſſions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordſhip's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the preſent conſtitution; I believe, as ſincere a well-wiſher to it, nay, even to the church eſtabliſhed, as any miniſter in or out of employment whatever; or any biſhop of England or Ireland; Yet am I of the religion of Eraſmus, a Catholic: ſo I live, ſo I ſhall die; and hope one day to meet you, Biſhop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutchinſon, in that place to which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord B.'s anſwer to your letter I have juſt received, and join it to this packet. The work he ſpeaks of with ſuch abundant partiality, is a ſyſtem of ethics in the Horatian way.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

April 14. 1730.

THis is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you (as a clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, for a good and an honeſt man: moreover he is above ſeventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word *honeſt*. I ſhall think it a kindneſs done myſelf, if you can propagate Mr. Weſtley's ſubſcription for his commentary on Job, among your divines, (biſhops excepted, of whom there is no hope), and among ſuch as are believers, or readers of ſcripture; even the curious may find ſomething to pleaſe them, if they ſcorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his proſe more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your beſt to ſerve an old Tory, and a ſufferer for the church of England, though you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here ſome verſes in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not uſe me ſo ill as to flatter me. I therefore think it is ſome other weak Iriſhman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I proteſt to you. But ſince he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I ſeek no epiſtolary fame, but am a good deal pleaſed to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the moſt friendly intimacy together. Pliny writ his letters for the public;

ſo did Seneca, ſo did Balſac, Voiture, *&c.* Tully did not; and therefore theſe give us more pleaſure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a ſecret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleaſure. We ſee Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, ſuch as they really were, and not ſuch as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as hiſtorians and poets have repreſented them to ours. That is another pleaſure. I remember to have ſeen a proceſſion at Aix-la-Chapelle, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the ſhoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial ſaint. Follow him into the veſtry; you ſee the bearer ſlip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary ſize, and is ſet by among other lumber. ——— I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public ſpirit would be leſs grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a viſit at leaſt. It will not be the fault of ſeveral perſons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good-will and little power produce ſuch ſlow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men. ——— I know you will be angry with me, if I ſay nothing to you of a poor woman *, who is ſtill on the other ſide of the water in a moſt languiſhing ſtate of health. If ſhe regains ſtrength enough to come over, (and ſhe is better within a few weeks), I ſhall nurſe her in this farm † with all the care and tenderneſs poſſible. If ſhe does not, I muſt pay her the laſt duty of friendſhip wherever ſhe is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am moſt faithfully and affectionately yours.

* Lady Bolingbroke.

† Lord Bolingbroke's ſeat at Dawley in Middleſex. *Warb.*

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 1730-31.

I Begin my letter, by telling you, that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant; and as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be yours with the same. Would to God you were within her reach. She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and though our best botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these remedies, are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chymistry, the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison a specific. —— Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the present and to future ages, whilst I begin this letter which he is to finish to you. What good he will do mankind, I know not: this comfort he may be sure of; he cannot do less than you have done before him. I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral writers, keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits. A real reformation is not to be brought about by Ordinary means; it requires those extra-

ordinary means which become punishments as well as lessons. National corruption must be purged by national calamities.——Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention, because we desire it, and because we believe that you desire to hear from us.

LETTER XLVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

March 29.

I Have delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a-going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger, either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay, (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates), we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This

is

is much better than ſtupidity. The decay of paſſion ſtrengthens philoſophy; for paſſion may decay, and ſtupidity not ſucceed. Paſſions (ſays Pope, our divine, as you will ſee one time or other) are the gales of life. Let us not complain that they do not blow a ſtorm. What hurt does age do us, in ſubduing what we toil to ſubdue all our lives? It It is now ſix in the morning. I recal the time, (and am glad it is over), when about this hour I uſed to be going to bed, ſurfeited with pleaſure, or jaded with buſineſs: my head often full of ſchemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I riſe at this hour refreſhed, ſerene, and calm? that the paſt, and even the preſent affairs of life, ſtand like objects at a diſtance from me, where I can keep off the diſagreeable ſo as not to be ſtrongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me! Paſſions in their force would bring all theſe, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reaſon would but ill defend me in the ſcuffle.

I leave Pope to ſpeak for himſelf: but I muſt tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She ſays ſhe would find ſtrength enough to nurſe you. if you was here; and yet, God knows, ſhe is extremely weak. The ſlow fever works under, and mines the conſtitution: we keep it off ſometimes; but ſtill it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not aſhamed to ſay to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life. Death is not to her the king of terrors; ſhe beholds him without the leaſt. When ſhe ſuffers much, ſhe wiſhes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, ſhe looks on him with diſlike, becauſe he is to ſeparate her from thoſe friends to whom ſhe is more attached than to life itſelf. ——— You ſhall not ſtay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one Pope ſhall write ſomething much better

better than the ſcraps of old philoſophers, which were the preſents, *munuſcula*, that Stoical fop Seneca uſed to ſend in every epiſtle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has ſpoken juſtly of his lady: why not I of my mother? Yeſterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety-firſt year of her age; her memory much diminiſhed, but her ſenſes very little hurt, her ſight and hearing good; ſhe ſleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, ſays her prayers; this is all ſhe does. I have reaſon to thank God for continuing ſo long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exerciſe for ſome years thoſe cares which are now as neceſſary to her as hers have been to me. An object of this ſort daily before one's eyes, very much ſoftens the mind; but perhaps may hinder it from the willingneſs of contracting other ties of the like domeſtic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleaſures. I have formerly made ſome ſtrong efforts to get and to deſerve a friend: perhaps it were wiſer never to attempt it; but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to paſs through, juſt pay your hoſts their due, diſperſe a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I juſt now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleaſure, and put morality in good humour.—And juſt now too I am going to ſee one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain ſeveral civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courteſy of England. — *Sic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras.* While we do live, we muſt make the beſt of life,

Cantantes licet uſque (minus via lædat) eamus.

as the ſhepherd ſaid in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am your's.

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

YOU may assure yourself, that if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surprised to find, that I have been partly drawn by him, and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority; and that I have ventured to start a thought, which must, if it is pushed as successfully as I think it is, render all your metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thing on this subject; and yet I am persuaded, that divines and freethinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean, is that where you say, that you told Dr. ** the grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible revelations *, &c.

* In this maxim all bigotted divines and freethinking politicians agree; the one for fear of disturbing the established religion; the other lest that disturbance should prove injurious to their administration of government. *Warb.*

It

It has happened, that whilſt I was writing this to you, the Doctor came to make me a viſit from London, where I heard he was arrived ſome time ago. He was in haſte to return, and is, I perceive, in great haſte to print. He left with me eight diſſertations †, a ſmall part, as I underſtand of his work; and deſired me to peruſe, conſider, and obſerve upon them againſt Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two firſt, I find myſelf unable to ſerve him. The principles he reaſons upon are begged, in a diſputation of this ſort; and the manner of reaſoning is by no means cloſe and concluſive. The ſole advice I could give him in conſcience, would be that which he would take ill, and not follow. I will get rid of this taſk as well as I can; for I eſteem the man, and ſhould be ſorry to diſoblige him where I cannot ſerve him.

As to retirement and exerciſe, your notions are true. The firſt ſhould not be indulged ſo much as to render us ſavage, nor the laſt neglected ſo as to impair health. But I know men, who, for fear of being ſavage, live with all who live with them, and who, to preſerve their health, ſaunter away half their time. Adieu. Pope calls for the paper.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a ſtrong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I ſhall ſee Ireland; I ſhall never deſire it, if you can be got hither; or kept here. Yet I think I ſhall be, too ſoon, a freeman.——Your recommendations I conſtantly give to thoſe you mention; though ſome of them I ſee but ſeldom, and am every day more retired. I am leſs fond of the world, and leſs curious about it; yet no way out of humour, diſappointed, or angry; though, in my way, I receive as many injuries as my betters; but I don't feel

† Revelation examined with candor.

them;

them; therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley and at home. My Lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than politics, and not quite so vain at present as divinity. I know nothing that moves strongly but satire; and those who are ashamed of nothing else, are so of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this age.

I know you'll desire some account of my health. It is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides; and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects, merely on the score of party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life, that I have contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr ———'s book is what I can't commend so much as Dean Berkeley's *, though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, though he meant it *ad populum*, is, I think, purely *ad clerum*. Adieu.

* A fine original work, called, The Minute Philosoper.

LETTER

LETTER L.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY *.

Dublin, March 19. 1729.

I Deny it. I do write to you according to the old ſtipulation; for when you kept your old company, when I writ to one I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain, ſince you are got into a new world, and will anſwer all your letters. You are firſt to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to the Ducheſs of Queenſberry; and let her know, that I never dine without thinking of her, altho' it be with ſome difficulty that I can obey her, when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the ſauce is not very conſiſtent. You muſt likewiſe tell her Grace, that ſhe is a general toaſt among all honeſt folks here, and particularly at the deanery, even in the face of my Whig ſubjects,—— I will leave my money in Lord Bathurſt's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours: and pray keep the intereſt-money in a bag wrapt up and ſealed by itſelf, for fear of your own fingers under your carleſſneſs. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect ſtranger; but the different purſuits, and manners, and intereſts of life, as Fortune hath pleaſed to diſpoſe them, will never ſuffer thoſe to live together, who, by their inclinations, ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have ſome little œconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your

* The following letters from Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay, from let. 50. to let. 61. inclusive, were found among Mr. Gay's papers, and returned to Dr. Swift by the Duke of Queenſberry and Mr. Pope.

friend a pint of Port; for the domeſtic ſeaſon of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vampt play, although Mr. Pope ſeemed to have, and although it were ever ſo good: but you ſhould have done like the parſons, and changed your text, I mean the title, and the names of the perſons. After all, it was an effect of idleneſs; for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgement go together. I wiſh you had 100 l. a year more for horſes.——I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the beſt walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope. I wiſh you had a little villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and ſix horſes would carry you to Japan.

LETTER LI.

Dublin, Nov. 10. 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborow, in the Queen's time, went abroad upon his embaſſies, the miniſtry told me, that he was ſuch a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by gueſs, becauſe they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my caſe with you; ſometimes in Scotland, ſometimes at Ham-walks, ſometimes God knows where. You are a man of buſineſs, and not at leiſure for inſignificant correſpondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord Duke's *premier miniſtre*; for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be intruſted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a ſtrong inclination to ſpend a Summer near Saliſbury-downs, having rode over them more than

once, and, with a young parſon of Saliſbury, reckoned twice the ſtones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety three. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble acknowledgements to my Lady Ducheſs, in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that ſhe is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*. I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl, and would be angry ſhe ſhould excel her mother, who was long my principal goddeſs I deſire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidential, which happens in all poor houſes, eſpecially thoſe of poets; upon which account a knife was abſolutely neceſſary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impoſſible with a bidential fork to convey a morſel of beef, with the incumbrance of muſtard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath coſt me thirty pounds to provide tridents, for fear of offending her; which ſum I deſire ſhe will pleaſe to return me.——I am ſick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my diſorder. I have a ſtrong mind to ſpend my 200 l. next ſummer in France. I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that ſum left in this kingdom. You want no ſettlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a ſettlement) till you increaſe your fortune to what will ſupport you with eaſe and plenty, a good houſe and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you. For I have often known a ſhe-couſin of a good family and ſmall fortune, paſſing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till ſhe grew an old maid, and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of ſeldom ſeeing you: but the evil is unavoidable; for different circumſtances of life have always ſeparated thoſe whom friendſhip would join. God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progreſs towards real happineſs here, which would make life more deſirable,

able, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself; I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually filled your thoughts, and disturbed your conversation. For if it be true, what Mr. Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life, in ease and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who deserve no better geniuses than those by whom they are celebrated.—— If you see Mr. Cæsar, present my humble service to him; and let him know, that the scrub libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he shewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a Whig printer. It was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know. But my paper is ended.

LETTER LII.

Dublin, Nov. 19. 1730.

I Writ to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated. Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury so late in the year; at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a court, on account of their virtues;

which is a ſtate of happineſs the more valuable, becauſe it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deſerves it more. I would gladly ſell a Dukedom to loſe favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, ſince he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wiſh me ill; and I have told him often, that I only hated him as Lieutenant. I confeſs he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than moſt of his predeceſſors; and I confeſs, at the ſame time, that he had ſix times a regard to my recommendation, by preferring ſo many of my friends in the church. The two laſt acts of his favour were, to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford; the laſt of whom was, by you and Mr. Pope, put into Mr Pultney's hands. I told you in my laſt, that a continuance of giddineſs (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at preſent. For in my caſe, a domeſtic life is neceſſary; where I can, with the centurion, ſay to my ſervant, Go, and he goeth; and, do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and conſequently a Ducheſs is at this time the hatefulleſt lady in the world to me, one only excepted; and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception; for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thouſand times more hateful. I confeſs I begin to apprehend you will ſquander my money, becauſe I hope you never leſs wanted it; and if you go on with ſucceſs for two years longer, I fear I ſhall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill informed me, who ſays that Mr. Pope is at preſent the chief poetical favourite; yet Mr. Pope himſelf talks like a philoſopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honeſt folk here is, that Duck is abſolutely to ſucceed Euſden in the laurel; the contention being between Concannen, or Theobald, or ſome other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking; but the dubious ſtate of your affairs

affairs in thoſe days was too much the ſubject, and I wiſh the Ducheſs had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing contributed ſo much to my eaſe as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unleſs I would have been a greater raſcal than happened to ſuit with my temper. I therefore ſat down quietly at my morſel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all ſucceeding meaſures and miniſtries, by way of ſauce to reliſh my meat: and I confeſs one point of conduct in my Lady Ducheſs's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Iriſh practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you ſpend a dozen lines in telling me you muſt leave off, that you may give my Lady Ducheſs room to write, and ſo you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200 l. to have left place for as many more.

To the Ducheſs.

MADAM,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of reſpect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the ſtairs. I am glad you know your duty: for it hath been a known and eſtabliſhed rule above twenty years in England, That the firſt advances have been conſtantly made me by all ladies who aſpired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet I know not by what weakneſs I have condeſcended graciouſly to diſpenſe with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you, that a nameleſs perſon * ſent me eleven meſſages before I would yield to a viſit: I mean a perſon to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occaſion of the happineſs he now enjoys, under the protection and favour of my

* The Princeſs of Wales, afterward Queen Caroline.

Lord Duke and your Grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me: I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will, out of fear and prudence, appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: for Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

LETTER LIII.

Dublin, March 13. 1730-1.

YOur situation is an odd one; the Duchess is your treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct in a negative way; not to do so and so, *&c* like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring 'squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance; and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me. I prove, that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, *&c*——Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe? unless you would make your court at St. James, by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput.——But the rest of your letter being

being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Ducheſs, I ſhall ſay no more to you, but apply myſelf to her Grace.

Madam, Since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and ſince I have the ſame perfection, I will ſettle that matter immediately, to prevent thoſe ill conſequences he apprehends. Your Grace ſhall have your own way, in all places except your own houſe, and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine; ſo that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houſes in town and country. I will, likewiſe, out of my ſpecial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right againſt all human kind, except myſelf, and to be never in the wrong, but when you differ from me. You ſhall have a greater privilege in the third article, of ſpeaking your mind; which I ſhall graciouſly allow you now and then to do even to myſelf, and only rebuke you when it does not pleaſe me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter; which having not read this fortnight, (having been out of town, and not daring to truſt myſelf with the carriage of it) the preſumptuous manner in which you begin had ſlipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the ſeventeenth line, where you begin to baniſh me for ever, by demanding me to anſwer all the good character ſome partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived ſixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermiſſion of two ſummers in England; and conſequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thouſand times duller, and fifty million times more peeviſh, perverſe, and moroſe; ſo that under theſe diſadvantages, I can only pretend to excel all your other

other acquaintance about ſome twenty bars length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me ſit at your left hand, at leaſt within three of you? for of two bad ears my right is the beſt. My groom tells me, that he likes your park, but your houſe is too little. Can the parſon of the pariſh play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? Is any one of your women a good nurſe, if I ſhould fancy myſelf ſick for four and twenty hours? How many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When theſe preliminaries are ſettled, I muſt be very poor, very ſick, or dead, or to the laſt degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimſbury. For I profeſs you are the firſt lady that ever I deſired to ſee ſince the firſt of Auguſt 1714; and I have forgot the date when that deſire grew ſtrong upon me; but I know I was not then in England, elſe I would have gone on foot for that happineſs as far as to your houſe in Scotland. But I can ſoon recollect the time, by aſking ſome ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company: which however I think was a ſign of my ill judgment; for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I diſlike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad ſpelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourſelf. Falſe ſpelling is only excuſable in a chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women.——Pray God preſerve your Grace and family; and give me leave to expect, that you will be ſo juſt to remember me among thoſe who have the greateſt regard for virtue, goodneſs, prudence, courage, and generoſity; after which you muſt conclude, that I am with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, Madam,

dam, your Grace's moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant, &c.

To Mr. GAY.

I have juſt got yours of February 24th, with a poſtſcript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the firſt part, and with great difficulty ſome days after added the reſt. I ſee his weakneſs by his handwriting. How much does his philoſophy exceed mine! I could not bear to ſee him: I will write to him ſoon.

LETTER LIV.

Dublin, June 29. 1731.

EVer ſince I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Briſtol, to paſs a month at Aimſbury, as the Ducheſs hath given me leave. But many difficulties hath interfered. Firſt, I thought I had done with my law-ſuit, and ſo did all my lawyers; but my adverſary, after being in appearance a Proteſtant theſe twenty years, hath declared he was always a Papiſt, and conſequently, by the law here, cannot buy, nor (I think) ſell; ſo that I am at ſea again, for almoſt all I am worth. But I have ſtill a worſe evil: for the giddineſs I was ſubject to, inſtead of coming ſeldom and violent, now conſtantly attends me more or leſs; though in a more peaceable manner, yet ſuch as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy; and the Ducheſs in all her youth, ſpirit and grandeur, will make a very ill nurſe, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians muſt live where they can command,

command, and ſcold; I muſt have horſes to ride, I muſt go to bed and riſe when I pleaſe, and live where all mortals are ſubſervient to me. I muſt talk nonſenſe when I pleaſe, and all who are preſent muſt commend it. I muſt ride thrice a-week, and walk three or four miles beſides every day.

I always told you Mr.——was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Ducheſs; and I hate to ſee you ſo charitable, and ſuch a cully; and yet I love you for it, becauſe I am one myſelf.

You are the ſilliest lover in Chriſtendom. If you like Mrs. —,why do you not command her to take you? if ſhe does not, ſhe is not worth purſuing. You do her too much honour; ſhe hath neither ſenſe nor taſte, if ſhe dares to refuſe you, tho' ſhe had ten thouſand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I underſtand your meaning, and I am ſure I had never the leaſt thoughts of any myſelf. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of ſelf-love; and I do ſometimes reproach you for not honouring me, by letting the world know we are friends.

I ſee very well how matters go with the Ducheſs in regard to me. I heard her ſay, Mr. Gay fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough; I have writ thrice; I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? poſitively I will not write a ſyllable more. She is an ungrateful Ducheſs, conſidering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thouſands ſhe had before.——I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000 l. which will bring you 300 *per annum*; and this will maintain

tain you, with the perquiſite of ſpunging while you are young; and when you are old, will afford you a pint of port at night, two ſervants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink,—provided you live in the country ——— Have you no ſcheme either in verſe or proſe? The Ducheſs ſhould keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and ſo I have done with you.

MADAM,

SINCE I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconſtant, without any reproach from their conſcience. If I wait on you, I declare, that one of your women (which ever it is that has deſigns upon a chaplain) muſt be my nurſe, if I happen to be ſick or peeviſh at your houſe; and in that caſe you muſt ſuſpend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the uſual appendix to Mr. Gay's letter hath done me infinite miſchief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered ſince. I dare not confeſs that I have deſcended ſo low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but ſuſpected it, I ſhould loſe them all. One of them who had an inkling of the matter, (your Grace will hardly believe it), refuſed to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk. Pray, conſider this, and do your duty, or dread the conſequence. I promiſe you ſhall have your will ſix minutes every hour at Aimſbury, and ſeven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be ſick, I muſt govern to a ſecond. Yet, properly ſpeaking, there is no man alive with ſo much truth and reſpect your Grace's moſt obedient and devoted ſervant.

LET-

LETTER LV.

Auguſt 28. 1731.

YOU and the Ducheſs uſe me very ill: for I profeſs, I cannot diſtinguiſh the ſtyle or the hand-writing of either. I think her grace writes more like you than herſelf, and that you write more like her Grace than yourſelf. I would ſwear the beginning of your letter writ by the Ducheſs, though it is to paſs for yours; becauſe there is a curſed lie in it, that ſhe is neither young nor healthy; and beſides, it perfectly reſembles the part ſhe owns. I will likewiſe ſwear, that what I muſt ſuppoſe is written by the Ducheſs, is your hand: and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you; but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country parſon's, to whom I lately gave a city-living, ſuch as an Engliſh chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand; one to reduce the whole politeneſs, wit, humour, and ſtyle of England, into a ſhort ſyſtem, for the uſe of all perſon of quality, and particularly the maids of honour *. The other is of almoſt equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of ſervants, in about twenty ſeveral ſtations, from the ſteward and waiting-woman, down to the ſcullion and pantry-boy †. —— I believe no mortal had ever ſuch fair invitations, as to be happy in the beſt company of England. I wiſh I

* Wagſtaff's Dialogues of polite converſation, publiſhed in his lifetime. See Vol. 9.

† An imperfect thing of th's kind, called Directions to ſervants in general, has been publiſhed ſince his death. See *ib.*

had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a ſhoe-boy grew to be ſeveral times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common ſenſe. A Lord-Lieutenant told the firſt King George, that he was the greateſt ſubject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preſerved by his never appearing in England; which was the only wiſe thing he ever did, except purchaſing 16,000 l. a-year. — Why, you need not ſtare: it is eaſily applied. I muſt be abſent, in order to preſerve my credit with her Grace. —Lo here comes in the Ducheſs again, (I know her by her dd's; but am a fool for diſcovering my art), to defend herſelf againſt any conjecture of what ſhe ſaid. —- Madam, I will imitate your Grace, and write to you upon the ſame line. I own it is a baſe unromantic ſpirit in me to ſuſpend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finiſh a paltry law-ſuit. It concerns indeed almoſt all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about ſix week's rent of your Grace's. This curſed accident hath drill'd away the whole ſummer. But, Madam, underſtand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal ſenſe; and whenever I have the honour to attend you, ſhall expect them to be literally performed: though perhaps I ſhall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of juſtice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miſerably hath your Grace been miſtaken, in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miſerunt, ſed tu ut raſque.* So ſays Cicero, (as your Grace knows), or ſo he might have ſaid.

I am told, that the Craftſman, in one of his papers, is offended with the publiſhers of (I ſuppoſe) the laſt edition of the Dunciad; and I was aſked

whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgement and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental: some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: and what you say, is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself; though it is possible, that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me; my invention and judgement are perpetually at fifty-cuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the merest trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see *.

LETTER LVI.

Sept. 10. 1731.

IF your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health: but I know your arts

* His ludicrous prediction was since his death, and very much to his dishonour, seriously fulfilled. *Warb.*

By this desire of letting the world see what other men of less wit and more discretion would carefully have concealed, Swift has placed himself open to the censure of his enemies, and beyond the reach of any defence from his friends. He has not only committed to the press a most despicable heap of writings, but has publicly recorded the lowest amusements of his private scenes of life, without having once suspected, that persons whose stations or abilities have fixed them in a conspicuous attitude, are looked upon by the rest of mankind with a very critical, and a very envious eye. Augustus, as I remember, was a little ashamed to be discovered at a game of cobnuts; and even Domitian

arts of patching up a journey between ſtage-coaches and friends coaches; for you are as arrant a cockney as any hoſier in Cheapſide. One clean ſhirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage: and as for a nightgown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon roſe without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have ſome great work in ſcheme, which may take up ſeven years to finiſh, beſides two or three under ones, that may add another 1000 l. to your ſtock; and then I ſhall be in leſs pain about you. I know you can find dinners; but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without conſidering that the intereſt of a whole 1000 l. brings you but half a crown a-day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongſt you; and reaſon good, when I am teaſed with Dukes and Ducheſſes for a viſit, all my demands complied with, and all excuſes cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixote! queens "held his horſe, and Ducheſſes pulled off his ar-"mour," or ſomething to that purpoſe. He was a mean-ſpirited fellow. I can ſay ten times more, O happy, *&c.* ſuch a Ducheſs was deſigned to attend him, and ſuch a Duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam iſtos reges cæteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula.* Go read your Plautus, and obſerve Strobilus vapouring after he had found the pot of gold.——I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more becauſe you are ſo forgiving as not to hate her; however, ſhe has good

Domitian was cunning enough to withdraw into his cloſet to catch flies. Great minds, you will ſay, require to be often unbent. I allow it: but thoſe relaxations might be choſen, ſo as to make idleneſs appear in a beautiful light: and Swift would have forfeited a leſs degree of fame by playing many years at puſhpin, (the records of which he could not have printed), than by compoſing various kinds of nonſenſe, which, by his own option, have been honoured with a place in his works. *Orrery.*

qualities enough to make her esteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool. ——I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead *. I shall finish it soon; for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors. —— It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting virtuous persons and lovers of their country of all denominations; Whig and Tory, High and Low church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected! and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at court, which hath given you leisure to cultivate both public and private virtue, neither of them likely to be soon met with within the walls of St. James's or Westminster. — But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgement to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

My Lord,

I could have sworn that my pride would be always able to preserve me from vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my Lady Duchess, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finish the work. And I should certainly have gone about shewing my letters, under the charge of secrecy, to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe, that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world,

* This has been published, and is amongst the best of his poems.

and

and within a few ſteps of the next, ſhould receive ſuch condeſcending invitations, from two ſuch perſons to whom he is an utter ſtranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial repreſentations of a friend. But in the mean time, I muſt deſire your Grace not to flatter yourſelf, that I waited for your conſent to accept the invitation. I muſt be ignorant indeed, not to know, that the Ducheſs, ever ſince you met, hath been moſt politicly employed in increaſing thoſe forces, and ſharpening theſe arms, with which ſhe ſubdued you at firſt, and to which, the braver and the wiſer you grow, you will more and more ſubmit. Thus I knew myſelf on the ſecure ſide; and it was a mere piece of good manners to inſert that clauſe, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forebear informing your Grace, that the Ducheſs's great ſecret in her art of government hath been, to reduce both your wills into one; ſo I am content, in due obſervance to the forms of the world, to return my moſt humble thanks to your Grace, for ſo great a favour as you are pleaſed to offer me, and which nothing but impoſſibilities ſhall prevent me from receiving; ſince I am, with the greateſt reaſon, truth, and reſpect, my Lord, your Grace's moſt obedient, *&c.*

MADAM,

I have conſulted all the learned in ocult ſciences of my acquaintance, and have ſat up eleven nights to diſcover the meaning of thoſe two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hands at the bottom of the laſt Aimſbury letter; but all in vain. Only it is agreed, that the language is Coptic; and a very profound Behmeſt aſſures me, the ſtyle is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great perſon of the female ſex, to a ſtrange kind of man whom ſhe never ſaw; and this is all I can find; which, after ſo many former invitations, will ever confirm me

in that reſpect wherewith I am, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient, *&c.*

LETTER LVII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 1. 1731.

YOU uſed to complain that Mr Pope and I would not let you ſpeak; you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't ſend to me now and then, the poſt-office will think me of no conſequence, for I have no correſpondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you pleaſe: you cannot be forgotten by thoſe who ever knew you; and therefore pleaſe me, by ſometimes ſhewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendſhip to you. I ſeek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I ſpend no ſhillings in coaches or chairs, to levees or great viſits; and, as I don't want the aſſiſtance of ſome that I formerly converſed with, I will not ſo much as ſeem to ſeek to be a dependent. As to my ſtudies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot ſay that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is ſomething in the way of thoſe Fables I have already publiſhed. All the money I get is by ſaving; ſo that by habit there may be ſome hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miſer. All miſers have their excuſes; the motive to my parſimony is independence. If I were to be repreſented by the Ducheſs, (ſhe is ſuch a downright niggard for me), this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court end of the town, and who is as poor as myſelf: for I dont't pretend that I am equally

equally saving with S———k. Mr. Lewis desired you might be told, that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot; for he will hardly allow that a verse man can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-suit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me, you are not entirely out of your own perplexity, tho' you have the security now in your own possession But still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating booksellers; which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancied there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on; and it is probable I shall some time or other see an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends; among whom are Lord Bolingbroke, 500 l.; Mr. Pelham, 500 l.; Sir William Wyndham's youngest son, 500 l.; Gen. Hill, 500 l.; Lord Massam's son, 500 l.

You have the good wishes of those I converse with. They know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguished. Therefore, as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more, than letting me now and then know that you remember me; the only satisfaction of distant friends!

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter; mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worst of it, is what should be its excuse, that I write in a headach that has lasted three days. I

am

am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together; though in one point I am apt to differ from you; for you ſhun your friends when you are in thoſe circumſtances, and I deſire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady—— took your letter very kindly; for I had prepared her to expect no anſwer under a twelvemonth; but kindneſs perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However, ſhe is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common juſtice. For God's ſake, why all this ſcruple about Lord B——'s keeping your horſes, who has a park: or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine. John Gay ſhall help me to entertain you, though you come like King Lear with fifty knights —— Though ſuch proſpects as I wiſh cannot now be formed, for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again. The old Lord may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worſt, you may carry me into Ireland. You will ſee a work of Lord B——'s and one of mine; which, with a juſt neglect of the preſent age, conſult only poſterity; and, with a noble ſcorn of politics, aſpire to philoſophy. I am glad you reſolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and intereſts of parties, even of countries, (for countries are but larger parties). *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, noſtrum ſit.* I am much pleaſed with your deſign upon Rouchefoucault's maxim; pray finiſh it *. I am happy whenever you join your names together. So would Dr. Arbuthnot be; but at this time he can be pleaſed with nothing; for his darling ſon is dying in all

* The poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault. It is one of the beſt of his performances, but very characteriſtic. *Warb.*

probability,

probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you aſk me about is of little value. It might have been a ſeaſonable ſatire upon the ſcandalous language and paſſion with which men of condition have ſtooped to treat one another. Surely they ſacrifice too much to the people, when they ſacrifice their own characters, families, *&c.* to the diverſion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of moſt popularity, fame, *&c.*; even as a writer I am cool in it; and whenever you ſee what I am now writing, you'll be convinced I would pleaſe but a few, and if I could, make mankind leſs admirers, and greater reaſoners †. I ſtudy much more to render my own portion of being eaſy, and to keep this peeviſh frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmanned me; and it will delight you to hear they are not increaſed, though not diminiſhed. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am ſick, I lie down; and when I am better, I riſe up: I am uſed to the headach, *&c.* If greater pains arrive, (ſuch as my late rheumatiſm), the ſervants bathe and plaiſter me, or the ſurgeon ſcarifies me; and I bear it, becauſe I muſt. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune, I am juſt now as well as when you was here: I pray God you were no worſe. I ſincerely wiſh my life were paſſed near you; and, ſuch as it is, I would not repine at it. ——— All you mention, remember you, and wiſh you here.

† The poem he means is the Eſſay on man. But this point he could never gain. His readers would admire his poetry in ſpite of him, and would not underſtand his reaſoning after all his pains. *Warb.*

LETTER

LETTER LVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, May 4. 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almoſt as lame as your letter itſelf, for want of that limb from my Lady Ducheſs which you promiſed, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true ſtep even on Aimſbury downs; and I declare, that a corporeal falſe ſtep is worſe than a political one; nay worſe than a thouſand political ones; for which I appeal to courts and miniſters, who hobble on and proſper, without the ſenſe of feeling. To talk of riding and walking, is inſulting me; for I can as ſoon fly as do either. It is your pride or lazineſs, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expenſive. No honour is loſt by walking in the dark; and in the day, you may becken a blackguard boy under a gate, near your viſiting place, (*experto crede*), ſave eleven pence, and get half a crown's worth of health. The worſt of my preſent misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digeſt neither for want of exerciſe; and, to increaſe my miſery, the knaves are ſure to find me at home, and make huge void ſpaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for loſing your great acquaintance. In ſuch a caſe, philoſophy teaches, that we muſt ſubmit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refuſing his penſion; but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which I conceive is wholly changed, and entirely devoted to new principles; ſo it appeared to me the two laſt times I was there.

I find

I find, by the whole caſt of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever; juſt the reverſe of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domeſtic life from his youth. I was going to wiſh you had ſome little place that you could call your own; but I profeſs I do not know you well enough to contrive any one ſyſtem of life that would pleaſe you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Ducheſs; yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent deſire of perpetually ſhifting places and company, with a rooted lazineſs, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and ſix horſes is the utmoſt exerciſe you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with ſuch company as is beſt ſuited to your taſte; and how glad would you be, if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am ſo much later in life, can, or at leaſt could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horſe. You mortally hate writing, only becauſe it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you eaſy in your fortune. You are merciful to every thing but money, your beſt friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be aſſured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your abſence of mind? Can you attend to trifles? Can you at Aimſbury write domeſtic libels to divert the family, and neighbouring 'ſquires for five miles round? or venture ſo far on horſeback, without apprehending a ſtumble at every ſtep? Can you ſet the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Ducheſs's women admire your wit? In what eſteem are you with the vicar of the pariſh? Can you play with him at backgammon? Have the farmers found out, that you cannot diſtinguiſh rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are ſenſible, that I know the full extent of

of your country-ſkill is in fiſhing for roaches, or gudgeons at the higheſt.

I love to do you good offices with your friends; and therefore deſire you will ſhow this letter to the Ducheſs, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how uſeful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace ſhall have the honour of my correſpondence again when ſhe goes to Aimſbury. Hear a piece of Iriſh news. I buried the famous General Meredyth's father laſt night in my cathedral; he was ninety-ſix years old: ſo that Mrs. Pope may live ſeven years longer. You ſaw Mr. Pope in health; pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongſt you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day. My ſtint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you; for I would have ſociety, if I could get what I like, people of middle underſtanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

LETTER LIX.

Dublin, July 10. 1732.

I HAD your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I ſuppoſe he ſtaid long in the way. I am glad you determine upon ſomething. There is no writing I eſteem more than fables, nor any thing ſo difficult to ſucceed in; which however you have done excellently well; and I have often admired your happineſs in ſuch a kind of performance, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you ſeem to hint. I

found a moral firſt, and ſtudied for a fable; but could do nothing that pleaſed me, and ſo left off that ſcheme for ever. I remember one, which was, to repreſent what ſcoundrels riſe in armies by a long war; wherein I ſuppoſed the lion was engaged, and having loſt all his animals of worth, at laſt Serjeant Hog came to be a Brigadier, and Corporal Aſs a Colonel, &c. I agree with you likewiſe about getting ſomething by the ſtage; which, when it ſucceeds, is the beſt crop for poetry in England. But pray take ſome new ſcheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The preſent humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your preſent ſituation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but theſe circumſtances may have altered (at leaſt the former) ſince I left you. My ſcheme was, to paſs a month at Aimſbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and ſometimes at Riſkins; without going to London, where I now can have no occaſional lodgings. But I am not yet in any condition for ſuch removals. I would fain have you get enough againſt you grow old, to have two or three ſervants about you, and a convenient houſe. It is hard to want thoſe *ſubſidia ſenectuti*, when a man grows hard to pleaſe, and few people care whether he be pleaſed or no. I have a large houſe; yet I ſhould hardly prevail to find one viſitor, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: ſo that when I am not abroad on horſeback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will paſs the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and ſo here's your health, — and the ſecond and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Ducheſs. —— And I tell you, that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke, and Mr. Pope, a couple of philoſopers, would ſtarve me; for even of Port-wine I ſhould require half a pint a day, and

as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unleſs your Duke and Ducheſs have mended you. Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philoſophical kind; you eat without care; and if you drink leſs than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, becauſe I imagined the cauſe was removed; for I thought it lay in your forty millions of ſchemes, by court-hopes and court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the ſame defect, and it is of all others the moſt mortal to converſation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it; all for want of my rule, *Vive la Bagatelle!* But the Doctor is the king of inattention. What a vexatious life ſhould I lead among you? If the Ducheſs be a *reveuſe*, I will never come to Aimſbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the ſteward and chaplain.

MADAM,

I mentioned ſomething to Mr Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of courſe when we return to town; and yet I am aſſured, that if they meet again next ſummer, they have a better title to reſume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of correſponding with your Grace, to be better eſtabliſhed upon your return to Aimſbury; and I ſhall at this time deſcend to forget, or at leaſt ſuſpend my reſentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I ſtill keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no ſooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill; though your guilt confounded you ſo far, that you wanted preſence of mind to blot out the laſt line, where that command ſtared you in the face. But it is my misfortune, to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worſt: and Fortune is ever againſt me; but never ſo much as by purſuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to anſwer. By

your

your connivance, she hath pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myself, by continuing a month at Aimsbury, and breeding confusion in your Grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life hath been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible lady to whom I was obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a brat in hanging sleeves. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble, &c.

LETTER LX.

Dublin, Aug. 12. 1732.

I Know not what to say to the account of your stewardship; and it is monstrous to me, that the South-sea should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way; for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition, by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the Duchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me six hogsheads of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum copia*. Horace desired no more; for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint, which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*; and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be

diverting, and uſefully ſatirical, and the Ducheſs ſhall be your critic; and, betwixt you and me, I do not find ſhe will grow weary of you till this time ſeven years I had lately an offer to change for an Engliſh living, which is juſt too ſhort by 300 l. a-year: and that muſt be made up out of the Ducheſs's pin money, before I can conſent. I want to be miniſter of Aimſbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riſkins, and prebendary of Weſtminſter; elſe I will not ſtir a ſtep, but content myſelf with making the Ducheſs miſerable three months next ſummer. But I keep ill company; I mean the Ducheſs and you, who are both out of favour; and ſo I find am I, by a few verſes wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. D——y has got a wife with 1600 l. a-year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thouſand. I wiſh you would inquire of ſuch a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profeſs I envy you above all men in England. You want nothing but three thouſand pounds more to keep you in plenty, when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which laſt evil at Aimſbury, you muſt learn to domineer and be peeviſh, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct their ſervants, with ſome other leſſons which I ſhall teach you, and always practiſed myſelf with ſucceſs. I believe I formerly deſired to know, whether the vicar of Aimſbury can play at backgammon. Pray aſk him the queſtion, and give him my ſervice.

To the Ducheſs.

MADAM,

I was the moſt unwary creature in the world, when, againſt my old maxims, I writ firſt to you upon your return to Turnbridge. I beg that this condeſcenſion of mine may go no farther, and that

you

you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended cauſes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay laſt in London, talking with with him on ſome poetical ſubjects, he would anſwer, "Well, I am determined not to accept the "employment of gentleman-uſher:" and of the ſame diſpoſition were all my poetical friends; and if you cannot cure him, I utterly deſpair.—— As to yourſelf, I would ſay to you, (though compariſons be odious) what I ſaid to the ——, that your quality ſhould be never any motive of eſteem to me: my compliment was then loſt, but it will not be ſo to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by ſix months converſing. Your pen is always more natural, and ſincere and unaffected than your tongue: in writing you are too lazy to give yourſelf the trouble of acting a part: and have indeed acted ſo indiſcreetly, that I have you at mercy: and altho' you ſhould arrive to ſuch a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet whenever I produce it, the world will unite in ſwearing this muſt come from you only.

I will anſwer your queſtion. Mr. Gay is not diſcreet enough to live alone; but he is too diſcreet to live alone; and yet, (unleſs you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the ſubject of bread and butter, is the moſt uſual thing in the world. Parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms, quarrel for no other cauſe: from hence, and from hence only, ariſe all the quarrels between Whig and Tory: between thoſe who are in the miniſtry, and thoſe who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army. Even the common proverb teaches you this, when we ſay, It is none of my bread and butter; meaning it is no buſineſs of mine. Therefore I deſpair

of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Aimsbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question I answer, that your Grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off; and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my Lord Duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of your's. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch; for I am not ashamed of you though you be Duke and Duchess, though I have been of others who are, &c.; and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postilions; and when I come to Aimsbury, before I see your Grace, I will have an hour's conversation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her son Jacky.

I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

LET-

LETTER LXI.

Dublin, Oct. 3. 1731.

I Uſually write to friends after a pauſe of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diverſions. I believe I have told you of a great man, who ſaid to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reaſons enough, without affronting our underſtandings. For there is not one perſon out of this country, who regards any events that paſs here, unleſs he hath an eſtate or employment.——I cannot tell, that you or I ever gave the leaſt provocation to the preſent miniſtry, much leſs to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not ſee the politic of opening common letters, directed to perſons generally known; for a man's underſtanding would be very weak to convey ſecrets by the poſt, if he knew any; which I declare I do not: and, beſides, I think the world is already ſo well informed by plain events, that I quſtion whether the miniſters have any ſecrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehenſion if a letter ſhould be ſent me full of treaſon; becauſe I cannot hinder people from writing what they pleaſe, nor ſending it to me; and although it ſhould be diſcovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it, and think no further. I approve of the ſcheme you have to grow ſomewhat richer, though, I agree, you will meet with diſcouragements; and it is reaſonable you ſhould, conſidering

conſidering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you muſt allow, that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear thoſe who paſſed by his ſhop might make a compariſon with his work. And I will ſay one thing in ſpite of the poſt-officers, that ſince wit and learning began to be made uſe of in our kingdoms, they were never profeſſedly thrown aſide, contemned, and puniſhed, till within your own memory; nor dulneſs and ignorance ever ſo openly encouraged and promoted. In anſwer to what you ſay of my living among you, if I could do it to my eaſe; perhaps you have heard of a ſcheme for an exchange in Berkſhire propoſed by two of our friends; but, beſides the difficulty of adjuſting certain circumſtances, it would not anſwer. I am at a time of life that ſeeks eaſe and independence; you will hear my reaſons when you ſee thoſe friends; and I concluded them with ſaying, that I would rather be a freeman among ſlaves than a ſlave among freeman. The dignity of my preſent ſtation damps the pertneſs of inferior puppies and 'ſquires, which, without plenty and eaſe on your ſide the channel, would break my heart in a month.

MADAM,

SEE what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that fame Strado del Poe; and yet, if that author be againſt lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier: which I am ſure your Grace is not, no not ſo much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a freethinker, nor can ſell bargains; that you can neither ſpell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier; that you pretend to be reſpected for qualities which have been out of faſhion ever ſince you were almoſt in your cradle;

cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of diſaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taſte for wit, in preferring two old faſhioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Beſides, you ſpell in ſuch a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in ſuch an old faſhioned ſtyle as none of them can underſtand.——You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's ſtock of health. I promiſe you he will ſpend it all upon lazineſs, and run deep in debt by a winter's repoſe in town; therefore I intreat your Grace will order him to move his chops leſs and his legs more the ſix cold months, elſe he will ſpend all his money in phyſic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity, about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you diſpoſe what you call your love and reſpect, which you ſay are not paid to merit, but to your own humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit: and there goes an ugly obſervation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I ſhould go to Aimſbury, with a great load of merit and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchaſe my merchandiſe at the price of your reſpect, the goods may be damaged, and no body elſe will take them off my hands. Beſides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the firſt part, and I but the ſecond; which is hard treatment, ſince I ſhall be the neweſt acquaintance by ſome years; and I will appeal to all the reſt of your ſex, whether ſuch an innovation ought to be allowed. I ſhould be ready to ſay in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the lady who wiſhed ſhe could give me the beſt living, &c if I did not vehemently ſuſpect it was the very ſame lady who ſpoke many things to me in the ſame ſtyle; and alſo with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whoſe dupe he was, as well as of her waiting-woman: but they were both

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arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lord Duke; and with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, &c.

LETTER LXII.

To Mr. POPE.

Dublin, June 12. 1732.

I Doubt, habit hath little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me, the lowness of spirits hath a most unhappy effect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company; which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you any thing that I have written since I left you, (either verse or prose), I can only say, that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind shall be delivered you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt; but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural; and when I take a pen, say to myself a thousand times, *Non est tanti.* As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleased to require soon; they consist of little accidental things writ in the country; family amusements never intended further than to divert ourselves and some neighbours; or some effects of anger on public grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago,

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to write a weekly paper, and called it an *Intelligencer*: but it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have ſeen it) was the work only of two, myſelf and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got ſome ingenious young man to have been the manager, who ſhould have publiſhed all that might be ſent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here * could not afford ſuch a young man one farthing for his trouble, the ſale being ſo ſmall, and the price one halfpenny; and ſo it dropt. In the volume you ſaw, (to anſwer your queſtions), the 1ſt, 3d, 5th, and 7th, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the verſes, (very uncorrect, but againſt a fellow we all hated); the 9th mine; the 10th only the verſes, and of thoſe not the four laſt flovenly lines. The 15th is a pamphlet of mine, printed before with Dr. S—'s preface, merely for lazineſs not to diſappoint the town; and ſo was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miſeries of Ireland, and wholly uſeleſs and unentertaining †. As to other things of mine ſince I left you; there are, in proſe, a view of the ſtate of Ireland; a project for eating children; and a defence of Lord Carteret: in verſe, a libel on Dr. D—— and Lord Carteret; a letter to Dr. D—— on the libels writ againſt him; the barrack, (a ſtolen copy); the lady's journal; the lady's dreſſing-room, (a ſtolen copy); the place of the damned ‡, (a ſtolen copy). All theſe have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you, that the tale of Sir Ralph was ſent from England). Beſides theſe, there are five or ſix (perhaps more) papers of verſes writ in the north; but perfect family-things, two

* John Harding.

† See vol. 4 p. 280. note on the Intelligencer, No. 1.

‡ See vol. 8. p. 193.

or

or three of which may be tolerable; the reſt but indifferent, and the humour only local, and ſome that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameneſs, and live long enough to ſee you either here or there. I forget again to tell you, that the ſcheme of paying debts by a tax on vices, is not one ſyllable mine, but of a young clergyman whom I countenance. He told me it was built on a paſſage in Gulliver, where a projector hath ſomething upon the ſame thought. This young man is the moſt hopeful we have: a book of his poems was printed in London; Dr. D—— is one of his patrons: he is married, and has children, and makes up about 100 l. a-year, on which he lives decently. The utmoſt ſtretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much ſuperfluous money as will give him a ſight of you, and half an hour of your preſence; after which he will return home in full ſatisfaction and in proper time to die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained; and I profeſs I grow gradually ſo dry, that a rhyme with me is almoſt as hard to find as a guinea; and even proſe ſpeculations tire me almoſt as much. Yet I have a thing in proſe, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almoſt finiſhed. It will make a four-ſhilling volume; and is ſuch a perfection of folly, that you ſhall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you ſhall be left to gueſs *. Nay, I have another † of the ſame age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worſe than the former, in which I will ſerve you the ſame way. I heard lately from Mr. ———, who promiſes to be leſs lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are ſeldom provident enough to conſider, that both

* Polite converſation, vol. 9. p. 50.
† Directions to ſervants, vol. 9. p. 176.

wit and beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is paſt.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her; and, I doubt, my Lord will find Dawley too ſolitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me; and I believe the beſt part of the reaſon why men are ſaid to grow children when they are old, is becauſe they cannot entertain themſelves with thinking; which is the very caſe of little boys and girls, who love to be noiſy among their play-fellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain; and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneaſineſs to herſelf or friends: yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater ſufferer, by having the perſon you moſt love ſo long before you and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT *.

Dec. 5. 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not anſwered me two letters, (in the laſt of which I was impatient under ſome fears). It is not now indeed a time to think of myſelf, when one of the neareſt and longeſt ties I have ever had, is broken all on a ſudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay.

* "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death. Received December 15. 'but not read till the 20th, by an impulſe, foreboding ſome misfor-'tune." [This note is indorſed on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand]. *Pope.*

An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died laſt night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his ſenſes entirely at laſt, and poſſeſſing them perfectly till within five hours. He aſked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breaſt. His effects are in the Duke of Queenſberry's cuſtody. His ſiſters, we ſuppoſe, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.——Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this ſtage? In every friend we loſe a part of ourſelves, and the beſt part. God keep thoſe we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's ſelf the leaſt of all.

I ſhall never ſee you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the moſt amiable by far, his qualities were the gentleſt; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have loſt had not been ſo amiable, nor ſo good! but that's a wiſh for our own ſakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deſerve happineſs, it muſt be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminiſh nothing from it. Yet write to me, and ſoon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. Pope.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whoſe humanity you know, heartily commends himſelf to you. All poſſible diligence and affection has been ſhown, and continued attendance, on this melancholy occaſion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly diſconſolate.

P. S.

P. S. By Dr. Arbuthnot.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholly occasion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at last a mortification of the bowels. It was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness; being, with great affection and respect, Sir,

Your, *&c.*

LETTER LXIV.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I Received yours, with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay; upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long living hath not hardened me: for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support: but in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his

death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion: which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a ſummer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left; and I wiſh, that, with thoſe already extent, they could be all publiſhed in a fair edition under your inſpection. Your poem on the uſe of riches hath been juſt printed here; and we have no objection but the obſcurity of ſeveral paſſages by our ignorance in facts and perſons, which makes us loſs abundance of the ſatire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honeſtly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes; which however would have been but few, for my long abſence hath made me ignorant of what paſſes out of the ſcene where I am. I never had the leaſt hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon taſte. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the ſame bulk, to be inſcribed to other friends; one (for inſtance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and ſo on.——Dr Delany preſents you his moſt humble ſervice. He behaves himſelf very commendably; converſes only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them conſtantly at an elegant plentiful table; walks the ſtreets, as uſual, by day-light; does many acts of charity and generoſity; cultivates a country-houſe two miles diſtant: and is one of thoſe very few, within my knowledge, on whom a great acceſs of fortune hath made no manner of change. And, particularly, he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill-condition of his eſtate, by the knavery of an agent. He is a moſt worthy gentleman, whom, I hope you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P——; which I deſire may continue

nue no longer than he ſhall deſerve by his modeſty; a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballaſt. If you are acquainted with the Ducheſs of Queenſberry, I deſire you will preſent her my moſt humble ſervice. I think ſhe is a greater loſer by the death of a friend than either of us. She ſeems a lady of excellent ſenſe and ſpirit. I had often poſtſcripts from her in our friend's letters to me; and her part was ſometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happineſs I could have here. This was the more generous, becauſe I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing ſo much as being a domeſtic friend to ſuch a lady. I deſire you will never fail to ſend me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am told, is but juſt among the living, and conſequently a continual grief to you: ſhe is ſenſible of your tenderneſs, which robs her of the only happineſs ſhe is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg ſhe may not ſhorten yours.

LETTER LXV.

Feb. 16. 1732-3.

IT is indeed impoſſible to ſpeak on ſuch a ſubject as the loſs of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I ſend you what I intend for the inſcription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queenſberry will ſet up at Weſtminſter. As to his writings he left no will, nor ſpoke a word of them, or any thing elſe, during his ſhort and precipitate illneſs, in which I attended him to his laſt breath. The Duke has

acted more than the part of a brother to him; and it will be ſtrange if the ſiſters do not leave his papers totally to his diſpoſal, who will do the ſame that I would with them. He has managed the comedy (which our poor friend gave to the playhouſe the week before his death) to the utmoſt advantage for his relations; and propoſes to do the ſame with ſome fables he left finiſhed.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the beſt monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: for thoſe are the beſt, when their minds are ſuch as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is. I am preparing alſo for my own; and have nothing ſo much at heart, as to ſhew the ſilly world, that men of wit, or even poets, may be the moſt moral of mankind. A few looſe things ſometimes fall from them, by which cenſorious fools judge as ill of them as poſſibly they can, for their own comfort. And indeed when ſuch unguarded and trifling *jeux d'eſprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, ſince they cannot be denied, is, to put them fairly upon that foot; and teach the public, (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of miſcellanies), to diſtinguiſh betwixt our ſtudies and our idleneſſes, our works and our weakneſſes. That was the whole end of the laſt volume of miſcellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That theſe volumes contained all that we have "ever offended in that way," would have been diſcredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the libel on Dr. D——, and the beſt panegyric on myſelf, that either my own times, or any other, could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you obſerve, was printed in great haſte; the cauſe whereof was, that the bookſellers here were doing the ſame, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff: I don't mean that

that any thing of yours is chaff, but with the other wit of Ireland, which was ſo, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to ſeparate what you writ ſeriouſly from what you writ careleſsly; and thought my own weeds might paſs for a ſort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that ſent you thoſe books into Ireland, and ſo I did my epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt, even before it was publiſhed; and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace *, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of theſe, nor leſs than of the letter: yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth my own ſingle motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole ſcheme of my preſent work, expecting ſtill to do it in a better manner in perſon. But you will ſee pretty ſoon, that the letter to Lord Bathurſt is a part of it; and you will find a plain connection between them, if you read them in the order juſt contrary to that they were publiſhed in. I imitate thoſe cunning tradeſmen, who ſhow their beſt ſilks laſt; or (to give you a truer idea, though it ſounds too proudly) my works will in one reſpect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and underſtood, when conſidered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often thoſe parts which attract moſt at firſt ſight, will appear to be not the moſt, but the leaſt conſiderable †.

I am pleaſed and flattered by your expreſſion of

* Sat. 1. lib. ii. vol. 4. of Warburton's edition of Pope's works.

† See Warburton's firſt note on the epiſtle to Lord Cobham, "Of the knowledge and characters of men," vol. 3. of his edition of Pope's works.

Orna

Orna me. The chief pleaſure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and juſtice, inſert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deſerves to be loved or adorned. But I ſmile at your applying that phraſe to my viſiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have ſome apprehenſion, from their extraordinary paſſion for poetry, and their boundleſs hoſpitality, of being adorned to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of ſomewhere or other. My mother lives, (which is an anſwer to that point), and I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and ſenſible to me, though ſcarce to any thing elſe; which doubles the reaſon of my attendance, and at the ſame time ſweetens it. I wiſh (beyond any other wiſh) you could paſs a ſummer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unleſs you preferred to ſee France firſt, to which country, I think, you would have a ſtrong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly eſcaped death, and yet keeps his chamber. He is perpetually ſpeaking in the moſt affectionate manner of you. He has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been diſcouraged from writing more. I can well believe the poſt-office may do this, when ſome letters of his to me have met the ſame fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this diſcourage you from writing to me, or to him, incloſed in the common way, as I do to you. Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and, for my part, I would give them free leave to ſend all I write to Curl, if moſt of what I write was not too ſilly.

I deſire my ſincere ſervices to Dr. Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way eſtimable. My Lord Orrery is a moſt virtuous and good-natured Nobleman, whom I ſhould be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter through my hands.

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It is not to be told how much he wiſhes for you. The whole liſt of perſons to whom you ſent your ſervices, return you theirs, with proper ſenſe of the diſtinction.—Your lady-friend is *ſemper eadem;* and I have written an epiſtle to her on that qualification, in a female character; which is thought by my chief critic, in your abſence, to be my *chef d' œuvre* But it cannot be printed perfectly in an age ſo ſore of ſatire, and ſo willing to miſapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as uſual. I have lain ill ſeven days of a ſlight fever, (the complaint here); but recovered by gentle ſweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left ſucceeds very well. It is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preſerve your life, your health, your limbs, your ſpirits, and your friendſhips!

LETTER LXVI.

April 2. 1733.

YOU ſay truly, that death is only terrible to us, as it ſeparates us from thoſe we love; but I really think thoſe have the worſt of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more, I fancy, in the loſs of Mr. Gay, than I ſhall ſuffer in the thought of going away myſelf into a ſtate that can feel none of this ſort of loſſes. I wiſhed vehemently to have ſeen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the reſt of our days together, the two moſt idle, moſt innocent, undeſigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wiſh you and I might walk into the grave together, by as ſlow ſteps as you pleaſe, but contentedly and chearfully. Whether that e-

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ver can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we ſhall walk out of the grave. But it ſuffices me to know, it will be exactly what region or ſtate our Maker appoints, and that whatever *is*, *is right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands; and for as much as is ſo, I will take care to ſuppreſs things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am ſorry you gave a copy; for it will certainly by that means come into print; and I would correct it more, unleſs you will do it for me, and that I ſhall like as well. Upon the whole, I earneſtly wiſh your coming over hither; for this reaſon, among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine, to ſuppreſs whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as ſoon as you come. That I am an author whoſe character is thought of ſome weight, appears from the great noiſe and buſtle that the court and town make about any I give: and I will not render them leſs important, or leſs intereſting, by ſparing vice and folly, or by betraying the cauſe of truth and virtue. I will take care they ſhall be ſuch as no man can be angry at, but the perſons I would have angry. You are ſenſible with what decency and juſtice I paid homage to the royal family, at the ſame time that I ſatirized falſe courtiers, and ſpies, &c. about them. I have not the courage, however, to be ſuch a ſatiriſt as you; but I would be as much, or more, a philoſopher. You call your ſatires libels; I would rather call my ſatires epiſtles. They will conſiſt more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I ſhall leave it to my antagoniſts to be witty, if they can, and content myſelf to be uſeful and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady ——'s or Lord * * 's performance. They are certainly the top wits of the court; and you may judge by that ſingle piece what can be done againſt

gainſt me; for it was laboured, corrected, pre-commended, and poſt-diſapproved, ſo far as to be diſowned by themſelves, after each had highly cried it up, for the others *. I have met with ſome complaints, and heard at a diſtance of ſome threats, occaſioned by my verſes. I ſent fair meſſages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houſes to ſatisfy them; and ſo it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a diſtance, and have nothing to ſay to you when they ſee you.——I am glad you perſiſt and abide by ſo good a thing as that poem†, in which I am immortal for my morality. I never took any praiſe ſo kindly; and yet, I think, I deſerve that praiſe better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it conſiſt of? I have but laſt week finiſhed another of my epiſtles, in the order of the ſyſtem; and this week (*exercitandi gratia*) I have tranſlated (or rather parodied) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you adviſing me about my expences, houſe-keeping, &c. But theſe things ſhall lie by, till you come to carp at them, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our parliament will ſit till midſummer; which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in ſummer that ſo late as autumn. You uſed to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I ſee not, courtiers I know not, kings I adore not, queens I compliment not; ſo I am never like to be in faſhion, nor in dependence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor lady for her unhappineſs; and ſhould only pity her more, if ſhe had more of what they at court call happineſs. Come then, and we may go all together into France, at the end of the ſeaſon, and compare the liberties of both king-

* See Pope's epiſtle written on this occaſion, at the end of the 2d volume of his letters, the 8th volume in Warburton's edition.

† The ironical libel on Dr. Delany, vol. 8. p. 125.

doms

doms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thouſand warm wiſhes, mixed with ſhort ſighs,) ever yours.

LETTER LXVII.

To Mr. POPE.

Dublin, May 1. 1733.

I Anſwer your letter the ſooner, becauſe I have a particular reaſon for doing ſo. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, "The life and character "of Dr. S. written by himſelf." It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault; and the dedication, after a formal ſtory, ſays, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the ſame maxim in Rouchefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impoſtor ſays in his dedication, with many circumſtances, all pure invention. I deſire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this ſpurious piece there is not a ſingle line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way reſembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's Æneis; for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my ſight. And altho' I ſhewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and ſome of them (eſpecially one or two females) had got many lines by heart here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens, that not one ſingle line, or thought, is contained in this impoſture, although it appears, that they who counterfeited me had heard of the true one. But even this trick ſhall not provoke me to print the true one; which in-

deed is not proper to be ſeen, till I can be ſeen no more. I therefore deſire you will undeceive my friends; and I will order an advertiſement to be printed here, and tranſmit it to England, that every body may know the deluſion, and acquit me; as, I am ſure, you muſt have done yourſelf, if you have read any part of it; which is mean and trivial, and full of that cant that I moſt deſpiſe. I would ſink to be a vicar in Norfolk, rather than be charged with ſuch a performance *. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy diſorder, more or leſs, is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm, that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at leaſt equally pity myſelf, if I lived amongſt you; becauſe I ſhould have ſeen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noiſe ſoever you make by your ill nature, in not letting the honeſt villains of the times enjoy themſelves in this world, which is their only happineſs, and terrifying them with another. I ſhould have added in my libel, that, of all men living, you are the moſt happy in your enemies and your friends. And I will ſwear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at leaſt ſo bad verſifiers. Therefore *facit indignatio verſus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is againſt general villainy, and never operates when ſome ſort of people write to defend themſelves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulneſs; only I would be ſatisfied, ſince you are ſo dull, why are they ſo angry? Give me a ſhilling, and I will inſure you, that poſterity ſhall

* See vol. 7. p. 114.

never know you had one ſingle enemy, excepting thoſe whoſe memory you have preſerved.

I am ſorry for the ſituation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourſelf as much as I could wiſh in this affair. I had rather the two ſiſters were hanged, than ſee his works ſwelled by any loſs of credit to his memory. I would be glad to ſee the moſt valuable printed by themſelves; thoſe which ought not to be ſeen, burned immediately; and the others that have gone abroad, printed ſeparately like *opuſcula*, or rather be ſtifled and forgotten. I thought your epitaph was immediately to be ingraved; and therefore I made leſs ſcruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earneſtly deſired it, but to no body elſe; and he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recal. I have a ſhort epigram of his upon it; wherein I would correct a line or two at moſt, and then I will ſend it to you (with his permiſſion). I have nothing againſt yours, but the laſt line, *Striking their aching*; the two participles, as they are ſo near, ſeem to ſound too like. I ſhall write to the Ducheſs, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can uſe a courſe of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief deſign, next to ſeeing you, is to be a ſevere critic on you and your neighbour; but firſt kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horſes. It coſt me near 600 l for a wall to keep mine; and I never ride without two ſervants, for fear of accidents. *Hic vivimus ambitioſa paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find graſs, and wine, and ſervants; but with him not.——The collection you ſpeak of is this. A printer came to me, to deſire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes,

volumes, by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London. I answered, they could, if the partners agreed. He said, "he would be glad of my permission; but as "he could print them without it, and was advised "that it could do me no harm, and having been "assured of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I "would not be angry at his pursuing his own in-"terest," *&c.* Much of this discourse passed; and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent: and I wish it could be done in England rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My vanity turns at present on being personated in your *Quæ virtus*, &c. You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest earnestness and truth.

LETTER LXVIII.

May 28. 1733.

I Have begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of virtue. All other praise, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough, and experienced enough, to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestow-

ed by virtue for virtue. My poetry I abandon to the critics, my morals I commit to the teſtimony of thoſe who know me; and therefore I was more pleaſed with your libel, than with any verſes I ever received. I wiſh ſuch a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was ſurpriſed to receive from the printer that ſpurious piece, called "The life and cha-"racter of Dr. Swift," with a letter, telling me, the perſon "who publiſhed it, had aſſured him, "the dedication to me was that I would not take "ill, or elſe he would not have printed it." I can't tell who the man is, who took ſo far upon him as to anſwer for my way of thinking; though, had the thing been genuine, I ſhould have been greatly diſpleaſed at the publiſher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earneſt as you can be, in doing my beſt to prevent the publiſhing of any thing unworthy of Mr Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wiſh you would come over. All the myſteries of my philoſophical work ſhall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough. It will not want for ſatire; but as for anger, I know it not; or at leaſt only that ſort of which the Apoſtle ſpeaks, "Be ye an-"gry, and ſin not."

My neighbour's * writings have been metaphyſical, and will next be hiſtorical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable hiſtory of Europe in theſe latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wiſeſt indifferent whether poſterity be any wiſer than we. To a man in years, health and quiet become ſuch rarities, and conſequently ſo valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of en-

* Lord Bolingbroke.

joying

joying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has caufed fo many great men to die without leaving a fcrap to poſterity.

I am ſincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wiſh every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully aſſure you.

LETTER LXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 8. 1733.

I Muſt condole with you for the loſs of Mrs. Pope, of whoſe death the papers have been full *. But I would rather rejoice with you, becauſe, if any circumſtances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a ſubject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the moſt dutiful ſon that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worſt effect of her death falls upon me; and ſo much the worſe, becauſe I expected *aliquis damno uſus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your preſence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation preſſed on you, alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find, that you have given ſome credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hoſpitality. It is

* Mrs. Pope died June 7. 1733, aged 93.

true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the pooreſt countries, becauſe there is no money to pay for them. I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who are able to give entertainments once a-month. Thoſe who are in employments of church or ſtate, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen; thoſe indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any perſon of diſtinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occaſionally dine in a whole year. Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain ſeven or eight friends at dinner, and to paſs the evening: where there is nothing of exceſs, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath juſt left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a biſhop, or a commiſſioner of the revenues; but moſt frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is eaſy in his fortune, and very hoſpitable. The conveniencies of taking the air, winter or ſummer, do far exceed thoſe in London. For the two large ſtrands juſt at two ends of the town, are as firm and dry in winter as in ſummer. There are at leaſt ſix or eight gentlemen of ſenſe, learning, good-humour, and taſte, able and deſirous to pleaſe you; and orderly females, ſome of the better ſort, to take care of you. Theſe were the motives that I have frequently made uſe of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the beſt people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myſelf, I declare, my health is ſo uncertain that I dare not venture amongſt you at preſent, I hate the thoughts of London; where I am not rich enough to live otherwiſe than by ſhifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniencies in the country for three

three horſes and two ſervants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-coaches, carts, and carriages round this town; who dare not inſult me, like your raſcally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way: nor is there one lord or 'ſquire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and ſix. Thus I make ſome advantage of the public poverty; and give you the reaſons for what I once writ, why I chuſe to be a freeman among ſlaves, rather than a ſlave among freemen. Then I walk the ſtreets in peace without being joſtled, nor ever without a thouſand bleſſings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houſes, I am abſolute lord of the greateſt cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Archbiſhop of Dublin; only the latter, like the King of France, ſometimes attempts incroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midſt of this raillery, I can tell you, with ſerioufneſs, that theſe advantages contribute to my eaſe, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B—— and yourſelf, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years. And if you diſcover thoſe inclinations in my Lord and yourſelf, what can you expect from me, whoſe health is ſo precarious? and yet, at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.

LET-

LETTER LXX.

Sept. 1. 1733.

I Have every day wiſhed to write to you, to ſay a a thouſand things; and yet, I think, I ſhould not have writ to you now, if I was not ſick of writing any thing, ſick of myſelf, and (what is worſe) ſick of my friends too. The world is become too buſy for me; every body is ſo concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are loſt or diſreliſhed. I write more to ſhow you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did: but all theſe are to no purpoſe; the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at all my friends by turns. Here are ſome whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulf between. In earneſt, I would go a thouſand miles by land to ſee you, but the ſea I dread. My ailments are ſuch, that I really believe a ſea-ſickneſs (conſidering the oppreſſion of colical pains, and the great weakneſs of my breaſt) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I muſt of the exceſſive eating and drinking of your hoſpitable town, and the exceſſive flattery of your moſt poetical country I hate to be crammed either way. Let your hungry poets, and your rhyming poets digeſt it, I cannot. I like much better to be abuſed, and half ſtarved, than to be ſo over-praiſed and overfed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you. I only reſerve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and eſteeming

ing you. You are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for ſerving his country. The man who drew your character, and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he ſaid of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow for ſaying them in words quite different from thoſe you had yourſelf employed before on the ſame ſubject: for ſurely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himſelf can hardly ſay the ſame thing twice over with equal happineſs; nature is ſo much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year. It is no affectation to tell you, my mother's loſs has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a ſtronger thing than all the reaſon in the world. I know I ought to be eaſy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amuſement is in reviewing my paſt life, not in laying plans for my future. I wiſh you cared as little for popular applauſe as I; as little for any nation, in contradiſtinction to others, as I: and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the ſea, you that are a ſtronger man at ſixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and ſee ſeveral people, who are (at laſt) like the primitive Chriſtians, of one ſoul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wiſhed, but never thought to ſee, when *every mortal that I eſteem, is of the ſame ſentiment in politics and in religion.*

Adieu. All you love are yours; but all are buſy, except (dear Sir) your ſincere friend.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

Jan. 6. 1734.

I Never think of you, and can never write to you now, without drawing many of thoſe ſhort ſighs of which we have formerly talked. The reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of thoſe from whom we are ſeparated almoſt as eternally by abſence, checks me to that degree, that it takes away in a manner, the pleaſure (which yet I feel very ſenſibly too) of thinking I am now converſing with you. You have been ſilent to me as to your works; whether thoſe printed here are, or are not genuine. But one, I am ſure, is yours; and your method of concealing yourſelf, puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail ſtick out. You'll have immediately by ſeveral franks (even before it is here publiſhed) my epiſtle to Lord Cobham, part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the laſt Eſſay on Man; both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookſeller, on whom you pleaſe to beſtow them ſo early. There is a woman's war declared againſt me by a certain Lord; his weapons are the ſame which women and children uſe, a pin to ſcratch, and a ſquirt to beſpatter. I writ a ſort of anſwer; but was aſhamed to enter the liſts with him, and after ſhewing it to ſome people, ſuppreſſed it: otherwiſe it was ſuch as was worthy of him, and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow; who rejoices in your doings, and always ſpeaks with the greateſt affection of you. I need not tell you who elſe do the ſame; you may be ſure almoſt all thoſe whom I ever

I ever see, or desire to see. I wonder not that B——— paid you no sort of civility, while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-wit to love a true wit; and too much half-honest, to esteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him: he is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. The strict neutrality as to public parties, which I have constantly observed in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men, as slander and belye my character in private, to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unless at the same time they are enemies to all men, as well as to me.—Pray write to me when you can. If ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this simple world, where nothing is valuable but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear Sir; may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am just now told, a very curious lady intends to write to you, to pump you about some poems said to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

LET-

LETTER LXXII.

Sept. 15 1734.

I Have ever thought you as ſenſible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendſhip: and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you ſaid in your laſt letter) that you did not quite underſtand the reaſon of my late ſilence. I aſſure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindneſs I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am moſt troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left, whom I am moſt grieved about. Death has not done worſe to me in ſeparating poor Gay, or any other, than diſeaſe and abſence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do; ſince moſt accounts I have, give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would ſee you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafneſs, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I ſhould find great relief, could we write freely; and yet, when I have done ſo, you ſeem, by not anſwering in a very long time, to feel either the ſame uneaſineſs as I do, or to abſtain, from ſome prudential reaſon Yet I am ſure, nothing that you and I would ſay to each other, (though our whole ſouls were to be laid open to the clerks of the poſt-office) would hurt either of us ſo much, in the opinion of any honeſt man or good ſubject, as the intervening, officious impertinence of thoſe goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to

intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name; and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of juſtifying you againſt theſe friends, eſpecially thoſe who know all you think and write, and repeat your ſlighter verſes It is generally on ſuch little ſcraps that witlings feed: and 'tis hard the world ſhould judge of our houſe-keeping, from what we fling to our dogs; yet this is often the conſequence. But they treat you ſtill worſe, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am ſatisfied was the caſe in the epiſtle to a lady. It was juſt the ſame hand (if I have any judgment in ſtyle) which printed your life and character before, which you ſo ſtrongly diſavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myſelf, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more: The ſame perſon who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookſeller a piece in proſe as yours, and as commiſſiond by you, which has ſince appeared, and been owned to be his own, I think (I ſay once more) that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the Eſſay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I ſhould, had you been in England: but no ſecret can croſs your Iriſh ſea, and every clerk in the poſt-office had known it. I fancy, though you loſt ſight of me in the firſt of thoſe eſſays, you ſaw me in the ſecond. The deſign of concealing myſelf was good, and had its full effect. I was thought a divine, a philoſopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a ſanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the ſame grave march like Lucretius, or muſt deſcend to the gaities of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either; but be the future as it will, I ſhall collect all the paſt in one fair quarto this winter, and ſend it you, where you will find

frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wished it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dressed, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you: do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. It is just what my Lord B. is doing with metaphysics. I hope you will live to see, and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you, (for this is not writing). If you like I should do so, why not tell me so; if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a-week most gladly: but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? If you can, really, and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who has just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true, I have writ six letters and an half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and an half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable

conſiderable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends, have ſeen them, *ſatis magnum theatrum mihi eſtis*, I ſhall not have the itch of making them more public *. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind. But I imagine, that if your can like any ſuch, it muſt be thoſe that ſtrip metaphyſics of all their bombaſt, keep within the ſight of every well-conſtituted eye, and never bewilder themſelves whilſt they pretend to guide the reaſon of others. I writ to you a long letter ſome time ago, and ſent it by the poſt. Did it come to your hands? or did the inſpectors of private correſpondence ſtop it, to revenge themſelves of the ill ſaid of them in it? *Vale, et me ama.*

LETTER LXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 1. 1734.

I Have yours with my Lord B——'s poſtſcript, of September 15. It was long on its way; and for ſome weeks after the date, I was very ill with my two inverate diſorders, giddineſs and deafneſs. The latter is pretty well off, but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much diſpirits me. But I continue to ride and walk; both of which, although they be no cures, are at leaſt amuſements. I did never imagine you to be either inconſtant, or to want right notions of friendſhip:

* As Lord B. (let. 49.) tells us, they ſhew that all our metaphyſical theology is ridiculous and abominable.

but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me, how you have been able to entertain the world ſo long, ſo frequently, ſo happily, under ſo many bodily diſorders. My Lord B. ſays you have been three months rambling, which is the beſt thing you can poſſibly do in a ſummer-ſeaſon; and when the winter recals you, we will, for our own intereſts, leave you to your ſpeculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind, that requires writing, except now and then a letter; or, like a true old man, ſcribling trifles only fit for children, or ſchoolboys of the loweſt claſs at beſt, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is ſingular, I never am without ſome great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the moſt vigorous healthy man; although I am convinced, that I ſhall never be able to finiſh three treatiſes that have lain by me ſeveral years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. ſaid in his poſtſcript, that you would go to Bath in three days. We ſince heard that you were dangerouſly ill there, and that the news-mongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, aſſured me he left you well; and ſo did ſome others, whom I have forgot. I am ſorry at my heart, that you are peſtered with people who come in my name; and I profeſs to you, it is without my knowledge I am confident I ſhall hardly ever have occaſion again to recommend; for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Eſſay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to diſcover you in ſix lines, unleſs you had a mind to write below, or beſide yourſelf, on purpoſe. I confeſs I did never imagine you were ſo deep in morals, or that ſo many new and excellent rules could be produced ſo advantageouſly and agreeably in

that

that ſcience, from any one head. I confeſs in ſome few places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—— ſaid to me on that occaſion, how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that on the firſt reading thoſe eſſays, he was much pleaſed, but found ſome lines a little dark: on the ſecond moſt of them cleared up, and his pleaſure increaſed; on the third he had no doubt remaining; and then he admired the whole. My Lord Bolingbroke's attempt of reducing metaphyſics to intelligible ſenſe and uſefulneſs, will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the ſole management, ſo I am confident he will ſucceed in this. I deſire you will allow that I write to you both at preſent; and ſo I ſhall while I live. It ſaves your money and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addreſſed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwiſe, between the weakneſs of my eyes, and the thickneſs of my hearing, I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B—— to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphyſics. Pray God bleſs you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will anſwer his letter as ſoon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXXIV.

Twickenham, Dec. 19. 1734.

I AM truly ſorry for any complaint you have; and it is in regard to the weakneſs of your eyes, that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think, (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good underſtanding) that the thing

which men of our age feel the moſt, is the friendſhip of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects thoſe who are ſtept a few years before us, cannot but ſenſibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory; and, if I am in any part of my conſtitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleaſed me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two ſummers we paſſed together dwells always on my mind, like a viſion which gave me a glimpſe of a better life and better company, than this world otherwiſe afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcaſe I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled, by very eaſy journeys, this year, to Lord Bathurſt and Lord Peterborow, who, upon every occaſion, commemorate, love, and wiſh for you I now paſs my days between Dawley, London, and this place; not ſtudious, nor idle, rather poliſhing old works, than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandoned ſeveral years; and of this ſort you'll ſoon ſee one, which I inſcribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written; and thinking to finiſh my letter the ſame evening, was prevented by company; and the next morning found myſelf in a fever, highly diſordered, and ſo continued in bed for five days; and in my chamber till now; but ſo well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himſelf, poor man, is much broke, though not worſe than for theſe two laſt months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wiſh to God we could once meet again, before that ſeparation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, ſhall reunite us. But he who made us, not for ours, but his purpoſes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worſe, that the affections of this life ſhould, or

ſhould

ſhould not continue into the other: and doubtleſs it is as it ſhould be. Yet I am ſure, that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I ſhall be imperfect without the communication of ſuch friends as you. You are to me like a limb loſt, and buried in another country. Though we ſeem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always conſider you ſo much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much; but it is as much as I would deſire you would do to me. However, if I could inſpirit you to beſtow correction upon thoſe three treatiſes, which you ſay are ſo near completed, I ſhould think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almoſt at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago of my wit. My ſyſtem is a ſhort one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits; and that is a ſphere in which you may move on to eternity: but where one is confined to truth, (or, to ſpeak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth), we ſoon find the ſhortneſs of our tether. Indeed, by the help of a metaphyſical chain of ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progreſs beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us. But this does not ſatisfy me; who would rather ſay a little to no purpoſe, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to deſtroy volumes. I ſhall not live, I fear, to ſee that work printed. He is ſo taken up ſtill (in ſpite of the monitory hint given in the firſt line of my eſſay) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is ſtill a creature of this world, not of the univerſe; this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the court, to the caſtle, and ſo diminiſhing, till it comes to our own affairs, and to our own perſons. When you write either to him or to me, (for we accept it all as one), rebuke

buke him for it; as a divine, if you like it; or as a badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will shew that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him; and every body that comes from Ireland, pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so; and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

LETTER LXXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

May 12. 1735.

YOur letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford, who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion, by the villainy of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had. Nor am I unconcerned, to see all things tending towards absolute power in both nations *, (it is here in perfection already), although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public, and personal to myself, hath given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor † hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a

* The Dean was frequently troubled, he tells us, with a giddiness in his head. *Warb.*

† Arbuthnot. He died Feb. 27. 1734-5.

great

great comfort to me, although I ſhould never have ſeen them; like a ſum of money in a bank, from which I ſhould receive at leaſt annual intereſt, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To ſhew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight ſince I heard of the death of my Lady Maſham, my conſtant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I ſhould expect you to make a voyage that would in the leaſt affect your health. But in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my beſt friend ſhould have perhaps the only kind of diſorder for which a ſea-voyage is not in ſome degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond ſaid, he would not change his dead ſon (Oſſory) for the beſt living ſon in Europe. Neither would I change you, my abſent friend, for the beſt preſent friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord B. called, "A diſſertation upon parties." I think it very maſterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers. I believe your prayers will do me more good than thoſe of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the Biſhop of Marſeilles*. And God preſerve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) parſons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

* Who continued there with his flock all the time a dreadful peſtilence deſolated that city, in 1720. He ſold all his plate, &c. for the relief of the poor.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 3. 1735.

THis letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an anſwer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily with you were what they call diſaffected, as I am. I may ſay as David did, "I have ſinned "greatly, but what have theſe ſheep done?" You have given no offence to the miniſtry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore muſt abhor vice and all corruption, although your diſcretion holds the reigns. "You need not "fear any conſequence in the commerce that hath "ſo long paſſed between us, although I never de-"ſtroyed one of your letters. But my executors "are men of honour and virtue, who have ſtrict "orders in my will to burn every letter left behind "me." Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or ſatire, but mere innocent friendſhip. Yet I am loath that any letters from you, and a very few other friends, ſhould die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand, to ſtudy what we ſhould write next; yet we have held a conſtant intercourſe from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it muſt be continued till my death, which my bad ſtate of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earneſt as well as in haſte, to have one epiſtle inſcribed to me while I am alive, and you juſt in

in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height, I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend, *Orna me*. A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq; They are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life; yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me; and, I think, among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle *. He is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us; but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character. I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain; which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind.—"Shall I not visit for these things? "saith the Lord." You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world. But oppression tortures me; and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius, he made up as an honest man: but he was of the class you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He

* Bishop of Derry.

will

will be an honour to the biſhops, and a diſgrace to one biſhop; two things you will like: but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your unfriended, unbenefited nation. He will be a friend to human race wherever he goes Pray tell him my beſt wiſhes for his health and long life. I wiſh you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never ſaw a man ſo ſeldom whom I liked ſo much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a laſt leave of, at his ſetting ſail for Liſbon. No body can be more waſted, no ſoul can be more alive. Immediately after the ſevereſt operation of being cut into the bladder, for a ſuppreſſion of urine, he took coach, and got from Briſtol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another ſtring loſt, that would have helped to draw you hither! He ordered, on his deathbed, his watch to be given me, (that which had accompanied him in all his travels), with this reaſon, "That I might have "ſomething to put me every day in mind of him." It was a preſent to him from the King of Sicily, whoſe arms and *inſignia* are graved on the inner caſe. On the outer I have put this inſcription, *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliæ. Dux Sabaudiæ, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit*, 1735.

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleaſes you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleaſure, that your preſent care is to relieve the moſt helpleſs of this world, thoſe objects * which moſt want our compaſſion, though generally made

* Idiots.

the ſcorn of their fellow-creatures, ſuch as are leſs innocent than they. You always think generouſly; and of all charities this is the moſt diſintereſted, and leaſt vain-glorious, done to ſuch as never will thank you, or can praiſe you for it.

God bleſs you with eaſe, if not with pleaſure; with a tolerable ſtate of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a reſigned temper of mind, if not a very cheerful one. It is upon theſe terms I live myſelf, though younger than you; and I repine not at my lot, could but the preſence of a few that I love be added to theſe. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 21. 1735.

I Anſwered your letter relating to Curll, *&c.* I believe my letters have eſcaped being publiſhed, becauſe I writ nothing but nature and friendſhip, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have obſerved, that not only Voiture, but likewiſe Tully aud Pliny, writ their letters for the public view, more than for the ſake of their correſpondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balſac did the ſame thing; but with more ſtiffneſs, and conſequently leſs diverting. Now I muſt tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very faſt out of the world; but my fleſh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of ſlaves. It pleaſeth me to find that you begin to diſlike things, in ſpite of your philoſophy. Your muſe cannot forbear her hints to

that purpoſe. I cannot travel to ſee you, otherwiſe I ſolemnly proteſt I would do it. I have an intention to paſs this winter in the country, with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a-day; yet is my health ſo uncertain, that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night. My beſt way would be to marry; for in that caſe any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord —— ? Methinks I am inquiring after a tulip of laſt year.—— "You "need not apprehend any Curlls meddling with "your letters to me. I will not deſtroy them, but "have ordered my executors to do that office." I have a thouſand things more to ſay; *longævitas eſt garrula*; but I muſt remember I have other letters to write, if I have time, which I ſpend to tell you ſo. I am ever, deareſt Sir,

Yours, *&c.*

LETTER LXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 9. 1735-6.

I Cannot properly call you my beſt friend, becauſe I have not another left who deſerves the name; ſuch a havock have time, death, exile, and oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowneſs of ſpirits, if they were not ſome excuſe for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you ſay of the indifference in common friends, whether we are ſick or well, happy or miſerable. The very maid-ſervants

vants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliment usual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity, that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we miscall their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends; from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast, that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any Lord, temporal or spiritual, in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated *Singula de nobis anni*, &c. You have put them in a strong and admirable light: but, however, I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity; and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before; by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscarried.——I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving: for youth is the season of virtue; corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue, when they leave you, and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of fu-

ture miniſters, and future kings.—— As to the new Lord Lieutenant *, I never knew any of the family; ſo that I ſhall not be able to get any job done by him for any deſerving friend.

LETTER LXXX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 7. 1735-6.

IT is ſome time ſince I dined at the Biſhop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing ſince; only I have continued in great pain of mind; yet for my own ſake and the world's, more than for yours; becauſe I well know how little you value life, both as a philoſopher and a Chriſtian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me eſpecially out of pain, who could not bear the loſs of you; although we muſt be for ever diſtant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indiſpoſition are preparing me every ſeaſon. I have ſtaid too long from preſſing you to give me ſome eaſe by an account of your health; pray do not uſe me ſo ill any more. I look upon you as an eſtate from which I receive my beſt annualrents, although I am never to ſee it. Mr. Tickel was at the ſame meeting under the ſame real concern; and ſo were a hundred others of this town who had never ſeen you.

* The Duke of Devonſhire.

I read

I read to the Biſhop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his Lordſhip expreſſed his thankfulneſs in a manner that became him. He is eſteemed here as a perſon of learning, and converſation and humanity; but he is beloved by all people.

I have no body now left but you. Pray, be ſo kind to outlive me; and then die as ſoon as you pleaſe, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray, let my Lord Bathurſt know how much I love him; I ſtill inſiſt on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an abſent friend with his letters. My ſtate of health is not to boaſt of; my giddineſs is more or leſs too conſtant; I ſleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as eaſily write a poem in the Chineſe language as my own: I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily ſchemes for innumerable eſſays in proſe, and proceed ſometimes to no leſs than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waſte paper. What vexes me moſt is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen of years ago, have now forſaken me; although I am not ſo old in proportion to them as I formerly was: which I can prove by arithmetic; for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as ſoon as you can, about that ugly report of your illneſs; and let me know who this Cheſelden is, that hath ſo lately ſprung up in your favour. Give me alſo ſome account of your neighbour * who writ to me from Bath. I hear he reſolves to be ſtrenuous for taking off the teſt; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reaſons I ever was able to form, and againſt

* Lord Bolingbroke.

the maxim of all wise Christian governments †, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewell my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

LETTER LXXXI.

March 25. 1736.

IF ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it; but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four epistles, which naturally follow the essay on man, *viz.* 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason and science. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful, and therefore unattainable arts. 3. Of the nature, ends, application, and use, of different capacities. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit. It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished. I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps

† The author of the Dissertation on Parties appears to be of the same opinion. *Warb.*

will

will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our heaven of a court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the relics of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead: for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Chesselden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatched yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Chesselden was? It shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the most noted, and most deserving man, in the whole profession of chirurgery; and has saved the lives of thousands, by his manner of cutting for the stone.——I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord B.'s, since he went to France. Nothing can depress his genius: whatever befals him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, inquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you; for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants. I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home; the kind and hearty housewife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone!

yet

yet my houſe is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flouriſh, as knowing nothing of the gueſts they have loſt. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen garden than you have any thought of; nay, I ave good melons and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worſe poet, than when you ſaw me: but gardening is near a-kin to philoſophy; for Tully ſays, *Agricultura proxima ſapientiæ.* For God's ſake, why ſhould not you, (that are a ſtep higher than a philoſopher, a divine, yet have too much grace and wit to be a biſhop), e'en give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done every thing elſe), ſo quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animæ concordes* be our motto and our epitaph.

LETTER LXXXII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22. 1736.

MY common illneſs is of that kind which utterly diſqualifies me for all converſation; I mean my deafneſs: and indeed it is that only which diſcourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; becauſe I am never ſure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honeſt gout, I could catch an interval to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an eaſy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. "As to what you "ſay of your letters, ſince you have many years of "life more than I, my reſolution is to direct my "executors to ſend you all your letters, well ſealed "and packeted, along with ſome legacies mention-"ed in my will, and leave them entirely to your "diſpoſal.

" diſpoſal. Thoſe things are all tied up, indorſed,
" and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one ſer-
" vant who can properly be ſaid to write or read.
" No mortal ſhall copy them, but you ſhall ſurely
" have them when I am no more." I have a little repined at my being hitherto ſlipped by you in your epiſtles, not from any other ambition than the title of a friend; and in that ſenſe I expect you ſhall perform your promiſe, if your health, and leiſure, and inclination will permit. I deny your loſing on the ſide of poetry; I could reaſon againſt you a little from experience: you are, and will be ſome years to come, at the age when invention ſtill keeps its ground, and judgement is at full maturity; but your ſubjects are much more difficult when confined to verſe. I am amazed to ſee you exhauſt the whole ſcience of morality in ſo maſterly a manner. Sir W. Temple ſaid, that the loſs of friends was a tax upon long life. It need not be very long, ſince you have had ſo great a ſhare, but I have not above one left: and in this country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling underſtandings. How ſhould I know Cheſelden? On your ſide men of fame ſtart up and die, before we here (at leaſt I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you ſay of Lord B.'s genius ſtill keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and uſeful to the world. —— Common reports have made me very uneaſy about your neighbour Mr. P. It is affirmed, that he hath been very near death. I love him for being a patriot in the moſt corrupted times, and highly eſteem his excellent underſtanding. Nothing but the perverſe nature of my diſorders, as I have above deſcribed them, and which are abſolute diſqualifications for converſe, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nurſing you to Paris. In ſhort, my ailments amount to a prohibition; although I am, as you deſcribe yourſelf,

what

what *I must call well*, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum, which must lessen every day; and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and no body pays me. Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young dunces and Atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a king's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Aug. 17. 1736.

I Find, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative, but less writative; to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity, or love. And I grow laconic even beyond laconicism; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionary or petitionary epistles of half a yard long. You and Bolinbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next; others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them,

them, as luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals blind and dull: and you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B. because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him, I find to my great scandal repeated in one of yours to —. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fountainbleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is, twice or thrice a-year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decayed: for believe me, great geniuses must and do esteem one other, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds. A genius has the intuitive faculty: therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the house of Lords writ commendatory verses upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my works, the universities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince, crowned me with laurel. You are a very ignorant man, you don't know the figure his name and your's will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo*. I will not quarrel with the present age; it has done enough

enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you will both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of princes and ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than, I fear, you possess; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present; tolerable, when an easy mind is joined with it.

LETTER LXXXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 2. 1736.

I Think you owe me a letter; but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious and continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride; the first I can do tolerably, but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding; because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations, by my station and the impertinence of people, to

be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month at fartheſt; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle My comfort is, you began to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient as mine; I mean Wycherly, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnell, *&c.* and, in spite of your heart, you have owned me a cotemporary; not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow. In short, I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life. —— May friends be happy in this and a better life; but I value not what becomes of posterity, when I consider from what monsters they are to spring. —— My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000 l a-year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid: this is our condition in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name; I fear he hath not received my letter, and wish you would ask him: but perhaps he is still a-rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath restored his health. —— How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet my Lord Bathurst, and Lord Masham, and Mr. Lewis remain; and being your acquaintance, I desire, when you see them, to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. P. B. and let me

know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last. Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti si puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales. —— My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. —— I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more epistles of morality; and, I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subject of such epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although in so profligate a world as ours, they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion.

LETTER LXXXV.

To Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 30. 1736.

YOur very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear any thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though

Though others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good ſpirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me. And indeed it is but a prudent part, to ſeem not ſo concerned about others, nor ſo crazy ourſelves as we really are: for we ſhall neither be beloved nor eſteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity But to our true friend we may, we muſt complain, of what (it is a thouſand to one) he complains with us: for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you ſhall not have much of my pity: but if you ever live to have leſs, you ſhall not have leſs of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that ſhall be added to you, of which you have had a late inſtance in the public rejoicings on your birthday. I can aſſure you, ſomething better and greater than high birth and quality muſt go toward acquiring thoſe demonſtrations of public eſteem and love. I have ſeen a royal birthday uncelebrated, but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general eſteem for your ſenſe, virtue, and charity.

The moſt melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of thoſe we loved and have loſt, perpetually increaſing How much that reflection ſtruck me, you will ſee from the motto I have prefixed to my book of letters, which ſo much againſt my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

Quo deſiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amiſſas flemus amicitias!

I detain this letter till I can find ſome ſafe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine

muſt be, of any thing to offend my ſuperiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. "But I have much reaſon to fear, thoſe which you "have too partially kept in your hands, will get "out in ſome very diſagreeable ſhape, in caſe of our "mortality: and the more reaſon to fear it, ſince "this laſt month Curl has obtained from Ireland "two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one "of mine to you, which we wrote in the year "1723), and he has printed them, to the beſt of "my memory, rightly, except one paſſage concern-"ing Dawley, which muſt have been ſince inſert-"ed, ſince my Lord had not that place at that "time. Your anſwer to that letter he has not got; "it has never been out of my cuſtody; for whate-"ver is lent is loſt, (wit as well as money), to "theſe needy poetical readers."

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He ſeems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a ſettled and principled philoſopher, thanking Fortune for the tranquility he has been led into by her averſion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the ſea into a calm harbour. You aſk me, if I have got any ſupply of new friends to make up for thoſe that are gone? I think that impoſſible; for not our friends only, but ſo much of ourſelves is gone, by the mere flux and courſe of years, that, were the ſame friends to be reſtored to us, we could not be reſtored to ourſelves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual waſhing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and ſedges in their room *; ſo the courſe of time brings us ſomething, as it deprives us of a great deal; and inſtead of leaving us what we cul-

* There are ſome ſtrokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwiſe, than by the author's extreme compaſſion and tenderneſs of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peeviſh old man, (labouring and impatient under his infirmities), and too intent in the friendly office of molifying them. *Warb.*

tivated,

tivated, and expected to flourish, and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance acquaintance, of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished themselves in parliament; and you will own, in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you, it is by their asserting of independency, and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me, by their love of the same studies, and the same authors. But I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened, and blunt to new impressions; it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now than those I see daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former sort to me in all respects, but that we can yet correspond together. I don't know whether it is not more vexatious to know we are both in one world, without any farther intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much. Let me drop into common things. —— Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindness. Mrs. B sighs more for you than for the loss of youth. She says she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learned that secret from some receipts of your writing. —— Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

March 23. 1736-7.

THough you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task: for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed; they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me. They have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants; and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life; and I sometimes think of your old housekeeper as my nurse; though I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence; the physicians having told me, the weakness of my breast, *&c.* is such, as a sea-sickness might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country *,

country *, there remain a few more who will laſt ſo till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power, to draw you back to a country which cannot quite be ſunk or inſlaved, while ſuch ſpirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the ſame ſpirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. Theſe look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the ſight of him at whoſe ſoul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their ſpecies as is conſiſtent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reaſon (and a ſtrong one it is) for doing it ſo ſeldom, is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and paſſing into the hands and malice of enemies; who publiſh them with all their imperfections on their head; ſo that I write not on the common terms of honeſt men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whoſe care of you in the voyage I could ſo certainly depend on; and bring with you your old houſekeeper, and two or three ſervants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our laſt days eaſy, and leave ſome ſort of monument, what friends two wits could be, in ſpite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

* The Dean was born in Ireland. This I mention, becauſe the ſentence may be underſtood in a double ſenſe. *Dub. Edit.*

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31. 1737.

IT is true, I owe you some letters; but it has pleased God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may ly under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability; for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together. This deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham: for deafness being not a frequent disorder, hath no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insuportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Ornamе*, and now you come, like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which, by your way of reckoning, I must always be; for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you because I am not at the head of any one of your epistles. I am often wondering, how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of morality, even in the poetical way; and should have wondered more, if nature and education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy. "All the letters I can find of your's, I have fastened in a "folio

" folio cover, and the reſt in bundles indorſed ; " but, by reading their dates, I find a chaſm of " ſix years, of which I can find no copies; and " yet I keep them with all poſſible care. But I " have been forced, on three or four occaſions, " to ſend all my papers to ſome friends; yet thoſe " papers were all ſent ſealed in bundles to ſome " faithful friends ; however, what I have are not " much above ſixty." I found nothing in any one of them to be left out. None of them have any thing to do with party, of which you are the cleareſt of all men by your religion, and the whole tenor of your life ; while I am raging every moment againſt the corruption of both kingdoms, eſpecially of this ; ſuch is my weakneſs.

I have read your epiſtle of Horace to Auguſtus. It was ſent me in the Engliſh edition, as ſoon as it could come. They are printing it in a ſmall octavo. The curious are looking out, ſome for flattery, ſome for ironies in it. The four folks think they have found out ſome: but your admirers here, I mean every man of taſte, affect to be certain, that the profeſſion of friendſhip to me in the ſame poem will not ſuffer you to be thought a flatterer. My happineſs is, that you are too far engaged; and in ſpite of you, the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and eſteemed me, although I died the object of court and party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr. Glover who writ the ethic poem, called *Leonidas*, which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue! We have frequently good poems of late from London. I have juſt read one upon converſation, and two or three others. But the croud do not incumber you, who, like the orator or preacher, ſtand aloft, and are ſeen above the reſt, more than the whole aſſembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finiſh the paper. I am,

am, my deareſt friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or ſpeak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23. 1737.

I Sent a letter to you ſome weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery incloſed in one of his, to which I received as yet no anſwer; but it will be time enough when his Lordſhip goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days; and then he will take with him " all the letters I preſerved of " your's, which are not above twenty-five. I " find there is a great chaſm of ſome years, but the " dates are more early than my two laſt journies to " England; which makes me imagine, that in one " of thoſe journies I carried over another cargo " But I cannot truſt my memory half an hour; and my diſorders of deafneſs and giddineſs increaſe daily. So that I am declining as faſt as it is eaſily poſſible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which, I am told, are to be printed here Some of thoſe who highly eſteem you, and a few who know you perſonally, are grieved to find you make no diſtinction between the Engliſh gentry of this kingdom, and the ſavage old Iriſh, (who are only the vulgar, and ſome gentlemen who live in the Iriſh parts of the kingdom): but the Engliſh colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and ſpeak better Engliſh, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard,

hard, that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, ſhould be allowed to preſerve that title, only becauſe we have been told by ſome of them, that their names are entered in ſome pariſh in London. I have three or four couſins here, who were born in Portugal, whoſe parents took the ſame care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Iriſh family, came to viſit me three days, on purpoſe to complain of thoſe paſſages in your letters. He will not allow ſuch a difference between the two climates; but will aſſert that North-Wales, Northumberland, Yorkſhire, and the other northern ſhires, have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In ſhort, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the beſt ſyſtem that ever was wrote for the conduct of human life, at leaſt to ſhame all raſonable men out of their follies and vices. It is ſome recommendation of this kingdom, and of the taſte of the people, that you are at leaſt as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for ſlavery, corruption, Atheiſm, and ſuch trifles, do it freely; but include England, only with an addition of every other vice.—— I wiſh you would give orders againſt the corruption of Engliſh, by thoſe ſcriblers who ſend us over their traſh in proſe and verſe, with abominable curtailings and quaint moderniſms.—— I am now daily expecting an end of life I have loſt all ſpirit, and every ſcrap of health. I ſometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be ſilent; and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery ſee you often: next to yourſelf, I love no man ſo well; and

and tell him what I say, if he visits you. I have now done; for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long, for a pattern of piety and virtue.

Farewell, my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, &c.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Aug. 8. 1738.

My dear friend,

I Have yours of July 25.; and first, I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, incapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion, (of which you have already too great a part), but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the post-office of both kingdoms; which makes the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner, before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem. I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal genius you describe, whose handwriting I know towards the end of your letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he

writes, I fear he will be too ſoon gone to his foreſt abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my patron, and then deſcended to be my friend.

It is a great favour of heaven that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have abſolutely done with poetry for ſeveral years paſt, and even at my beſt times I could produce nothing but trifles. I therefore reject your compliments on that ſcore: and it is no compliment in me; for I take your ſecond dialogue that you lately ſent me, to equal almoſt any thing you ever writ; although I live ſo much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and perſons, which, I preſume, are very well known from Temple-bar to St. James's; (I mean the Court excluſive.)

" I can faithfully aſſure you, that every letter " you have favoured me with, theſe twenty years " and more, are ſealed up in bundles, and deliver- " ed to Mrs. W——, a very worthy, rational, and " judicious couſin of mine, and the only relation " whoſe viſits I can ſuffer. All theſe letters ſhe is " directed to ſend ſafely to you, upon my de- " ceaſe."

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her eſtate in the north. She is a perſon of very good underſtanding, as any I know of her ſex. Give me leave to write here a ſhort anſwer to my Lord B.'s letter, in the laſt page of yours.

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordſhip for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confeſs, that I have more obligations to your Lordſhip, than to all the world beſides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great miniſter of ſtate: and yet I love you ſtill more, for your condeſcending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publiſh your hiſtory,

and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*. If not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordship for my best patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, *&c.*

P. S. I will here, in a postscript, correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I shewed my cousin the above letter; and she assures me that a great collection of $\frac{\text{your}}{\text{my}}$ * letters to $\frac{\text{me,}}{\text{you}}$ are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand †.

I am, my most dear and honoured friend, entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

It is now *Aug.* 24. 1738.

LET-

* It is written just thus in the original. The book that is now printed, seems to be part of the collection here spoken of; as it contains not only the letters of Mr. Pope, but of Dr. Swift. both to him and Mr. Gay, which were returned him after Mr. Gay's death: though any mention made by Mr. Pope of the return or exchange of letters, has been inoustriously suppressed in the publication, and only appears by some of the answers. *Dub. edit.*

† The Earl of ORRERY to Mr. POPE.

SIR,

I Am more and more convinced, that your letters are neither lost nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a *safe hand* in Ireland, is beyond my power of guessing, though I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of those letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpose; and I fear, whoever has them is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. "Mrs. W—— did assure me, she had not one of them; and seemed "to be under great uneasiness, that you should imagine they were left "with her. She likewise told me she had stopped the Dean's letter "which gave you that information; but believed he would write such "another; and therefore desired me to assure you from her, that she "was totally ignorant where they were."

You

LETTER XC.*

Dr. SWIFT to his uncle WILLIAM SWIFT †.

SIR, *Moore Park, Nov.* 29. 1692.

MY ſiſter told me, you was pleaſed (when ſhe was here) to wonder, I did ſo ſeldom write to you, I been ſo kind, to impute it neither

You may make what uſe you pleaſe, either to the Dean, or any other perſon, of what I have told you. I am ready to teſtify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That the Dean ſays they are deli-"vered into a ſafe hand, and Mrs. W—— * declares ſhe has them "not. The conſequence of their being hereafter publiſhed, may "give uneaſineſs to ſome of your friends, and of courſe to you: ſo "I would do all in my power to make you entirely eaſy in that "point."

This is the firſt time I have put pen to paper ſince my late misfortune; and I ſhould ſay, as an excuſe for this letter, that it has coſt me ſome pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to aſſure you, that I am;

Dear Sir,
With the trueſt eſteem,
Marſton, Oct. 4. 1738. You. very faithful and obedient ſervant,
ORRERY.

* *This lady ſince gave Mr. Pope the ſtrongeſt aſſurances, that ſhe had uſed her utmoſt endeavours to prevent the publication; nay, went ſo far as to ſecrete the book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin printer. Whereupon her ſon-in-law, Dr. Swift, Eſq; inſiſted upon writing a preface, to juſtify Mr. Pope from having any knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt practices of the printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the truth of the fact.* Pope.

* This and the three following letters are taken from Mr. Deane Swift's Eſſay on the life, writings, &c. of Dr. Swift.

† This letter is torn and imperfect in ſeveral places.——This epiſtolary fragment is ſo far curious, as it gives us a ſpecimen of Swift's manner of writing and thinking, at that early period of his life.—— You do not ſee in this letter the leaſt ſymptoms of that peculiar turn of phraſe which afterwards appeared in all his writings, even in his moſt trifling letters. Neither his learning nor his genius were yet ar-

neither to ill mann respect. I always thought that ſufficient from one, who has always been but too troubleſome to you. Beſides, I know your averſion to impertinence, and God knows ſo very private a life as mine can furniſh a letter with little elſe: for I often am two or three months without ſeeing any body beſides the family; and now my ſiſter is gone, I am likely to be more ſolitary than before. I am ſtill to thank you for your care in my *teſtimonium*; and it was to very good purpoſe, for I never was more ſatisfied than in the behaviour of the univerſity of Oxford to me. I had all the civilities I could wiſh for, and ſo many favours, that I am aſhamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to ſtrangers, than ever I was in ſeven years to Dublin college. I am not to take orders till the King gives me a prebendary ‡: and Sir William Temple, though he promiſes me the certainty of it, yet is leſs forward than I could wiſh ‖; becauſe, I ſuppoſe, he believes I ſhall leave him *; and upon ſome accounts he thinks me a little neceſſary to him † If I were entertainment, or doing you any ſatisfaction by my letters, I ſhould be very glad to perform it that way, as I am bound to do it by all others. I am ſorry my fortune ſhould fling me ſo far from the beſt of my relations, but hope that I ſhall have the happineſs to ſee you ſome time or

rived to any degree of ripeneſs. Or perhaps the letter was rather the effect of duty than inclination; and in that caſe the ſtyle of it muſt be illaborate, and void of all freedom and vivacity. *Orrery.*

‡ It may be obſerved from this paſſage, that he does not ſpeak of going into the church as a point of news to his uncle. *Swift.*

‖ Here are the grounds of a quarrel which happened between him and Sir William Temple in the year 1694. *Swift.*

* Which at laſt was the cauſe of a good deal of anger in Sir William Temple. *Swift.*

† Becauſe at that time he was employed in the reviſal of Sir William Temple's works. *Swift.*

other

other. Pray my humble ſervice to my good aunt, and the reſt of my relations, if you pleaſe.

LETTER XCI.

Dr. SWIFT to his Couſin DEANE SWIFT at Liſbon ‡.

Lieceſter, June 3. 1694.

I Received your kind letter to-day from your ſiſter; and am very glad to find you will ſpare time from buſineſs, ſo far as to write a long letter to one you have none at all with but friendſhip; which, as the world paſſes, is perhaps one of the idleſt things in it. 'Tis a pleaſure to me to ſee you ſally out of your road, and take notice of curioſities, of which I am very glad to have part; and deſire you to ſet by ſome idle minutes for a commerce which ſhall ever be dear to me; and from ſo good an obſerver as you may eaſily be, cannot fail of being uſeful. I am ſorry to ſee ſo much ſuperſtition in a country ſo given to trade. I half uſed to think thoſe two to be incompatible. Not that I utterly diſlike your proceſſions for rain or fair weather; which, as trifling as they are, yet have good effects to quiet common heads, and infuſe a gaping devotion among the rabble. But your burning the old woman, unleſs ſhe were a Duegna, I ſhall never be reconciled to; though it is eaſily obſerved, that nations which have moſt gallantry to the young, are ever the ſevereſt upon the old. I have not leiſure to deſcant further upon your

‡ If this letter be conſidered as an epiſtle from a young man a little above ſix and twenty years old, to an intimate friend and relation, who was at that time but juſt turned of twenty, I hope it will not appear in a very mean or contemptible light. *Swift.*

pleasing letter, nor any thing to return you from so barren a scene as this, which I shall leave in four days towards my journey for Ireland. I had designed a letter to my cousin Willoughby; and the last favour he has done me requires a great deal of acknowledgement: but the thoughts of my sending so many before, has made me believe it better to trust you with delivering my best thanks to him; and that you will endeavour to persuade him, how extreme sensible of his goodness and generosity I am. I wish and shall pray, he may be as happy as he deserves, and he cannot be more. My mother desires her best love to him and to you, with both our services to my cousin his wife.

I forgot to tell you I left Sir William Temple a month ago, just as I foretold it to you: and every thing happened thereupon exactly as I guessed. He was extreme angry I left him; and yet would not oblige himself any further than upon my good behaviour, nor would promise any thing firmly to me at all: so that every body judged I did best to leave him. I design to be ordained September next, and make what endeavours I can for something in the church I wish it may ever lie in my cousin's way or yours to have interest to bring me in chaplain of the factory.

If any thing offers from Dublin that may serve either to satisfy or divert you, I will not fail of contributing, and giving you constant intelligence from thence, of whatever you shall desire.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XCII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of OXFORD *.

My LORD, *July* 1. 1714.

WHen I was with you, I have ſaid more than once, that I would never allow quality or ſtation made any real difference between men. Being now abſent and forgotten, I have changed my mind. You have a thouſand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of ſincerity as I; ſo that, according to common juſtice, I can have but a thouſandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your ſtation. And the misfortune is ſtill the greater, becauſe I always loved you juſt ſo much the worſe for your ſtation. For in your public capacity you have often angered me to the heart, but as a private man never once. So that if I only look towards myſelf, I could wiſh you a private man tomorrow. For I have nothing to aſk, at leaſt nothing that you will give, which is the ſame thing. And then you would ſee whether I ſhould not with much more willingneſs attend you in a retirement, whenever you pleaſed to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windſor. From theſe ſentiments I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwiſe than as to a private perſon, nor allow myſelf to have been obliged by you in any other capacity.

The memory of one great inſtance of your can-

* This letter was written from Berkſhire, after the Doctor had wholly quitted the miniſtry, upon finding it impoſſible to reconcile the miſunderſtandings between the Lord Treaſurer and the Secretary. *Swift.*

dor

dor and juſtice I will carry to my grave; that having been in a manner domeſtic with you for almoſt four years, it was never in the power of any public or concealed enemy to make you think ill of me, though malice and envy were often employed to that end. If I live, poſterity ſhall know that and more; which though you and ſome body that ſhall be nameleſs, ſeem to value leſs than I could wiſh, is all the return I can make you. Will you give me leave to ſay how I would deſire to ſtand in your memory? As one who was truly ſenſible of the honour you did him, though he was too proud to be vain upon it: as one who was neither aſſuming, officious, nor teaſing; who never wilfully miſrepreſented perſons or facts to you, nor conſulted his paſſions when he gave a character: and, laſtly, as one whoſe indiſcretions proceeded altogether from a weak head, and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is the higheſt compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have ſaid enough, and like one at your levee, having made my bow, I ſhrink back into the croud. I am, my Lord, *&c.*

LETTER XCIII.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of OXFORD.

My LORD, *Dublin, June* 14. 1737.

I Had the honour of a letter from your Lordſhip, dated April 7, which I was not prepard to anſwer until this time. Your Lordſhip muſt needs have known, that the hiſtory you mention of the four laſt years of the Queen's reign was written at Windſor,

Windsor, just upon finishing the peace *; at which time your father and my Lord Bolingbroke had a misunderstanding with each other, that was attended with very bad consequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanery, (after the peace was made), I could not stay here above a fortnight, being recalled by an hundred letters to hasten back, and to use my endeavours in reconciling those ministers. I left them the history you mention, which I had finished at Windsor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldness increased; I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able; I contrived to bring them to my Lord Masham's at St. James's; my Lord and Lady Masham left us together; I expostulated with them both, but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to Windsor next day with my Lord Treasurer; I pretended business that prevented me; and so I sent them to Windsor next day, which was Saturday, expecting they would come to some * * * * * * * * * †. But I followed them to Windsor; where my Lord Bolingbroke told me, that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate They grew more estranged every day. My Lord Treasurer found his credit daily declining. In May, before the Queen died, I had my last meeting with them at my Lord Masham's. He left us together, and therefore I spoke very freely to them both, and told them I would retire, for I found all was gone. Lord Bolingbroke whispered me, I was in the right.

* The Doctor means only the first draught of that history: for it is certain, that, after the Queen's death, he spent a good deal of his time in improving and correcting it to his own taste and liking; and particularly we find in a letter of the Dean's to Pope, dated Jan. 10. 1721, [vol. 9. p. 286.] that he still employed some part of his leisure in digesting it into order. *Swift.*

† Here is an hiatus of about half a line. The reader's imagination can easily fill it up, so as to make the sense perfect. *Swift.*

Your

Your father ſaid, all would do well ‡. I told him, that I would go to Oxford on Monday, ſince I found it impoſſible to be of any uſe. I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkſhire; there ſtaid till the Queen's death, and then to my ſtation here; where I ſtaid twelve years, and never ſaw my Lord your father afterwards. They could not agree about printing the hiſtory of the four laſt years; and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determine to publiſh it in London, to the confuſion of all thoſe * * * * who have accuſed the Queen and that miniſtry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Proteſtant ſucceſſion. I was then in the greateſt truſt and confidence with your father the Lord Treaſurer, as well as with my Lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the adminiſtration. I had all the letters from the Secretary's office during the treaty of peace. Out of thoſe, and what I learned from the miniſtry, I formed that hiſtory which I am now going to publiſh, for the information of poſterity, and to control the moſt impudent falſehoods which have been publiſhed ſince. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time; and I do impartially think him the moſt virtuous miniſter, and the moſt able, that ever I remember to have read of. If your Lordſhip hath any particular circumſtances that may fortify what I have ſaid in the hiſtory, ſuch as letters or other memorials, I am content they ſhould be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my Lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the ſcore of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almoſt a ſtranger, by his want of pow-

‡ This was a very common expreſſion of my Lord Treaſurer, who was the leaſt apt to diſpond of any miniſter in the world. *Swift.*

er

er to keep me in what I ought to call my own country; though I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it, and, to my sorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances, and desire to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, and your daughter the Duchess. As to the history, it is only of affairs which I know very well, and had all the advantages possible to know, when you were in some sort but a lad. One great design of it is, to do justice to the ministry of that time, and to refute all the objections against them, as if they had a design of bringing in Popery and the Pretender; and further to demonstrate, that the present settlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my Lord your father. I can never expect to see England; I am now too old and sickly, added to almost a perpetual deafness and giddiness. I live a most domestic life; I want nothing that is necessary; but I am in a cursed, factious, oppressed, miserable country, not made so by nature, but by the slavish, hellish principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it. Farewell, my Lord, I have tired you and myself. I desire again to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, and the Duchess your daughter. Pray God preserve you long and happy. I shall diligently inquire into your conduct, from those who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right: let me hear that you persevere so. Your task will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily tired of it already; and so should be in England, which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor inslaved country. I am, with the truest love and respect, my Lord, &c.

LET-

LETTER XCXIV *.

The Earl of PETERBOROW to Mr. POPE.

1732.

I AM under the greateſt impatience to ſee Dr. Swift at Bevis Mount, and muſt ſignify my mind to him by another hand; it not being permitted me to hold correſpondence with the ſaid Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this Proteſtant land, moſt eſpecially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can ſucceed, or come to a happy iſſue, but by bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my deſires, and it ſhall be remitted unto him.

For though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conſcience. Every one muſt confeſs, that gratification and corruption are two diſtinct terms; nay, at worſt, many good men hold, that, for a good end, ſome very naughty meaſures may be made uſe of.

But, Sir, I muſt give you ſome good news in relation to myſelf, becauſe I know you wiſh me well. I am cured of ſome diſeaſes in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was poſſeſſed with violent and uneaſy paſſions, ſuch as a peeviſh concern for truth †, and a ſaucy love for my country.

* This and the following letter are taken from the 2d volume of Pope's letters.

† As may be ſeen from his tranſactions with Fenwick in the year 1696-7. *Warb.*

When a Chriſtian prieſt preached againſt the ſpirit of the goſpel, when an Engliſh judge determined againſt Magna Charta, when the miniſter acted againſt common ſenſe, I uſed to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myſelf in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, ſo I baniſh all uſeleſs fears. But as to the things of this world, I find myſelf in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident, from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a perſonal eſtate as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

If the tranſlator of Homer find fault with this unheroic diſpoſition; or, what I more fear, if the draper of Ireland accuſe the Engliſhman of want of ſpirit; I ſilence you both with one line out of your own Horace: *Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be ſo corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Your's, &c.

LETTER XCV.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of PETERBOROW.

My Lord,

I Never knew or heard of any perſon ſo volatile, and ſo fixed as your Lordſhip. You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the ſame time remember to do offices of favour and kindneſs to the meaneſt of your friends; and, in all the ſcenes you have paſſed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries.

Of this I am a living witneſs againſt you. For being the moſt inſignificant of all your humble old ſervants, you were ſo cruel as never to give me time to aſk a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I deſired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciouſneſs of Fortune in regard to your Lordſhip. She hath forced courts to act againſt their oldeſt and moſt conſtant maxims; to make you a general, becauſe you had courage and conduct; an ambaſſador, becauſe you had wiſdom, and knowledge in the intereſts of Europe; and an admiral, on account of your ſkill in maritime affairs. Whereas, according to the uſual method of court-proceedings, I ſhould have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbiſhop of Dublin laments, that he did not ſee your Lordſhip till he was juſt upon the point of leaving the Bath. I pray God you may have found ſucceſs in that journey, elſe I ſhall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordſhip's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the leaſt advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's miniſtry uſed to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is ſo with me; for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no houſe. Pay, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleaſure, in this ſcoundrel country, of going about, and ſhewing my depending parſons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XCVI*.

A Monſieur Monſieur HUNTER, *gentilhomme Anglois à Paris* †.

London, Jan. 12. 1708-9.

SIR,

I Know no people ſo ill uſed by your men of buſineſs, as their intimate friends. About a fortnight after Mr. Addiſon had received the letter you were pleaſed to ſend me, he firſt told me of it with an air of recollection, and, after ten further of grace, thought fit to give it me; ſo you know where to fix the whole blame, that it was no ſooner acknowledged. It is a delicate expedient you priſoners have of diverting yourſelves in an enemy's country, for which other men would be hanged. I am conſidering, whether there be no way of diſturbing your quiet, by writing ſome dark matter, that may give the French court a jealouſy of you. I ſuppoſe Monſieur Chamillard, or ſome of his commiſſaries, muſt have this letter interpreted to them, before it comes to your hands; and therefore I here think good to warn them, that, if they exchange you under ſix of their lieutenant-generals, they will be loſers by the bargain. But that they may not miſtake me, I do not mean as *Viceroy de Virginia, mais comme le Colonel Hunter*. I would adviſe you to be very tender of your honour, and not fall in love: becauſe I have a ſcruple, whether you can keep your parole, if you become a priſoner to

* Hawkeſworth marks this letter No. 1. He has inſerted all thoſe that follow, but none of the preceding.

† Col. Hunter, governor of Virginia, who had been taken priſoner by the French.

the ladies; at leaſt it will be a ſcandal for a *free Briton* to drag two chains at once. I preſume you have the liberty of Paris, and fifty miles round, and have a very light pair of fetters, contrived to ride or dance in, and ſee Verſailles, and every place elſe, except St. Germains ——I hear the ladies call you already *notre priſonnier Hunter, le plus bonnête garçon du monde.* —— Will you French yet own us Britons to be a brave people? Will they allow the Duke of Marlborough to be a great general? Or, are they all as partial as their gazetteers? Have you yet met any French Colonel, whom you remember to have formerly knocked from his horſe, or ſhivered at leaſt a lance againſt his breaſt-plate? Do you know the wounds you have given, when you ſee the ſcars? Do you ſalute your old enemies with *Stetimus tela aſpera contra, contulimuſque manus. Vos ſaves que—Monſieur d' Addiſon, notre bon ami, eſt fait ſecretaire dé'tat d'Irelande.* And unleſs you make haſte over, and get me my Virginian biſhopric, he will perſuade me to go with him; for the Vienna project is off; which is a great diſappointment to the deſign I had, of diſplaying my politics at the Emperor's court. I do not like the ſubject you have aſſigned me to entertain you with. Crauder is ſick, to the comfort of all quiet people, and Fraud is *revcur a peindre.* Mr. Addiſon and I often drink your health; and this day I did it with Will Pate, a certain adorer of your's, who is both a *bel eſprit* and a woollen-draper. The Whigs carry all before them; and how far they will purſue their victories, we under-rate Whigs can hardly tell. I have not yet obſerved the Tories noſes: their number is not to be learned by telling of noſes; for every Tory has not a noſe. —— It is a loſs, you are not here to partake of three weeks froſt, and eat ginger-bread in a booth, by a fire upon the Thames. Mrs. Floyd * looked out with both her eyes, and we

* The lady whom the author here compliments, by putting her name

we had one day's thaw; but she drew in her head, and it now freezes as hard as ever. As for the convocation, the Queen thought fit to prorogue it, though at the expence of Dr. Atterbury's displeasure, who was designed their prolocutor, and is now raging at the disappointment. I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mr. Finch, and sometimes with projects for uniting of parties, which I perfect over night, and burn in the morning. Sometimes Mr. Addison and I steal to a pint of bad wine, and wish for no third person but you: who, if you were with us, would never be satisfied without three more.——You know, I believe, that poor Dr. Gregory is dead, and Keil solicits to be his successor. But party reaches even to lines and circles; and he will hardly carry it, being reputed a Tory, which yet he utterly denies. —— We are here nine times madder after operas than ever; and have got a new castrato from Italy, called *Nicolini*, who exceeds Valentini, I know not how many bars length. Lord Somers and Halifax are as well as busy statesmen can be in parliament-time. Lord Dorset is no body's favourite but your's, and Mr. Prior's, who has lately dedicated his book of poems to him, which is all the press has furnished us of any value since you went. Mr. Pringle, a gentleman of Scotland, succeeds Mr. Addison in the secretary's office; and Mr. Shute, a notable young Presbyterian gentleman, under thirty years old, is made a commissioner of the customs. This is all I can think of, either public or private, worth telling you: perhaps you have heard part, or all of both, from other hands; but you must be content. Pray let us know what hopes we have of seeing you, and how soon; and be so kind, or just, to believe me always

Your most faithful,
humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

name for that of the sun, was Mrs Biddy Floyd, to whom he addressed a short but elegant copy of verses about a year before. See vol. 7.

P. S. Mr. Steele preſents his moſt humble ſervice to you; and I cannot forbear telling you of your *mechanceté*, to impute the letter of enthuſiaſm to me, when I have ſome good reaſons to think the author is now at Paris.

LETTER XCVII.

A Monſieur Monſieur HUNTER, *gentilhomme Anglois, à Paris.*

London, March 22. 1708-9.

SIR,

I AM very much obliged to you for the favour of a kind reproach you ſent me, in a letter to Mr. Addiſon, which he never told me of till this day, and that accidentally: but I am glad at the ſame time, that I did not deſerve it, having ſent you a long letter, in return to that you was pleaſed to honour me with; and it is a pity it ſhould be loſt; for, as I remember, it was full of the *diei fabulas*, and ſuch particularities as do not uſually find place in news-papers. Mr. Addiſon has been ſo taken up for ſome months, in the amphibious circumſtances of premier c———— to my Lord Sunderland, and ſecretary of ſtate for Ireland, that he is the worſt man I know, either to convey an idle letter, or deliver what he receives; ſo that I deſign, when I truſt him with this, to give him a memorial along with it; for if my former has miſcarried, I am half perſuaded to give him the blame. I find you a little lament your bondage; and indeed, in your caſe, it requires a good ſhare of philoſophy. But,

But, if you will not be angry, I believe I may have been the cauſe you are ſtill a priſoner: for I imagine my former letter was intercepted by the French court; when the Moſt Chriſtian King reading one paſſage in it, (and duly conſidering the weight of the perſon who wrote it), where I ſaid, if the French underſtood your value as well as we do, he would not exchange you for Count Tallard, and all the Delris of Blenheim together; for, I muſt confeſs, I did not rally when I ſaid ſo.

I hear your good ſiſter, the Queen of Pomunki, waits with impatience till you are reſtored to your dominions; and that your rogue of a viceroy returns money faſt for England, againſt the time he muſt retire from his government. Mean time, Philips writes verſes in a ſledge upon the frozen ſea, and tranſmits them hither, to thrive in our warmer clime, under the ſhelter of my Lord Dorſet. I could ſend you a great deal of news from the *republica Grubſtreetaria*, which was never in greater altitude, tho' I have been of late but a ſmall contributor. A cargo of ſplinters from the Arabian rocks have been lately ſhipwrecked in the Thames, to the irreparable damage of the virtuoſi. Mrs. Long and I are fallen out. I ſhall not trouble you with the cauſe; but don't you think her altogether in the wrong? But Mrs. Barter is ſtill in my good graces. I deſign to make her tell me when you are to be redeemed, and will ſend you word.—— There's it now; you think I am in jeſt: but I aſſure you, the beſt intelligence I get of public affairs is from ladies; for the miniſters never tell me any thing: and Mr. Addiſon is nine times more ſecret to me than any body elſe, becauſe I have the happineſs to be thought his friend. The company at St James's coffee-houſe is as bad as ever, but it is not quite ſo good. The beauties you left are all gone off this froſt, and we have got a new ſet for ſpring; of which Mrs. Chetwynd and Mrs. Worſley

Worſley are the principal. The vogue of operas holds up wonderfully, though we have had them a year; but I deſign to ſet up a party among the wits, to run them down by next winter, if true Engliſh caprice does not interpoſe, to ſave us the labour. Mademoiſelle Spanheim is going to marry my Lord Fitzharding; at leaſt I have heard ſo; and, if you find it otherwiſe at your return, the conſequences may poſſibly be ſurvived. However, you may tell it the Paris gazetteer, and let me have the pleaſure to read a lie of my own ſending. I ſuppoſe you have heard, that the town has loſt an old Duke, and recovered a mad Dutcheſs.—— The Duke of Marlborough has at length found an enemy that dares face him, and which he will certainly fly before with the firſt opportunity; and we are all of opinion, it will be his wiſeſt courſe to do ſo. Now, the way to be prodigiouſly witty, would be by keeping you in ſuſpenſe, and not letting you know, that this enemy is nothing but this north-eaſt wind, which ſtops his voyage to Holland. —— This letter going in Mr. Addiſon's packet, will, I hope, have better luck than the former. I ſhall go for Ireland ſome time in ſummer, being not able to make my friends in the miniſtry conſider my merits, or their promiſes, enough to keep me here; ſo that all my hopes now terminate in my biſhopric of Virginia In the mean time, I hold faſt my claim to your promiſe of correſponding with me, and that you will henceforward addreſs your letter for me, at Mr. Steele's office at the Cockpit. who has promiſed his care in conveying them. Mr. Domvil is now at Geneva, and ſends me word, he is become a convert to the Whigs, by obſerving the good and ill effects of freedom and ſlavery abroad.

I am now with Mr. Addiſon, with whom I have fifty times drank your health ſince you left us. He is hurrying away for Ireland, and I can at preſent lengthen

lengthen my letter no farther; and I am not certain whether you will have any from him or no, till he gets for Ireland. However, he commands me to assure you of his humble service; and I pray God too much business may not spoil *le plus honnête homme du monde*; for it is certain, which of a man's good talents he employs on business, must be detracted from his conversation. I cannot write longer in so good company, and therefore conclude

Your most faithful,

and most humble servant.

J. Swift.

LETTER XCVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. WILLIAM KING, Archbishop of Dublin.

My Lord, *London Oct.* 10. 1710.

I Had the honour of your Grace's letter of September 16.; but I was in no pain to acknowlege it, nor shall be any other time, until I have something that I think worth troubling you; because I know how much an insignificant letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise your memorial *, &c. in another packet. I should have been glad the bishops had been here; although I take bishops to be the worst solicitors in the world, except for themselves. They cannot give themselves the little

* A memorial of the bishops and clergy of Ireland, concerning the first-fruits and twentieth parts.

trouble

trouble of attendance, that other men are content to ſwallow; elſe, I am ſure, their two Lordſhips might have ſucceeded eaſier, than men of my level are likely to do.

As ſoon as I received the packets from your Grace, I went to wait upon Mr. Harley †. I had prepared him before by another hand where he was very intimate; and got myſelf repreſented (which I might juſtly do) as one extremely ill-uſed by the laſt miniſtry after ſome obligations, becauſe I refuſed to go certain lengths they would have me. This happened to be in ſome ſort Mr. Harley's own caſe. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greateſt marks of kindneſs and eſteem; as I was whiſpered he would; and the more upon the ill uſage I had met with. I ſat with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone; where I told him my buſineſs, and gave him the hiſtory of it: which he heard as I could wiſh, and declared he would do his utmoſt to effect it. I told him the difficulties we met with by Lord Lieutenants and their ſecretaries: who would not ſuffer others to ſolicit, and neglected it themſelves. He fell in with me entirely; and ſaid, neither they nor himſelf ſhould have the merit of it, but the Queen, to whom he would ſhew my memorial with the firſt opportunity, in order, if poſſible, to have it done in this interregnum. I ſaid, the honour and merit, next to the Queen would be his; that it was a great encouragement to the biſhops, that he was in the treaſury, whom they knew to be the chief adviſer of the Queen to grant the ſame favour in England; that conſequently the honour and merit were nothing to him, who had done ſo much greater things; and that, for my part, I thought he was ob-

† Lord High Treaſurer of England, created afterwards Earl of Oxford.

liged

liged to the clergy of Ireland, for giving him an opportunity of gratifying the pleaſure he took in doing good to the church. He took my compliment extremely well, and renewed his promiſes. Your Grace will pleaſe to know, that, beſides the firſt-fruits, I told him of the crown-rents; and ſhewed the nature and value of them? but ſaid, my opinion was, that the convocation had not mentioned them in their petition to the Queen, delivered to Lord Wharton * with the addreſs, becauſe they thought the times would not then bear it; but that I looked on myſelf to have a diſcretionary power to ſolicit it in ſo favourable a juncture.

I had two memorials ready of my own drawing up, as ſhort as poſſible, ſhewing the nature of the thing, and how long it had been depending, &c. One of theſe memorials had a paragraph at the end relating to the crown-rents. I would have given him the laſt; but I gave him the other; which he immediately read, and promiſed to ſecond *both* with his beſt offices to the Queen. As I have placed that paragraph in my memorial, it can do no harm, and may poſſibly do good. However, I beg your Grace to ſay nothing of it; but if it dieth, let it die in ſilence; we muſt take up with what we can get.

I forgot to tell your Grace, that when I ſaid I was impowered, &c. he deſired to ſee my powers; and then I heartily wiſhed them more ample than they were: and I have ſince wondered, what ſcruple a number of biſhops could have to impower a clergyman to do the church and them a ſervice, without any imagination of intereſt for himſelf.

Mr. Harley has invited me to dine with him to-day: but I ſhall not put him upon this diſcourſe ſo ſoon. If he begins it himſelf, I ſhall add it

* Then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

at

at the bottom of this. He says, Mr. Secretary St. John * desired to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together. That may be a further help; although I told him, I had no thoughts of applying to any one but himself; wherein he differed from me, and desired I would speak to others, if it were but for form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of being thought to do such a thing alone. But an old courtier (an intimate friend) advised me still to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations, and credit with the Queen, &c.

I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lieth in my memory; but perhaps it may give your Grace a truer idea how matters are, than if I had writ in more order.

I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

LETTER XCIX.

The Archbishop to Dr. SWIFT.

Rev. SIR, *Dublin, Oct.* 16. 1710.

I Thank you for your's of the 10th instant, and send you inclosed a farther power by my Lord Primate and me. My Lord is not able to come to town; which obliged me to wait on him at Johnston, and hindered the joining of two or three bishops in it, who are yet in town; but I suppose our signing is sufficient. I went in the morning to

* Afterwards created Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

wait on his Grace, and intended, when he had signed it, to have applied to other bishops; but he was abroad taking the air, and I could not get it until it was late, and thought it better to sign and send it as it is, than wait for another post. You may expect by the next a letter to his Grace of Canterbury, and another to the Archbishop of York. I apprised them both of the business. The latter, if I remember right, spoke to her Majesty about it. I am not sure that her Majesty remembers what I said on that subject: but am sure she was pleased to seem satisfied with it, and to scruple only the time: I suppose, not thinking it fit to confer the favour she designed the clergy of Ireland by the hands it must then have passed through: but said, that in the interval of a change, or absence of a chief governor, it should be done. I hope now is the proper time, and that her Majesty will rather follow the dictates of her own bountiful inclinations, than the intrigues of cunning covetous counsellors.

I thought to have troubled you with a great many things; but such a croud of visitors have broken in upon me before I could lock my gates, that I am forced to break off abruptly, recommending you to God's care.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

LETTER C.

The Lord Primate * and Archbishop of Dublin to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Dublin, Oct.* 24. 1710.

WE directed a letter to the bishops of Ossory and Killaloo last August, desiring and impowering them to follicit the affair of our first-fruits and twentieth parts with her Majesty; which hath depended so long, notwithstanding her Majesty's good intentions, and several promises of the chief governors here to lay our addresses before her Majesty in the best manner. We were then apprehensive, that those bishops might return from England before the business could be effected; and therefore we desired them to concern you in it; having so good assurance of your ability, prudence, and fitness to prosecute such a matter. We find the bishops returned before you came to London, for which we are very much concerned; and judging this the most proper time to prosecute it with success, we intreat you to take the *full management* of it into your hands; and do commit the care of soliciting it to your diligence and prudence; desiring you to let us know from time to time what progress is made in it. And if any thing farther be necessary on our part, on your intimation we shall be ready to do what shall be judged reasonable.

* Dr. Narcissus Marsh.

This,

This, with our prayers for the good ſucceſs of your endeavours, is all from,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

NARCISSUS, *Armagh.*
WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

LETTER CI.

The Archbiſhop of Dublin to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Dublin, Dec.* 16. 1710.

THIS is to acknowledge the receipt of your's of the 20th paſt, which came not to my hands till Thurſday laſt, by reaſon of winds that kept the packets on the other ſide.

I find the matter of our firſt-fruits, &c. is talked of now. I reckon on nothing certain, till her Majeſty's letter comes in form; and quære, why ſhould not you come, and bring it with you? It would make you a very welcome clergyman to Ireland, and be the beſt means to ſatisfy mankind how it was obtained, although I think that will be out of diſpute. I am very well appriſed of the diſpatch you gave this affair, and well pleaſed, that I judged better of the perſon fit to be employed than ſome of my brethren. But now it is done, as I hope it is effectually, they will aſſume as much as their neighbours: which I ſhall never contradict.

Things are taking a new turn here, as well as with you; and I am of opinion, by the time you

come here, few will profeſs themſelves Whigs. The greateſt danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the fury and indiſcretion of ſome of our own people, who never had any merit; but by embroiling things they did, and I am afraid will yet do miſchief.

I heartily recommend you to God's favour;

And am, &c.

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

N. B. Dr. Swift uſed his credit with the miniſtry for the benefit of the church of Ireland, ſo heartily and ſo effectually at this critical time, that he procured a grant from the Queen for exonerating the clergy of Ireland from paying twentieth parts, dated the ſeventh of February one thouſand ſeven hundred and ten; and another grant, bearing the ſame date, to Narciſſus Lord Archbiſhop of Armagh, Sir Conſtantine Phipps, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, William Lord Archbiſhop of Dublin, John Lord Archbiſhop of Tuam, and others, of the firſt fruits payable out of all eccleſiaſtical benefices, in truſt to be for ever applied towards purchaſing glebes, and building reſidentiary houſes for poor-endowed vicars.

The ſucceſs of which charitable fund hitherto may be ſeen in the printed pamphlet containing an account of the firſt fruits of Ireland.

LET-

LETTER CII.

The ARCHBISHOP to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Suffolk-ſtreet, Nov. 22. 1716.

SIR,

I Read yours of the 13th inſtant with great ſatisfaction. It is not only an advantage to you and me, that there ſhould be a good correſpondence between us, but alſo to the public; and I aſſure you I had much ado to perſuade people here, that we kept any tolerable meaſures with one another; much leſs, that there was any thing of a good intelligence; and therefore you judged right, that it ought not to be ſaid, that in ſo many months I had not received any letter from you.

I do a little admire, that thoſe that ſhould be your faſteſt friends, ſhould be ſo oppoſite to acknowlege the ſervice you did in procuring the twentieth parts and firſt fruits. I know no reaſon for it, except the zeal I ſhewed to do you juſtice in that particular from the beginning. But ſince I only did it, as obliged to bear teſtimony to the truth, in a matter which I certainly knew, and would have done the ſame for the worſt enemy I had in the world; I ſee no reaſon why you ſhould ſuffer, becauſe I among others was your witneſs. But be not concerned: ingratitude is warranted by modern and ancient cuſtom; and it is more honour for a man to have it aſked, why he had not a ſuitable return to his merits, than why he was overpaid? *Benefacere et male audire*, is the lot of the beſt men. If calumny or ingratitude could have put me out of

my way, GOD knows where I ſhould have wandered by this time.

I am glad the buſineſs of St. Nicholas * is over any way. My inclination was Mr. Wall; that I might have joined the vicarage of Caſtleknock to the prebend of Malahidart; which would have made a good proviſion for one man, ſerved the cures better, and yielded more then to the incumbent, than it can do now, when in different hands. But I could not compaſs it without uſing more power over my clergy, than I am willing to exert. But as I am thankful to you for your condeſcenſion in that affair; ſo I will expect, that thoſe with whom you have complied, ſhould ſhew their ſenſe of it by a mutual return of the like compliance, when there ſhall be occaſion. Such reciprocal kind offices are the ground of mutual confidence and friendſhip, and the feuel that keeps them alive: and I think, nothing can contribute more to our common eaſe, and the public good, than maintaining theſe between you and me, and with the clergy.

We have a ſtrong report, that my Lord Bolingbroke will return here, and be pardoned; certainly it muſt not be for nothing. I hope he can tell no ill ſtory of you.

I only add my prayers for you; and am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant, and brother,

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

* The Dean and chapter of St. Patrick's are the appropriators of that church, and have the right of beſtowing the cure on whom they pleaſe.

LET-

LETTER CIII.

Dr. SWIFT to the ARCHBISHOP of Dublin.

My Lord, *Trim, Dec.* 16. 1716.

I Should be ſorry to ſee my Lord Bolingbroke following the trade of an informer; becauſe he is a perſon for whom I always had, and ſtill continue, a very great love and eſteem. For I think, as the reſt of mankind do, that informers are a deteſtable race of people, although they may be ſometimes neceſſary. Beſides, I do not ſee, whom his Lordſhip can inform againſt, except himſelf. He was three or four days at the court of France, while he was ſecretary; and it is barely poſſible, he might then have entered into ſome deep negotiation with the pretender: although I would not believe him, if he ſhould ſwear it; becauſe he proteſted to me, that he never ſaw him but once; and that it was at a great diſtance, in public, at an opera. As to any others of the miniſtry at that time, I am confident he cannot accuſe them; and that they will appear as innocent with relation to the pretender, as any who are now at the helm. And as to myſelf, if I were of any importance, I ſhould be very eaſy under ſuch an accuſation; much eaſier, than I am to think your Grace imagineth me in any danger, or that Lord Bolingbroke ſhould have any ill ſtory to tell of me. He knoweth, and loveth, and thinketh too well of me, to be capable of ſuch an action. But I am ſurpriſed to think your Grace could talk, or act, or correſpond with me for ſome years paſt; while you muſt needs believe me a moſt falſe and vile man; declaring to you on all occaſions my abhorrence

horrence of the pretender, and yet privately engaged with a miniſtry to bring him in; and therefore warning me to look to myſelf, and prepare my defence againſt a falſe *brother*, coming over to diſcover ſuch ſecrets as would hang me. Had there ever been the leaſt overture or intent of bringing in the pretender, during my acquaintance with the miniſtry, I think I muſt have been very ſtupid not to have picked out ſome diſcoveries or ſuſpicions. And although I am not ſure I ſhould have turned informer, yet I am certain I ſhould have dropt ſome general cautions, and immediately have retired. When people ſay, things were not ripe at the Queen's death, they ſay, they know not what. Things were rotten: and had the miniſters any ſuch thoughts, they ſhould have begun three years before; and they who ſay otherwiſe, underſtand nothing of the ſtate of the kingdom at that time.

But whether I am miſtaken or no in other men, I beg your grace to believe, that I am not miſtaken in myſelf. I always profeſſed to be againſt the pretender; and am ſo ſtill. And this is not to make my court, (which I know is vain); for I own myſelf full of doubts, fears, and diſſatisfactions; which I think on as ſeldom as I can: yet if I were of any value, the public may ſafely rely on my loyalty; becauſe I look upon the coming of the pretender as a greater evil, than any we are like to ſuffer under the worſt Whig miniſtry that can be found.

I have not ſpoke or thought ſo much of party theſe two years; nor could any thing have tempted me to it but the grief I have in ſtanding ſo ill in your Grace's opinion. I beg your Grace's bleſſing;

And am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

LET-

LETTER CIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR, *Dec.* 14. 1719. *nine at night.*

IT is impoſſible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you in plain Engliſh tell us ſo?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to ſit with the ladies * this night.

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you, and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanery, and the boy here had not been ſent to let Alexander know I was here, I ſhould have miſſed the letter outright.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be ſending for corks to ſtop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and ſend your man Alexander to buy corks, for Saunders already has gone about ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnſon ſay, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own houſe to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mr. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

* Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnſon, who lived at a little diſtance from the deanery.

Swift was reſident at the deanery when this letter was written, of which every paragraph ends with a rhyme. And,

Sheridan was at his country-houſe, called Quilca, in the county of Cavan, about eight miles from Dublin.

I wiſh

I wiſh Alexander ſafe at St. Catherine's to-night, with all my heart and ſoul, upon my word and honour.

But I think it baſe in you to ſend a poor fellow out ſo late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connar.

I would preſent my humble ſervice to my Lady Mountcaſhel; but truly I thought ſhe would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as ſhe pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you ſee plainly my paper is ended.

P. S. I wiſh when you prated,
Your letter you'd dated,
Much plague it created,
I ſcolded and rated,
My ſoul it much grated,
For your man I long waited,
I think you are fated,
Like a bear to be bated:
Your man is belated,
The caſe I have ſtated,
And me you have cheated.
My ſtable's unſlated,
Come back t' us well freighted,
I remember my late-head,
And wiſh you tranſlated,
For teaſing me.

2 *P. S.* Mrs. Dingley,
Deſires me ſingly,
Her ſervice to preſent you,
Hopes that will content you;
But Johnſon Madam
Is grown a ſad dame,
For want of your converſe,
And cannot ſend one verſe.

3 *P. S.*

3 *P. S.* You keep such a twatling [*Vida*,
With you and your bottling, [*Rule* 34.
But I see the sum total,
We shall ne'er have one bottle;
The long and the short,
We shall not have a quart.
I wish you would sign't,
That we may have a pint.
For all your colloguing.
I'd be glad of a knogging:
But I doubt 'tis a sham,
You won't give us a dram.
'Tis of shine, a mouth moonfull,
You wont part with a spoonfull,
And I must be nimble,
If I can fill my thimble.
You see I won't stop
Till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum
Is a poor supernaculum;
Tho' perhaps you may tell it
For a grace, if we smell it.

STELLA.

LETTER CV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, Dec. 22. 1722.

WHat care we, whether you swim or sink? Is this a time to talk of boats, or a time to sail in them, when I am shuddering? or a time to build boat-houses, or pay for carriage? No; but towards summer, I promise hereby under my hand to subscribe a (guinea *) shilling for one; or, if

* The word *guinea* is struck through with a pen in the copy.

you

you pleaſe me, what is blotted out, or ſomething thereabouts; and the ladies ſhall ſubſcribe three thirteens betwixt them, and Mrs. Brent a penny, and Robert and Archy halfpence a-piece, and the old man and woman a farthing each: in ſhort, I will be your collector, and we will ſend it down full of wine, a fortnight before we go at Whitſuntide. You will make eight thouſand blunders in your planting; and who can help it? for I cannot be with you. My horſes eat hay, and I hold my viſitation on January 7. juſt in the midſt of Chriſtmas. Mrs. Brent is angry, and ſwears as much as a fanatic can do, that ſhe will ſubſcribe ſixpence to your boat——Well, I ſhall be a country-man when you are not. We are now at Mr. Fad's, with Dan and Sam; and I ſteal out while they are at cards, like a lover writing to his miſtreſs.——We have no news in our town. The ladies have left us to-day; and I promiſed them that you would carry your club to Arſellagh, when you are weary of one another. You expreſs your happineſs with grief in one hand, and ſorrow in the other. What fowl have you but the weep? what hares but Mrs. Macfaden's grey hairs? what peaſe but your own? Your mutton and your weather are both very bad, and ſo is your wether-mutton. Wild fowl is what we like. —— How will this letter get to you?—— A fortnight good from this morning. You will find Quilca not the thing it was laſt Auguſt; no body to reliſh the lake; no body to ride over the downs; no trout to be caught; no dining over a well; no night-heroics; no morning epics; no ſtolen hour when the wife is gone; no creature to call you names. Poor miſerable Mr. Sheridan! No blind harpers! no journeys to Rantavan! Anſwer all this, and be my *magnus Apollo*. We have new plays and new libels, and nothing valuable is old but Stella, whoſe bones ſhe recom-

mends to you. Dan * desires to know whether you saw the advertisement of your being robbed. ——And so I conclude,

Yours, &c.

LETTER CVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Clonfert, Aug. 3. 1723.

NO; I cannot possibly be with you so soon: there are too many rivers, bogs, and mountains between: besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short visits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in town by the end of this month; though it will be a bad time, in the hurry of your lousy p——t. Your dream is wrong; for this bishop † is not able to lift a cat upon my shoulders. But if you are for a curacy of twenty-five pounds a-year, and ride five miles every Sunday, to preach to six beggars, have at you. And yet this is no ill country; and the Bishop has made in four months twelve miles of ditches, from his house to the Shannon, if you talk of improving. How are you this moment? Do you love or hate Quilca the most of all places? Are you in or out of humour with the world, your friends, your wife, and your school! Are the ladies in town or in the country? If I knew, I would write to them, and how are they in health? Quilca (let me see) (you see I can (if I please) make parentheses as well as others) is about a hundred miles from Clonfert; and I am

* The Reverend Mr. Dan Jackson.

† Dr. Theophilus Bolton afterwards Bishop of Elphin and Archbishop of Cashel.

half weary with the four hundred I have rode. With love and ſervice, and ſo adieu.

Yours, &c.

LETTER CVII *.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Jan. 25. 1725.

I Have a packet of letters, which I intended to ſend by Molly, who hath been ſtopt three days by the bad weather; but now I will ſend them by the poſt to-morrow to Kells, and incloſed to Mr. Tickell †; there is one to you, and one to James Stopford.

I can do no work this terrible weather; which hath put us all ſeventy times out of patience.—— I have been deaf nine days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray deſire Mr. Stanton ‡ and Worral ‖, to continue giving themſelves ſome trouble with Mr. Pratt §; but let it ſucceed or not, I hope I ſhall be eaſy.

Mrs. Johnſon ſwears it will rain till Michaelmas. She is ſo pleaſed with her pick-ax, that ſhe wears it faſtened to her girdle on her left ſide, in balance with her watch. The lake is ſtrangely overflown, and we are deſperate about turf, being forced to buy it three miles off; and Mrs. Johnſon (God help her) gives you many a curſe. Your maſon

* This ſeems to be written from Quilca.

† Thomas Tickell, Eſq; a very ingenious poet, ſecretary to the Lords Juſtices of Ireland.

‡ Dr. Stanton a maſter in chancery.

‖ Reverend Mr. John Worrel, the Dean's vicar.

§ Deputy Vice-treaſurer of Ireland.

is

is come, but cannot yet work upon your garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great wall. For the reſt, *vide* the letter you will have on Monday, if Mr. Tickell uſes you well.

The news of this country is, that the maid you ſent down, John Farelly's ſiſter, is married; but the portion and ſettlement are yet a ſecret. The cows here never give milk on midſummer-eve *.

You would wonder what carking and caring there is among us for ſmall-beer, and lean mutton, and ſtarved lamb, and ſtopping gaps, and driving cattle from the corn. In that we are all-to-be-Dingleyed.

The ladies room ſmokes; the rain drops from the ſkies into the kitchen; our ſervants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains them at cards and ſleep; which are much lighter than ſpades, ſledges, and crows. Their maxim is,

> " Eat like a Turk,
> " Sleep like a dormouſe;
> " Be laſt at work,
> " At victuals foremoſt."

Which is all at preſent; hoping you and your good family are well, as we, &c. are all at this preſent writing, &c.

Robin has juſt carried out a load of bread and cold meat for breakfaſt. This is their way; but now a cloud hangs over them, for fear it ſhould hold up, and the clouds blow off.

I write on till Molly comes in for the letter. O, what a draggle-tail will ſhe be before ſhe gets to Dublin! I wiſh ſhe may not happen to fall upon her back by the way.

* Being the time maids go out to try pranks about their ſweethearts.

I affirm againſt Ariſtotle, that cold and rain congregate homogenes; for they gather together you and your crew, at whiſt, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs. Mau, Betty, and Stopford, and all true lovers of cards and lazineſs.

The bleſſings of a country-life.

" Far from our debtors,
" No Dublin letters,
" Not ſeen by our betters."

The plagues of a country-life.

" A companion with news,
" A great want of ſhoes;
" Eat lean meat, or chuſe;
" A church without pews.
" Our horſes aſtray,
" No ſtraw, oats, or hay;
" December in May,
" Our boys run away,
" All ſervants at play,
" Molly ſends for the letter."

LETTER CVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 28. 1725.

YOU run out of your time ſo merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it, like a young heir, that ſpends his fortune faſter than it comes in: for your letter is dated to-morrow, June 29. and God knows when it was writ, or what Saturday you mean: but I ſuppoſe it is the next; and therefore your

your own mare, and Dr. Swift's horſe or mare, or ſome other horſe or mare, with your own mare aforeſaid, ſhall ſet out on Wedneſday next, which will be June 30. and ſo they will have two nights reſt, if you begin your journey on Saturday. You are an unlucky devil, to get a living the furtheſt in the kingdom from Quilca *. If it be worth two hundred pounds a-year, my Lord Lieutenant hath but barely kept his word: for the other fifty muſt go in a curate and viſitation-charges, and poxes, proxies I mean. If you are under the biſhop of Cork †, he is a capricious gentleman: but you muſt flatter him monſtrouſly, upon his learning and his writings; that you have read his book againſt Toland a hundred times, and his ſermons (if he has printed any) have been always your model, &c. Be not diſappointed, if your living does not anſwer the ſum. Get letters of recommendation to the Biſhop and principal clergy, and to your neighbouring parſon or parſons particularly. I often adviſed you to get ſome knowledge of tythes and church-livings. You muſt learn the extent of your pariſh, the general quantity of arable land and paſture in your pariſh, the common rate of tythes, for an acre of the ſeveral ſorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and to ſee whether you have any glebe. Pray act like a man of this world. I doubt, being ſo far off, you muſt not let your living, as I do, to the ſeveral farmers, but to one man: but, by all means, do not now let it for more than one year, till you are ſurely appriſed of the real worth; and even then, never let it for above three. Pray take my advice for once, and be very buſy while you are there It is one good circumſtance, that you got ſuch a living in a convenient time, and juſt when tythes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb

* In the county of Cork.
† Dr. Peter Brown.

are due in the ſpring, or perhaps belong to the late incumbent. You may learn all on the ſpot, and your neighbouring parſons may be very uſeful if they pleaſe; but do not let them be your tenants. Adviſe with Archdeacon Wall, but do not follow him in all things. Take care of the principal 'ſquire, or 'ſquires; they will all tell you the worſt of your living; ſo will the proctors and tythe-jobbers; but you will pick out truth from among them. Pray, ſhew yourſelf a man of abilities. After all, I am but a weak brother myſelf; perhaps ſome clergy in Dublin, who know that country, will further inform you. Mr. Townſend of Cork will do you any good offices on my account, without any letter.—Take the oaths heartily to the powers that be, and remember that party was not made for depending puppies. I forgot one principal thing, to take care of going regularly through all the forms of oaths and inductions; for the leaſt wrong ſtep will put you to the trouble of repaſſing your patent, or voiding your living.———

LETTER CIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 29. 1725.

I Writ to you yeſterday, and ſaid as many things as I could then think on, and gave it to a boy of Kells, who brought me yours. It is ſtrange, that I, and Stella, and Mrs. Macfadin, ſhould light on the ſame thought, to adviſe you to make a great appearance of temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs Johnſon and I go further, and ſay, you muſt needs obſerve all grave forms, for the want of which

which both you and I have ſuffered. On ſuppoſal that you are under the Biſhop of Cork, I ſend you a letter incloſed to him, which I deſire you will ſeal. Mrs. Johnſon put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any health in his company; for you know his weak ſide in that matter* I hope Mr Tickell has not complimented you with what fees are due to him for your patent. I wiſh you would ſay to him, (if he refuſes them), that I told you, it was Mr. Addiſon's maxim to excuſe no body; for here, ſays he, I may have forty friends, whoſe fees may be two guineas a-piece; then I loſe eighty guineas, and my friends ſave but two a-piece.

I muſt tell you, Dan Jackſon ruined his living, by huddling over the firſt year, and then hoping to mend it the next. Therefore pray take all the care you can, to inquire into the value, and ſet it at the beſt rate to ſubſtantial people.

I know not whether you are under the Biſhop of Cork or no; if not, you may burn the letter.

I muſt deſire, that you will not think of enlarging your expences, no not for ſome years to come, much leſs at preſent, but rather retrench them. You might have lain deſtitute till Antichriſt came, for any thing you could have got from thoſe you uſed to treat. Neither let me hear of one rag of better cloaths for your wife or brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is poſitively Stella's advice as well as mine. She ſays, now you need not be aſhamed to be thought poor.

We compute, you cannot be leſs than thirty days abſent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling abed till noon to read Homer, but mind your buſineſs effectually. And we thing you ought to have no breaking up this Auguſt; but affect to ad-

* He wrote a pamphlet againſt drinking to the memory of the dead,

here

here to your ſchool cloſer than ever; becauſe you will find, that your ill-wiſhers will give out, you are now going to quit your ſchool, ſince you have got preferment, &c.

Pray ſend me a large bundle of exerciſes, good as well as bad: for I want ſomething to read.

I would have you carry down three or four ſermon, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout.

I ſent you in my laſt a bill of twenty pound on Mr. Worr l *; I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with Worral, and give him directions, unleſs you have ſettled it already ſome other way. You know it muſt come out juſt when the parliament meets.

Keep thoſe letters, where I adviſe you about your living, till you have taken advice.

Keep very regular hours for the ſake of your health and credit; and wherever you lie a night within twenty miles of your livings, be ſure call the family that evening to prayers.

I deſire you will wet no commiſſion with your old crew, nor with any but thoſe who befriend you, as Mr. Tickell, &c.

LETTER CX.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord CARTERET.

My LORD, *July* 3 1725.

I Am obliged to return your Excellency my moſt humble thanks for your favour to Mr. Sheridan, becauſe when I recommended him to you, I recei-

* The Reverend Mr. John Worral, Vicar to the Biſhop of Kildare, as Dean of Chriſt-church; as alſo to the Dean of St. Patrick's. *Dub. edit.*

ved

ved a very gracious anſwer; and yet I am ſenſible that your chief motive to make ſome proviſion for him was, what became a great and good perſon, your diſtinguiſhing him as a man of learning, and one who deſerved encouragement, on account of his great diligence and ſucceſs in a moſt laborious and difficult employment *.

Since your Excellency hath had an opportunity, ſo early in your government, of gratifying your Engliſh dependents by a biſhoprick, and the beſt deanery in the kingdom †, I cannot but hope, that the clergy of Ireland will have their ſhare in your patronage. There is hardly a gentleman in the nation who hath not a near alliance with ſome of that body; and moſt of them who have ſons, uſually breed one of them to the church; although they have been of late years much diſcouraged, and diſcontented, by ſeeing ſtrangers to the country almoſt perpetually taken into the greateſt eccleſiaſtical preferments, and too often under governors very different from your Excellency; the choice of perſons was not to be accounted for either to prudence or juſtice.

The misfortune of having biſhops perpetually from England, as it muſt needs quench the ſpirit of emulation among us to excel in learning and the ſtudy of divinity, ſo it produceth another great diſcouragement, that thoſe prelates uſually draw after them co onies of ſons, nephews, couſins, or old college companions, to whom they beſtow the beſt preferments in their gift; and thus the young men ſent into the chuch from the univerſity here, have no better proſpect, than to be curates, or ſmall country-vicars, for life.

It will become ſo excellent a governor as you, a little to moderate this great partiality; where-

* A ſchoolmaſter.
† Downe.

in,

in, as you will act with juſtice and reaſon, ſo you will gain the thanks and prayers of the whole nation, and take away one great cauſe of univerſal diſcontent For I believe your Excellency will agree, that there is not another kingdom in Europe, where the natives (even thoſe deſcended from the conquerors) have been treated, as if they were almoſt unqualified for any employment, either in church or ſtate

Your Excellency, when I had the honour to attend you, was pleaſed to let me name ſome clergymen, who are generally underſtood by their brethren to be the moſt diſtinguiſhed for their learning and piety. I remember the perſons were, Dr. Delany, Dr Ward of the North, Mr. Ecklin, Mr. Synge of Dublin, and Mr. Corbet. They were named by me without any regard to friendſhip, having little commerce with moſt of them, but only to the univerſal character they bear. This was the method I always took with my Lord Oxford, at his own command; who was pleaſed to believe I would not be ſwayed by any private affections, and confeſſed I never deceived him; for I always dealt openly, when I offered any thing in behalf of a friend, which was but ſeldom: becauſe, in that caſe, I generally made uſe of the common method at court, to ſolicit by another.

I ſhall ſay nothing of the young men among the clergy; of whom the three hopfulleſt are ſaid to be, Mr. Stopford, Mr. King, and Mr Dobbs, all fellows of the college*; of whom I am only acquainted with the firſt. But theſe are not likely to be great expectors under your Excellency's adminiſtration, according to the uſual period of governors here.

If I have dealt honeſtly in repreſenting ſuch perſons among the clergy as are generally allowed to

* The univerſity of Dublin.

have

have the moſt merit, I think I have done you a ſervice, and I am ſure I have made you a great compliment, by diſtinguiſhing you from moſt great men I have known theſe thirty years paſt; whom I have always obſerved to act, as if they never received a true character, nor had any value for the beſt, and conſequently diſpenſed their favours without the leaſt regard to abilities or virtue. And this defect I have often found among thoſe from whom I leaſt expected it.

That your Excellency may long live a bleſſing and ornament to your country, by purſuing, as you have hitherto done, the ſteps of honour and virtue, is the moſt earneſt wiſh and prayer of,

My Lord,
Your Excellency's moſt obedient,
and moſt humble ſervant,
Jonath. Swift.

LETTER CXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 11. 1725.

IF you are indeed a diſcarded courtier, you have reaſon to complain, but none at all to wonder. You are too young for many experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the nature of man. It is ſafer for a man's intereſt to blaſpheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought ſo. And ſince the laſt was the caſe, how could you imagine that all mouths would not be open, when you were received, and in ſome manner preferred by the government, though in a poor way? I tell you, there is hardly a Whig

a Whig in Ireland, who would allow a potatoe and butter-milk to a reputed Tory. Neither is there any thing in your countrymen upon this article, more than what is common in all other nations, only *quoad magis et minus*. Too much advertency is not your talent, or elſe you had fled from that text, as from a rock * For, as Don Quixote ſaid to Sancho, what buſineſs had you to ſpeak of a halter, in a family where one of it was hanged? And your innocence is a protection that wiſe men are aſhamed to rely on, further than with God. It is indeed againſt common ſenſe, to think, that you ſhould chuſe ſuch a time, when you had received a favour from the Lord Lieutenant, and had reaſon to expect more, to diſcover your diſloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore ſit down and be quiet, and mind your buſineſs as you ſhould do, and contract your friendſhips, and expect no more from man than ſuch an animal is capable of; and you will every day find my deſcription of Yahoos more reſembling. You ſhould think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him ſo, or flying from him, or valuing him leſs. This is an old true leſſon. You believe every one will acquit you of any regard to temporal intereſt; and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind? I believe you value your temporal intereſt as much as any body, but you have not the arts of purſuing it You are miſtaken. Domeſtic evils are no more within a man than others; and he who cannot bear up againſt the firſt, will ſink under the ſecond; and, in my conſcience, I believe this is your caſe; for being of a weak conſtitution, in an employment precarious and tireſome, loaden with children, *cum uxore neque leni*

* *Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof*; on which Dr. Sheridan preached at his pariſh church on the 1ſt of Auguſt. See a vindication of his Excellency John Lord Carteret, vol. 4. p. 72.

neque commoda, a man of intent and abſtracted thinking, inſlaved by mathematics and complaint of the world, this new weight of party-malice hath ſtruck you down, like a feather on a horſe's back, already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the apoſtle's expreſſion, and ſay, I will ſtrive to learn in whatever ſtate, &c.

I will bear none of your viſions; you ſhall live at Quilca but three fortnights and a month in the year; perhaps not ſo much. You ſhall make no entertainments but what are neceſſary to your intereſts; for your true friends would rather ſee you over a piece of mutton and a bottle once a quarter. You ſhall be merry at the expence of others; you ſhall take care of your health, and go early to bed, and not read late at night; and laugh with all men, without truſting any; and then a fig for the contrivers of your ruin, who now have no further thoughts than to ſtop your progreſs, which perhaps they may not compaſs, unleſs I am deceived more than is uſual. All this you will do, *ſi mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your ſermon, which is a project abounding with objections unanſwerable, and with which I could fill this letter. You ſay nothing of having preached before the Lord Lieutenant, nor whether he is altered towards you; for you ſpeak nothing but generals. You think all the world has now nothing to do, but to pull Mr. Sheridan down; whereas it is nothing but a ſlap in your turn, and away. Lord Oxford ſaid once to me on an occaſion, Theſe fools, becauſe they hear a noiſe about their ears of their own making, think the whole world is full of it.—— When I come to town, we will change all this ſcene, and act like men of the world. Grow rich, and you will have no enemies. Go ſometimes to the caſtle; keep faſt Mr. Tickell and Balaguer *;

* Private ſecretary to his Excellency the Lord Carteret, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. *Dub. edit.*

frequent thoſe on the right ſide, friends to the preſent powers; drop thoſe who are loud on the wrong party, becauſe they know they can ſuffer nothing by it.

LETTER CXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sep. 19. 1725.

WE have prevailed with Neal, in ſpite of his harveſt, to carry up Miſs, with your directions; and it is high time, for ſhe was run almoſt wild, though we have ſomething civilized her ſince ſhe came among us. You are too ſhort in circumſtances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you ſeen my Lord? Who forbad you to preach? Are you no longer chaplain? Do you never go to the caſtle? Are you certain of the accuſer, that it is Tigh? Do you think my Lord acts thus, becauſe he fears it would breed ill humour, if he ſhould openly favour one who is looked on as of a different party? I think that is too mean for him. I do not much diſapprove your letter, but I think it a wrong method. Pray read over the incloſed twice; and if you do not diſlike it, let it be ſent (not by a ſervant of yours, nor from you) to Mr. Tickell. There the caſe is ſtated as well as I could do it in generals, for want of knowing particulars. When I come to town, I ſhall ſee the Lord Lieutenant, and be as free with him as poſſible. In the mean time, I believe it may keep cold; however, adviſe with Mr. Tickell, and Mr. Balaguer. I ſhould fancy that the Biſhop of Limerick * could eaſily ſa-

* Dr. William Burſcow.

tisfy

tisfy his Excellency, and that my Lord Lieutenant believes no more of your guilt than I; and therefore it can be nothing but to satisfy the noise of party at this juncture that he acts as he does; and if so, (as I am confident it is), the effect will cease with the cause. But, without doubt, Pigh and others have dinned the words *Tory* and *Jacobite* into his Excellency's ears, and therefore your text, *&c.* was only made use of as an opportunity.

Upon the whole matter, you are no loser, but at least have got something. Therefore be not like him who hanged himself, because, going into a gaming-house, and winning ten thousand pounds, he lost five thousand of it, and came away with only half his winnings. When my Lord is in London, we may clear a way to him to do you another job, and you are young enough to wait.

We set out to Dublin on Monday the 5th of October, and hope to sup at the deanery the next night; where you will come to us, if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad bailiff towards the end of my service. Your hay is well brought in, and better stacked than usual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having some sport soon; I hope it is no sport that will vex me.

Pray do not forget to seal the inclosed before you send it.

I send you back your letter to the Lord Lieutenant.

LETTER CXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 25. 1725.

YOur confuſion hindred you from giving any rational account of your diſtreſs, till this laſt letter; and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado we have now a tolerable underſtanding how things ſtand. We had a paper ſent incloſed, ſubſcribed by Mr. Ford, as we ſuppoſe: it is in print, and we all approve it; and this I ſuppoſe is the ſport I was to expect I do think it is agreed, that all animals fight with the weapons natural to them, (which is a new and wiſe remark out of my own head); and the devil take that animal who will not offend his enemy, when he is provoked, with his proper weapon: and though your old dull horſe little values the blows I give him with the but-end of my ſtick, yet I ſtrike on, and make him wince in ſpite of his dulneſs; and he ſhall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do ſo too to the beaſt who has kicked againſt you, and try how far his inſenſibility will protect him; and you ſhall have help, and he will be vexed; for ſo I found your horſe this day, tho' he would not move the faſter. I will kill that flea or louſe which bites me, though I get no honour by it.

Laudari ab iis, quos omnes laudant, is a maxim; and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the offer of your mare; and how a pox could we come without her? They pulled off her's and your horſe's

horſe's ſhoes for fear of being rode, and then they rode them without ſhoes, and ſo I was forced to ſhoe them again. All the fellows here would be Tighs, if they were but privy-counſellors. You will never be at eaſe for your friends horſes or your own, till you have walled in a park of twenty acres, which I would have done next ſpring.

You ſay not a word of the letter I ſent you for Mr. Tickell, whether you ſent it him or no; and, yet it was very material that I ſhould know it. The two devils of inadvertency and forgetfulneſs have got faſt hold on you. I think you need not quit his and Balaguer's company, for the reaſon I mentioned in that letter; becauſe they are above ſuſpicions, as *whiggiſſimi* and *unſuſpectiſſimi*. When the Lord Lieutenant goes for England, I have a method to ſet you right with him, I hope; as I will tell you when I come to town, if I do not Sheridan it, I mean forget it.

I did a Sheridaniſm; I told you I had loſt your letter incloſed, which you intended to Lord Carteret, and yet I have it ſafe here.

LETTER CXIV.

An anſwer to Lord PALMERSTON's *civil polite letter.* [So indorſed.]

My LORD, *Jan.* 31. 1725-6.

I Deſire you will give yourſelf the laſt trouble I ſhall ever put you to. I do entirely acquit you of any injury or injuſtice done to Mr. Curtis *; and if you had read that paſſage in my letter a ſe-

* A reſident maſter in Trinity-college, whom the Dean made one of the four minor canons of St. Patrick's cathedral. *Dub. Edit.*

cond time, you could not have poſſibly ſo ill underſtood me. The injury and injuſtice the young man received were from thoſe who, claiming a title to his chambers, took away his key; and reviled, and threatened to beat him; with a great deal of the like monſtrous conduct; whereupon, at his requeſt, I laid the caſe before you †, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very ſtrange, if on account of a trifle, and of a perſon for whom I have no concern further than as he was once employed by me, on the character he bears of piety and learning, I ſhould charge you with injury and injuſtice to him, when I know from himſelf and Mr. Reading, that you were not anſwerable for either.

As you ſtate the caſe of tenant at will, I fully agree that no law can compel you; but law was not at all in my thoughts.

Now, my Lord, if what I write of injury and injuſtice were wholly applied in plain terms to one or two of the college here, whoſe names were below my remembrance; you will conſider how I could deſerve an anſwer in every line full of foul inſinuations, open reproaches, jeſting flirts, and contumelious terms; and what title you claim to give me ſuch treatment. I own my obligation to Sir William Temple *, for recommending me to

† Lord Viſcount Palmerſton (nephew to Sir William Temple) hath a right to beſtow two handſome chambers in the univerſity of Dublin upon ſuch ſtudents as he and his heirs ſhall think proper, on account of the benefactions of this family towards the college-buildings. *Dub. Edit.*

* After Mr. Swift left the univerſity of Dublin, Sir William Temple (whoſe father Sir John Temple, maſter of the Rolls in Ireland, had been a friend to the family) invited our young author to ſpend ſome time with him at Moore-park in England, for the ſake of his converſation; where he purſued his ſtudies through all the Greek and Roman hiſtorians. Here it was he was introduced by his friend to King William, when his Majeſty uſed to pay frequent viſits to that great miniſter, after he had retired from public buſineſs to his ſeat at Moore-park. *Dub. Edit.*——There is not the leaſt reaſon to believe, that Sir William Temple was viſited by K. William at Moore-park,

the

the late King, although without ſucceſs; and for his choice of me to take care of his poſthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my being in his family as an obligation; for I was educated to little purpoſe, if I had choſen his houſe on any other motives, than the benefit of his converſation and advice, and the opportunity of purſuing my ſtudies. For being born to no fortune, I was at his death as much to ſeek it as ever: and perhaps you will allow, that I was of ſome uſe to him. This I will venture to ſay, that in the time when I had ſome little credit, I did fifty times more for fifty people, from whom I never received the leaſt ſervice or aſſiſtance; yet I ſhould not be pleaſed to hear a relation of mine reproaching them with ingratitude, although many of them well deſerve it. For thanks to party, I have met in both kingdoms with ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed, you have not been much better, that I declared no great regard to your family; for ſo you expreſs yourſelf. I never had occaſion or opportunity to make uſe of any ſuch words. The laſt time I ſaw you in London, was the laſt intercourſe that I remember to have had with your family. But having always truſted to my own innocence, I was never inquiſitive to know my accuſers. When I mentioned my loſe of intereſt with you, I did it with concern; and I had no reſentment; becauſe I ſuppoſed it to ariſe only from different ſentiments in public matters.

My Lord, if my letter were polite, it was againſt my intention, and I intreat your pardon for it. If I have wit, I will keep it to ſhew when I am angry; which at preſent I am not: becauſe altho' nothing can excuſe thoſe intemperate words your pen hath let fall, yet I ſhall give allowance to a haſty perſon, hurried on by a miſtake beyond all rules of decency. If a firſt miniſter of ſtate had uſed me as you have done, he ſhould have heard from me in another

ther ſtyle; becauſe, in that caſe, retaliating would be thought a mark of courage. But as your Lordſhip is not in a ſituation to do me good, nor, I am ſure, of a diſpoſition to do me miſchief; ſo I ſhould loſe the merit of being bold, becauſe I incurred no danger.

In this point alone we are exactly equal; but in wit and politneſs I am as ready to yield to you, as in titles and eſtate.

I have found out one ſecret; that although you call me a great wit, you do not think me ſo; otherwiſe you would have been cautious to have writ me ſuch a letter.

You conclude with ſaying, you are ready to aſk pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, becauſe I have not taken the offence; but whether you will aquit yourſelf, muſt be left to your conſcience and honour.

I have formerly, upon occaſions, been your humble ſervant in Ireland, and ſhould not refuſe to be ſo ſtill, but you have ſo uſeful and excellent a friend in Mr. Reading, that you need no other; and I hope my good opinion of him will not leſſen yours. I am,

My Lord,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

LET-

LETTER CXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Good Doctor, *London, July* 8. 1726.

I have had two months of great uneaſineſs, at the ill account of Mrs. Johnſon's health; and, as it is uſual, feared the worſt that was poſſible, and doubted all the good accounts that were ſent me. I pray God, her danger may warn her to be leſs wilful, and more ready to fall into thoſe meaſures that her friends and phyſicians adviſe her to. I had a letter two days ago from Archdeacon Wall, dated ſix days before yours, wherein he gives me a better account than you do; and therefore I apprehend ſhe hath not mended ſince; and yet he ſays, he *can honeſtly tell me ſhe is now much better.* Pray thank the Archdeacon, and tell him you are to have a ſhare in this letter; and therefore, I will ſave him the trouble of another. Tell him alſo, that I never aſked for my 1000 l. which he hears I have got; tho' I mentioned it to the Princeſs the laſt time I ſaw her; but I bid her tell Walpole *, I ſcorned to aſk him for it. But blot out this paſſage, and mention it to no one except the ladies; becauſe I know Mrs. Johnſon would be pleaſed with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this letter is theirs as well as yours. The Archdeacon further ſays, that Mrs. Johnſon has

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. He was Firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He died in February 1744, in the 71ſt year of his age.

not

not tasted claret for several months, but once at his house. This I dislike. I cannot tell who is the fourth of your friends, unless it be yourself. I am sorry for your new laborious studies; but the best of it is, they will not be your own another day. I thank you for your new style and most useful quotations. I am only concerned, that although you get the *grace of the house*, you will never get the grace of the town: but die plain Sheridan, or Tom at most, because it is a syllable shorter than Doctor. However, I will give it you at length in the superscription; and people will so wonder how the news could come and return so quick to and from England, especially if the wind be fair when the packet goes over; and let me warn you to be very careful in sending for your letters two days after the commencement. You lost one post by my being out of town; for I came hither to-day, and shall stay three or four upon some business; and then go back to Mr. Pope's, and there continue till August, and then come to town, till I begin my journey to Ireland, which I propose the middle of August. My old servant Archy is here ruined and starving, and has pursued me, and wrote me a letter, but I have refused to see him. Our friend at the castle writ to me two months ago, to have a sight of those papers, &c. of which I brought away a copy. I have answered him, that whatever papers I have, are conveyed from one place to another, through nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he should mention any thing of papers in general, either to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the same story, and laugh at my humour in it, &c. My service to Dr. Delany, Dr. Helsham, the Grattons, and Jacksons. There is not so despised a creature here as your friend, with the soft verses on children. I heartily pity him.—— This is the first time I was ever weary of England, and

and longed to be in Ireland; but it is becauſe go I muſt; for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worſe. In ſhort, you all live in a wretched, dirty dog-hole, and priſon; but it is a place good enough to die in. I can tell you one thing, that I have had the faireſt offer made me of a ſettlement here that one can imagine, which, if I were ten years younger, I would gladly accept, within twelve miles of London, and in the midſt of my friends. But I am too old for new ſchemes, and eſpecially ſuch as would bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities. But ſo it is, that I muſt be forced to get home, partly by ſtealth, and partly by force. I have indeed one temptation for this winter, much ſtronger, which is, of a fine houſe, and garden, and park, and wine-cellar in France, to paſs away winter in; and if Mrs. Johnſon were not ſo out of order, I would certainly accept of it *: and I wiſh ſhe could go to Montpelier at the ſame time. You ſee I am grown viſionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu.

LETTER CXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

† *July* 27. 1726.

I Have yours juſt now of the 19th; and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have ſome time expected with the utmoſt agonies; and there is one aggravation of conſtraint, that where I

* Lord Bolingbroke invited the Dean to ſpend a winter with him at his houſe in France, on the banks of the Loire.

† This was written from Mr. Pope's at Twickenham.

am,

am, I am forced to put on an eafy countenance. It was at this time the beft office your friendfhip could do, not to deceive me. I was violently bent all laft year, as I believe you remember, that fhe fhould go to Montpelier, or Bath, or Tunbridge. I intreated, if there was no amendment, they might both come to London. But there was a fatality, although I indeed think her ftamina could not laft much longer, when I faw fhe could take no nourifhment. I look upon this to be the greateft event that can ever happen to me ; but all my preparations will not fuffice to make me bear it like a philofopher, nor altogether like a Chriftian. There hath been the moft intimate friendfhip between us from her childhood ; and the greateft merit on her fide, that ever was in one human creature towards another. —— Nay, if I were now near her, I would not fee her; I could not behave myfelf tolerably, and fhould redouble her forrow. —— Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. —— The very time I am writing, I conclude the faireft foul in the world hath left its body. —— Confufion ! that I am this moment called down to a vifitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myfelf. —— I have paffed a very conftrained hour, and now return to fay I know not what. I have been long weary of the world, and fhall, for my fmall remainder of years, be weary of life ; having for ever loft that converfation which could only make it tolerable. —— I fear, while you are reading this, you will be fhedding tears at her funeral. She loved you well, and a great fhare of the little merit I have with you, is owing to her folicitations.

I writ to you about a week ago *.

* Soon after the date of this letter, the Dean went back to Ireland ; but Mrs. Johnfon recovering a moderate ftate of health, he returned again to England the beginning of the year 1727.

LETTER CXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

London, May 13. 1727.

THIS goes by a private hand, for my writing is too much known, and my letters often ſtopt and opened. I had yours of the 4th inſtant; and it is the only one I have received out of Ireland, ſince I left you. I hardly thought our friend would be in danger by a cold. I am of opinion ſhe ſhould be generally in the country, and only now and then viſit the town. —— We are here in a ſtrange ſituation; a firm ſettled reſolution to aſſault the preſent adminiſtration, and break it, if poſſible. It is certain, that Walpole is peeviſh and diſconcerted, ſtoops to the vileſt offices of hireling ſcoundrels, to write Billinſgate of the loweſt and moſt proſtitute kind; and has none but beaſts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high diſpleaſure with him and his partiſans A great man, who was very kind to me laſt year, doth not take the leaſt notice of me at the Prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to ſee me. I am adviſed by all my friends not to go to France, (as I intended for two months), for fear of their vengeance in a manner which they cannot execute here. —I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I ſhall have no concern. I deſire you will read this letter to none but our two friends, and Mr P——. His couſin with the red riband inquired very kindly after him. —I hear no news about your Biſhops, farther than that the Lord Lieutenant ſtickles to have them of Ireland; which Walpole always is

averſe from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on ſuch trifles. The diſpute about a war or no war ſtill continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, although ten thouſand men are ordered for Holland. But this will bring ſuch an addition to our debts, that it will give great advantages againſt thoſe in power, in the next ſeſſions. Walpole laughs at all this, but not ſo heartily as he uſed. I have at laſt ſeen the Princeſs* twice this week, by her own commands. She retains her old civility, and I my old freedom. She charges me, without ceremony, to be author of a bad book †, though I told how angry the miniſtry were; but ſhe aſſures me, that both ſhe and the P—— were very well pleaſed with every particular; but I diſowned the whole affair, as you know I very well might; only gave her leave, ſince ſhe liked the book, to ſuppoſe what author ſhe pleaſed.—— You will wonder to find me ſay ſo much of politics; but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing elſe Pray be very careful of your charge, or I ſhall order my lodgers the bulk of their glaſſes, and the number of their bottles.—— I ſtole this time to write to you, having very little to ſpare. I go as ſoon as poſſible to the country, and ſhall rarely ſee the town.

My ſervice to all friends.

I deſire you will ſend me ſix ſets of the edition of the Drapiers, by the firſt convenience of any friend or acquaintance that comes hither.

* Caroline Princeſs of Wales, afterwards Queen, conſort of K. George II.

† Gulliver's travels.

LETTER

LETTER CXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

London, June 24. 1727.

I Have received your laſt, with the incloſed print. I deſire you will let Dr. Delany know, that I tranſcribed the ſubſtance of his letter, and the tranſlation of what was regiſtered; and added a whole ſtate of the caſe, and gave it Mrs. Howard, to give to the Prince * from me, and to deſire, that, as a chancellor, he would do what he thought moſt fit. I forgot to aſk Mrs. Howard † what was done in it, the next time I ſaw her; and the day I came to town, came the news of the King's ‡ death, of which I ſent particulars the very ſame day to our friend; ſince then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of ſchemes. I deferred kiſſing the King and Queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at court chid me for deferring it ſo long. I have been, and am ſo extremely buſy, that though I begin this letter, I cannot finiſh it till next poſt; for now it is the laſt moment it can go, and I have much more to ſay. I was juſt ready to go to France, when the news of the King's death arrived, and I came to town, in order to begin my journey. But I was deſired to delay it; and I then determined it a ſecond time; when, upon ſome new incidents, I was, with great vehemence, diſſuaded from it, by certain perſons whom I could not diſobey. Thus things ſtood with me. My ſto-

* His Royal Highneſs George Prince of Wales, Chancellor of the Univerſity of Dublin, now King.

† Afterwards Counteſs of Suffolk.

‡ King George I. He died June 11. 1727.

mach is pretty good; but for ſome days my head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly uſed to. Here is a ſtrange world; and our friend would reproach me for my ſhare in it. But it ſhall be ſhort; for I deſign ſoon to return into the country. I am thinking of a chancellor for the univerſity, and have pitched upon one; but whether he will like it, or my word be of any uſe, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating ſcheme, wherein no body ſhall be uſed the worſe or better, for being called Whig or Tory; and the King hath received both with great equality, ſhewing civilities to ſeveral who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we ſhould go in a line to kiſs the King and Queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we ſhall be uſed well, and not baited as formerly. We all agree in it; and if things do not mend, it is not our faults: we have made our offers: if otherwiſe, we are as we were. It is agreed the miniſtry will be changed, but the others will have a ſoft fall; although the King muſt be exceſſive generous, if he forgives the treatment of ſome people. I writ long ago my thoughts to my viceroy, and he may proceed as he ſhall be adviſed. But if the Archbiſhop * goes on to proceed to *ſub pœna contemptus*, *&c.* I would have an appeal at proper time; which, I ſuppoſe, muſt be to delegates, or the crown, I know not which. However I will ſpend a hundred or two pounds, rather than be inſlaved, or betray a right which I do not value threepence, but my ſucceſſors may My ſervice to all friends; and ſo, thinking I have ſaid enough, I bid you farewel heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I dare eat none here. It hath coſt me five ſhillings in victuals ſince I came here, and ten pounds to ſer-

* Dr. William King.

vants

vants where I have dined. I ſuppoſe my agent * in Sheep-ſtreet takes care and inquires about my new agent.

LETTER CXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, July 1. 1727.

I Had yours of June 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was ſo conſtant a writer. I have writ ſix times to our friends, and as many to you. Mr. Pope is reading your Perſius. He is frequently ſick, and ſo at this time. He has read it, but you muſt wait till next letter for his judgment. He would know whether it is deſigned for an elegant tranſlation, or only to ſhew the meaning. I reckon it an explanation of a difficult author, not only for learners, but for thoſe alſo who are not expert in Latin, becauſe he is a very dark author. I would not have your book printed entire, till I treat with my bookſeller here for your advantage. There is a word (*concacuus*) which you have not explained, nor the reaſon of it. Where you are ignorant, you ſhould confeſs you are ignorant. I writ to Stella the day we heard the K—— was dead, and the circumſtances of it. I hold you a guinea, I ſhall forget ſomething. Worral writ to me lately. In anſwer, I deſire that when the Archbiſhop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my return, which will be at Michaelmas. I have left London, and ſtay here a week, and then I ſhall go thither again; juſt to ſee the Queen, and

* The Rev. Mr. John Worral.

ſo come back hither. Here are a thouſand ſchemes wherein they would have me engaged; which I embrace but coldly, becauſe I like none of them. I have been this ten days inclining to my old diſeaſe of giddineſs, a little tottering Our friend underſtands it; but I grow cautious, and am ſomething better. Cyder, and Champaigne, and fruit, have been the cauſe. But now I am very reguular, and I eat enough. I took Dr. Delany's paper to the King, when he was prince. He and his ſecretary * are diſcontented with the Provoſt †, but they find he has law on his ſide. The King's death has broke that meaſure I propoſed the Prince of Wales ‡ to be chancellor, and I believe ſo it will go. Pray copy out the verſes I writ to Stella on her collecting my verſes and ſend them to me; for we want ſome, to make our poetical miſcellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what ſhould be added. Direct them, and all other double papers, to Lord Bathurſt, in St James's ſquare, London. I was in a fright about your verſes on Stella's ſickneſs, but glad when they were a month old.

Deſire our friends to let me know, what I ſhould buy for them here of any kind. I had juſt now a long letter from Mrs. Dingley, and another from Mr. Synge. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great thanks, and will leave the viſiting affair to his diſcretion. But all the lawyers in Europe ſhall never perſuade me, that it is in the Archbiſhop's power to take or refuſe my proxy, when I have the King's leave of abſence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer, to defend the rights of the Dean. Pray aſk Mr. Synge, whether his fenocchio be grown;

* Samuel Molyneux, Eſq.

† The Rev. Dr. Baldwin.

‡ Frederick Prince of Wales, eldeſt ſon of K. George II. who died March 20, 1750-1.

it

it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like celery, either with or without oil, &c. I design to pass my time wholly in the country, having some business to do and settle, before I leave England for the last time. I will send you Mr. Pope's criticisms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I desire you. Pray God bless you all If the King had lived but ten days longer, I should be now at Paris. Simpleton! the Drapiers should have been sent unbound; but 'tis no great matter; two or three would have been enough. I see Mrs. Fad but seldom; I never trouble them but when I am sent for. She expects me soon; and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I desire it may be told, that I never go to court; which I mention, because of a passage in Mrs Dingley's * letter. She speaks mighty good things of your kindness. I do not want that poem to Stella to print it entire, but some passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without hesitation, and I'll give you a pot of ale. I intend to be with you at Michaelmas, bar impossibilities.

LETTER CXX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 12. 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught: for three days after I came to town with Lord Oxford † from Cambridgeshire,

* An English lady, a friend of the Dean's.

† Son of the late Right Hon. Robert Harley, Lord High Treasurer of England, created Earl of Oxford and Mortimer by Queen Anne.

which

which was ten days ago, my old deafneſs ſeized me, and hath continued ever ſince with great increaſe; ſo that I am now deafer than ever you knew me, and yet a little leſs I think than I was yeſterday; but, which is worſe, about four days ago my giddineſs ſeized me, and I was ſo very ill, that yeſterday I took a hearty vomit; and though I now totter, yet, I think, I am a thought better: but what will be the event, I know not. One thing I know, that theſe deaf fits uſes to continue five or ſix weeks; and I am reſolved, if it continues, or my giddineſs, ſome days longer, I will leave this place, and remove to Greenwich, or ſomewhere near London, and take my couſin Lancelot to be my nurſe. Our friends know her; it is the ſame with Pat Rol. If my diſorder ſhould keep me longer than my licence of abſence laſts, I would have you get Mr. Worral to renew it. It will not expire till the ſixth or ſeventh of October, and I reſolved to begin my journey Sept. 15. Mr. Worral will ſee by the date of my licence, what time the new one ſhould commence: but he has ſeven weeks yet to conſider; I only ſpeak in time. I am very uneaſy here, becauſe ſo many of our acquaintance come to ſee us, and I cannot be ſeen; beſides, Mr. Pope is too ſickly and complaiſant; therefore I reſolve to go ſomewhere elſe. This is a little unlucky, my head will not bear writing long. I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think beſt. The King and Queen come in two days to our neighbourhood *; and there I ſhall be expected, and cannot go; which, however, is none of my grievances; for I had rather be abſent, and have now too good an excuſe. I believe this giddineſs is the diſorder that will at laſt get the better of me; but I had rather it ſhould not be now; and I hope, and believe it will not, for I am now bet-

* Richmond.

ter

ter than yesterday.——Since my dinner, my giddiness is much better, and my deafness a hair's breadth not so bad. It is just as usual, worst in the morning and at evening I will be very temperate; and in the midst of peaches, figs, nectarins, and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I shall, however, set out out in the midst of September, as I designed. This is a long letter for an ill head; so adieu. My service to our two friends, and all others.

LETTER CXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug 29. 1727.

I Have had your letter of the 19th; and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you, with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, of which I had two days intermission, but since worse; and I shall be perfectly content, if God shall please to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendship broke, which hath lasted thirty years; twenty-four of which in Ireland I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general. My weakness, my age, my friendship will bear no more. I have mentioned the case, as well as I knew it, to a physician who is my friend; and I find his methods were the same, air and exercise, and at last asses milk. I will tell you sincerely, that if I were younger, and in health,

or

or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods, in order to paſs my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of ſixty. I am ſtrongly viſited with a diſeaſe, that will at laſt cut me off, if I ſhould this time eſcape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wiſe man's valuing. I do not intend to return to Ireland ſo ſoon as I purpoſed; I would not be there in the very midſt of grief. I deſire you will ſpeak to Mr. Worral, to get a new licence about the beginning of October, when my old one, as he will ſee by the date, ſhall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my preſent condition What I intend is, immediately to leave this place, and go with my couſin for a nurſe about five miles from London, on the other ſide towards the ſea; and if I recover, I will either paſs this winter near Saliſbury-plain, or in France. And therefore I deſire Mr. Worral may make this licence run like the former, [To Great Britain, or elſewhere, for the recovery of his health.]

Neither my health nor grief will permit me to ſay more. Your directions to Mr. Lancelot, at his houſe in New Bond-ſtreet, over againſt the crown and cuſhion, will reach me. Farewel.

This ſtroke was unexpected, and my fears laſt year were ten times greater *.

* See letter 116.

LET-

LETTER CXXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

London, Sept. 2. 1727.

I Had yours of the 19th of Auguſt, which I anſwered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the laſt day of Auguſt, being impatient of ſtaying there longer, where ſo much company came to us, while I was ſo giddy and deaf. I am now got to my couſin Lancelot's houſe; where I deſire all my letters may be directed to me. I am ſtill in the ſame condition, or rather worſe; for I walk like a drunken man, and I am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, conſidering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have juſt received yours of Auguſt 24th; I kept it an hour in my pocket, with all the ſuſpenſe of a man who expected to hear the worſt news that Fortune could give him; and at the ſame time was not able to hold up my head. Theſe are the perquiſites of living long. The laſt act of life is always a tragedy at beſt; but it is a bitter aggravation, to have one's beſt friend go before one. I deſired in my laſt, that you would not enlarge upon that event, but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *flamina vitæ*; but my friendſhip could not arm me againſt this accident, although I foreſaw it. I have ſaid enough in my laſt letter, which now I ſuppoſe is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or no, that I am now extremely ill; for it

it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health, when such a friend is desperate. I do profess, upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend makes life so indifferent to me, who, by course of nature, have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle: yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over *, that we might be happy together as long as God should please. The knot is broken; and the remaining person, you know, has ill answered the end; and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket.——I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer †.

* Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley, both relations of Sir William Temple, at whose house the author became acquainted with them, after he left the university of Dublin. Their fortune being not very considerable, they chose to spend their days in Ireland. *Dub. edit.* ——There is not the least reason to believe, that Stella was related to Sir William Temple.

† That ingenious lady for whom the author expresseth so much concern here, and in the preceding letter, was the famous STELLA, so often celebrated in the author's poems, vols 7. and 8. for her fine person, wit, and many virtues. Her physician told her, when she was near dying, that she was at the bottom of the hill, and they must endeavour to get her up again. But she plainly saw the approaches of death, and readily replied, "That she found she would be out of "breath before she got up to the top." She died in a few months after the date of these letters, Jan. 28. 1727 8. *Dub. edit.* See her character in Dr. Swift's life, prefixed to vol. 1.

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LETTER CXXIII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR, *Twickenham, Sept. 6.*

I AM both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the Dean's being upon the brink of another world, gives me great pain; for it makes me, in tenderneſs to him, wiſh him with you; and at the ſame time I fear he is not in a condition to make the journey. Though (to eaſe you as far as I can) his phyſician and friend, Dr. Arbuthnot, aſſures me, he will ſoon be well. At preſent he is very deaf, and more uneaſy than I hoped that complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy way; which has put you into a greater fright, than (with God's will) we may have any reaſon for. He talks of returning to Ireland in three weeks, if he recovers ſufficiently; if not, he will ſtay here this winter. Upon pretence of ſome very unavoidable occaſions, he went to London four days ſince, where I ſee him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his *opiniatreté* in leaving me; but he ſhall not get rid of the friend, though he may of his houſe. I have ſuggeſted to him the remedy you mention; and I will not leave him a day till I ſee him better. I wiſh you could ſee us in England, without manifeſt inconvenience to yourſelf; though I heartily hope and believe, that our friend will do well. I ſincerely honour you for for warmth of affection, where it is

ſo juſtly merited; and am, both for his ſake and your own, with great eſteem, yours, &c.

A. POPE.

P. S. I have often deſired the Dean to make known to you my ſenſe of the good opinion you have expreſſed of me in your letters. I am pleaſed to have an opportunity of thanking you under my hand; and I deſire you to continue it, to one who is no way ungrateful.

[*** This letter was probably an anſwer to one ſent by Dr. Sheridan to Mr. Pope, when he laſt wrote to the Dean. The reaſon of his going to London appears by the two preceding letters; and about the time mentioned in this, he returned again to Ireland. Mrs. Johnſon languiſhed till the 28th of January following, and then died. During her ſickneſs, he compoſed the prayers which immediately follow this collection of letters. They were originally printed from his own hand-writing.]

LETTER CXXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. MOORE.

Deanery-houſe, Dec. 7. 1727.

DEAR MADAM,

THough I ſee you ſeldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world that is more concerned for any thing that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune. I have always had the higheſt eſteem for your virtue, the greateſt value for your converſation, and the trueſt affection

affection for your perſon; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loſs of ſo amiable, and (what is more) ſo favourite a child. Theſe are the neceſſary conſequences of too ſtrong attatchments, by which we are grieving ourſelves with the death of thoſe we love; as we muſt one day grieve thoſe who love us, with the death of ourſelves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we ſit as ſpectators a while, and then act our own part in it. Self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, ſo it is the ſole cauſe of our grief. The dear perſon you lament, is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious ſenſe. Philoſophy always taught men to deſpiſe life, as a moſt contemptible thing in itſelf; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better; which you are taught to be certain that ſo innocent a perſon is now in poſſeſſion of; ſo that ſhe is an immenſe gainer, and you and her friends the only loſers Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no conſolation more effectual to a reaſonable perſon, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is loſt. She was neither an only child, nor an only daughter. You have three children left; one of them of an age to be uſeful to his family *, and the two others as promiſing as can be expected from their age; ſo that, according to the general diſpenſations of God Almighty, you have ſmall reaſon to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you, that the true way to preſerve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your heart: which is a weakneſs that God ſeldom leaves long unpuniſhed; common obſervation ſhewing us, that ſuch favourite children are either ſpoiled by their parents indulgence, or ſoon taken out of the world; which laſt is, generally ſpeaking, the lighter puniſhment of the two.

* Charles Deveniſh, Eſq.

God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings, with diseases, and decays of nature, with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it; with the death of our most hopeful or useful children; with a want of relish for all wordly enjoyments; with a general dislike of persons and things: and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended by the author of our being, to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach towards the end of it. And this is the use you are to make, in prudence as well as conscience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of those which, in the course of nature and providence, you have reason to expect. May God, who hath endued you with so many virtues, add strength of mind, and reliance upon his mercy, in proportion to your present sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with, through the remainder of your life.

I fear my present ill disposition, both of health and mind *, has made me but a sorry comforter: however it will shew, that no circumstance of life can put you out of my mind; and that I am, with the truest respect, esteem, and friendship,

Dear Madam,

Your most obedient,
and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

* It was written little more than a month before Mrs. Johnson's death, an event which was then almost daily expected.

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LETTER CXXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Market-hill, Aug.* 2. 1728.

OUR friends here, as well as myself, were sadly disappointed upon hearing the account of your journey. No body in town or country, as we were informed, knew where you were: but I persuaded our family, that you were certainly in a way of making yourself easy, and had got that living you mentioned; and accordingly we were grieved and rejoiced at the loss and settlement of a friend: but it never entered into our heads, that you were bestowing forty days in several stages between constable and constable, without any real benefit to yourself, further than of exercise; and we wished, that no body should have had the benefit of your long absence from your school but yourself, by a good living, or we by your good company; much less that the pleasure of spighting T—— had been you great motive. I heartily wish you were settled at Hamilton's Bawn: and I would be apt to advise you, not to quit your thoughts that way, if the matter may be brought to bear; for by a letter I just received from the Bishop of Cork, which was short and dry, with the stale excuse of pre-engagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him. —— As to what you call my exercise, I have long quitted it. It gave me too much constraint, and the world does not deserve it. We may keep it cold, till the middle of winter.

* The seat of Sr. Arthur Acheson.

As to my return, there are many ſpeculations. I am well here, and hate removals. My ſcheme was, that you ſhould come hither, as you ſay, and I return with you in your chaiſe. Sir Arthur, on hearing your letter, preſſed me to ſtay longer. I am a very buſy man, ſuch as at Quilca, which you will know when you come: yet I would contrive to be preſſed more to ſtay till Chriſtmas, and then you may contrive to be here again, and take me back with you time enough for my own viſitation: and my reaſon of ſtaying is, to be here the planting and pruning time, &c. I hate Dublin, and love the retirement here, and the civility of my hoſts. This is my ſtate, and humour upon it, and accordingly you are to manage my ſcheme. However, I would have you keep your vacation of September here; and let Mrs. Brent ſend me a dozen guineas (half of them half-guineas) by you, and a periwig, and a new riding gown and caſſock, and whatever elſe I may want by a longer abſence, provided you will reſolve and ſwear that I ſhall ſtay.

I had all Mrs Brent's packets by Mr. Little. My ſervice to Mrs. Dingley. I cannot ſay that I have more to ſay, than to ſay that I am, *&c.*

LETTER CXXVI

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

* *Sept.* 18. 1728.

MY continuance here is owing partly to indolence, and partly to my hatred to Dublin. I am in a middling way, between healthy and ſick, hardly ever without a little giddineſs or deafneſs,

* This alſo ſhould be dated from Market-hill,

and

and ſometimes both. So much for that. As to what you call my leſſon, I told you I would think no more of it; neither do I conceive the world deſerves ſo much trouble from you or me. I think the ſufferings of the country for want of ſilver, deſerves a paper †, ſince the remedy is ſo eaſy, and thoſe in power ſo negligent. I had ſome other ſubjects in my thoughts; but truly I am taken up ſo much with long lampoons on a perſon who owns you for a back, that I have no time for any thing elſe; and if I do not produce one every now and then, of about two hundred lines, I am chid for my idleneſs, and threatened with you. I deſire you will ſtep to the deanery, ſpeak to Mrs. Brent*, bid her open the middle great drawer of Ridgeway's ſcrutoire in my cloſet, and then do you take out from thence the hiſtory † in folio, marble cover; and two thin folios fairly writ. I forget the titles, but you have read them. One is an account of the proceedings of Lord Oxford's miniſtry, and the other ‡ to the ſame purpoſe. There are foul copies of both in the ſame drawer; but do you take out the fair ones, not in my hand. Let them be packed up and brought hither by the bearer. My Lady is perpetually quarelling with Sir Arthur and me, and ſhews every creature the libels I have writ againſt her ‖.

Mr. Worral ſent me the particulars of the havock made in Naboth's vineyard **.——The d— burſt, *&c.*

† In the Intelligencer, the 19th number of which is on this ſubject. See it in vol. 4. p. 292.

* The Dean's houſe keeper.

† Hiſtory of the peace of Utrecht.

‡ The ſtate of affairs in 1714. See it in vol. 5. p. 332.

‖ See Hamilton's Bawn; or, The Grand Queſtion debated, in vol. 8. p. 133.

** A field not far from the deanery-houſe, which Dr. Swift incloſed at great expence, with a fine ſtone wall lined with brick; againſt which he planted vines, and the beſt choſen fruit-trees, for the benefit of the Dean of St. Patrick's for the time being.

I think

I think Lady Dun's burning would be an admirable subject, to shew how hateful an animal a human creature is, that is known to have never done any good: the rabble all rejoicing, &c. which they would not have done at any misfortune to a man known to be charitable.

I wish you could get in with the Primate, on the account of some discourse about you here to-day, with Whaley and Walmsley. Whaley goes to Dublin on Monday next, in order for England. I would have you see him. I fancy you may do some good with the Primate, as to the first good vacant school, if you wheedle him, and talk a little Wiggishly.

LETTER CXXVII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I Thank you kindly for your news of the Dean of St. Patrick's, for your Persius, for every thing in your letter. I will use my warmest endeavours to serve Dr. Whaley *. Besides his own merit, the demerit of his antagonist goes into the scale, and the Dean tells me he is a coadjutant of that fool Smedley †. You *must have seen*, but you *cannot have read*, what he has lately published against our friend and me. The only pleasure a bad writer can give me, he has given, that of being abused with my betters and my friends I am much pleased with most of the Intelligencers ‡; but I am a lit-

* An eminent clergyman of the diocese of Armagh.

† Dean of Fernes. See An excellent new ballad, &c. in vol. 7.

‡ Though this letter is not dated, it appears, by the mention here made of the Intelligencers, to be written in 1728; and by the Dean's libelling the lady, to be while he was at Sir Arthur's, where he wrote Hamilton's Bawn.

tle

tle piqued at the author of them, for not once doing me the honour of a mention upon ſo honourable an occaſion as being ſlandered by the dunces, together with my friend the Dean, who is properly the author of the Dunciad. It had never been writ but at his requeſt, and for his deafneſs ‖ : for had he been able to converſe with me, do you think I had amuſed my time ſo ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to ſo imperfect an edition as is now publiſhed: you'll ſoon ſee a better, with a full and true commentary, ſetting all miſtakes right, and branding none but our own cattle. Some very good epigrams on the gentlemen of the Dunciad, have been ſent me from Oxford, and others of the London authors. If I had an amanuenſis, (which is a thing neither I nor my common trifles are worth), you ſhould have them with this. If your univerſity or town have produced any on this ſubject, pray ſend them me, or keep them at leaſt together, for another day they may all meet.

I have writ to the Dean juſt now by Mr. Elrington, who charges himſelf with this; and have inſerted a hint or two of his libelling the lady of the family; in as innocent a manner as he does it, he will hardly ſuſpect I had any information of it.

Though I am a very ill correſpondent, I ſhall at all times be glad to have the favour of a line from you. My eye-ſight is bad, my head often in pain, my time ſtrangely taken up. Were I my own maſter (which, I thank God, I am yet in all points but one, where humanity only conſtrains me), I would infallibly ſee Ireland before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, tho' warm deſigns, will ever take effect,

‖ See this compliment elegantly returned in a poem addreſſed to Mr. Pope, vol. 7. p. 339.

Cali-

Caliginosa nocte premit Deus!

I am (where ever I am) the Dean's, and the Dean's friends, and consequently faithfully,

SIR,

Your affectionate humble servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, March 27. 1733.

I Received your letter with some pleasure, and a good deal of concern. The condition you are in requires the greatest haste hither, although your school did not; and when you arrive, I will force Dr. Helsham * to see and direct you. Your scheme of riding and country-air, you find, hath not answered; and therefore you have nothing to trust to, but the assistance of a friendly, skilful doctor. For whether they can do any good or no, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at present, because the public, and all your family, have occasion for you. Besides, I do not like the place you are in †, from your accoun , since you say people are dying there so fast You cannot afford to lose daily blood; but, I suppose you

* A very eminent physician, of great learning.

† The free school of Cavan, in the gift of the crown; for which Dr. Shridan exchanged his living at Dunboyne, and in which he hath been since succeeded by Mr. Moore.

are

are no more regular than you have been in your whole life. I like the article very much which you propose in your will; and if that takes place forty years hence, and God, for the sins of men, should continue that life so long, I would have it be still inserted; unless you could make it a little sharper. I own you have too much reason to complain of some friends, who, next to yourself, have done you most hurt; whom still I esteem and frequent, tho' I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was not merely personal malice to you, (although it had the same effect), but a kind of I know not what job, which one of them hath often heartily repented, however it came to be patched up. I am confident your collection of *Bons mots* *, and *Contes à rire*, will be much the best extant; but you are apt to be terribly sanguine about the profits of publishing: however it shall have all the pushing I can give. I have been much out of order with a spice of my giddiness, which began before you left us. I am better of late days, but not right yet, though I take daily drops and bitters. I must do the best I can, but shall never more be a night-walker. You hear they have in England passed the excise on tobacco; and by their votes it appears they intend it on more articles. And care is taken by some special friends here, to have it the same way here. We are slaves already, and from my youth upwards, the great wise men whom I used to be among, taught me, that a general excise (which they now by degrees intend) is the most direct and infallible way to slavery. Pray G—— send it them in his justice; for they well deserve it. All your friends and the town, are just as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on horseback, or dining and sitting the evening at home; endea-

* Perhaps *Bons mots de Stella*, and *Thoughts on various subjects*, are part of this collection. They are both in this volume.

vouring

vouring to write, but write nothing, merely out of indolence, and want of ſpirits. No ſoul has broke his neck, or is hanged, or married; only *Cancerina* † is dead, and I let her go to her grave without a coffin, and without fees ——So I am going to take my evening-walk after five, having not been out of doors yet. I wiſh you well and ſafe at home. Pray call on me on Sunday night,

I am your's &c.

P. S. I believe there are a hundred literal blunders, but I cannot ſtay to mend them.——So pick as you are able.

I am not ſo frank a writer as you.

LETTER CXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Sept. 12. 1735.

HEre is a very ingenious obſervation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your obſervation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them. *Sunday's a pun-day, Monday's a dun-day, Tueſday's a news-day, Wedneſday's a friend's-day, Thurſday's a curs'd-day, Friday's a dry-day, Saturday's the latter-day.* I intend ſomething of equal uſe upon the months; as, *January, women vary.* I ſhall likewiſe in due time make ſome obſervations

† One of thoſe poor people to whom the Dean uſed to give money, when he met them in his walks. Some of them he named thus, partly for diſtinction, and partly for humour; *Cancerina, Stumpanympa, Pull-a-gown-a, Fritcilla, Flora, Stumpantka.*

upon

upon each year as it paſſes. So for the preſent year;

One thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-five,
When only the d—— and b——ps will thrive.

And for the next:

One thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-ſix,
When the d—— will carry the b——ps to Styx.

Perge:

One thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-ſeven,
When the Whigs are ſo blind they miſtake hell for heav'n.

I will carry theſe predictions no further than to the year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at end, or the fine-all-cat-a-ſtrow-fee.

The laſt is the period two thouſand and one
When m—— and b—— to hell all are gone.

When that time comes, pray remember the diſcovery came from me.

It is now time I ſhould begin my letter. I hope you got ſafe to Cavan, and have got no cold on thoſe two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I, as I uſed to be. I received yours. My humble ſervice to your lady, and love to your children. I ſuppoſe you have all the news ſent you. I hear of no marriages going on. One Dean Croſs, an eminent divine, we hear is to be Biſhop of Cork.—Stay till I aſk a ſervant, what Patrick's bells ring for ſo late at night.——You, fellow, is it for joy or ſorrow? I believe it ſome of our royal birthdays.—— Oh, they tell me it is for joy a new maſter is choſen for the corporation of butchers. So farewel.

LETTER CXXX.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Sept. 30. 1735.

YEsterday was the going out of the laſt Lord Mayor, and to-day the coming in of the new, who is Alderman Grattan. The Duke * was at both dinners; but I thought it enough to go to-day, and I came away before ſix, with very little meat or drink. The club † meets in a week, and I determine to leave the town as ſoon as poſſible; for I am not able to live within the air of ſuch raſcals; but whither to go, or how far my health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my mind miſgives me, that you are neither in humour nor capacity to receive me as a gueſt. I had your law-letter. Thoſe things require ſerious conſideration. In order to bring them to a due perfection, a wiſe man will prepare a large fund of idioms; which are highly uſeful, when literally tranſlated by a ſkillful, eloquent hand; and, except our *Latino-Anglicus*, is the moſt neceſſary, as well as ornamental part of human learning. But then we muſt take ſpecial care of infuſing the moſt uſeful precepts for the direction of human life, particularly for inſtructing princes and great miniſters, diſtributing our praiſes and cenſures with the utmoſt impartiality and juſtice. This is what I have preſumed to attempt, although very conſcious to myſelf of my inferior a-

* The Duke of Dorſet, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

† The Iriſh parliament. See the next letter, and the poem there mentioned.

bilities

bilities for such a performance. I begin with *lady*. And because the judicous Mr. Locke says it is necessary to settle terms, before we write upon any subject, I describe a certain female of your acquaintance, whose name shall be *Dorothy*. It is in the following manner. *Delis astra per, astra mel, a sus, a quoque et*; *atra pes, an id lar, alas ibo nes, a præ ter, at at lar, a vi si ter, age ipsi, astro lar, an empti pate, aræ lar, aram lar, an et, ades e ver, ast rumpet, ad en, agam lar, agrum lar, ac ros pus, afflat error, ape e per, as noti nos, arraver, a huc stare, asso fis ter, avi per, ad rive lar, age lar, apud lar, a fis lar, a fis ter, a far ter, as hi ter, anus lar, a mus lar, arat lar, a minximus, a prata pace, a gallo per, a sive.* Most learned Sir, I intreat you will please to observe, (since I must speak in the vulgar language), that, in the above 43 denominations for females, many of them end with the domestic deity *lar*, to shew that women were chiefly created for family-affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any other author hath made the same remark. I have likewise begun a treatise of *geography*, (the *Anglo-Anglarians* call it erroneously *Jog Ralph I*), *Mei quo te summo fit? Astra canis amiti citi*; *an dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba dos is more populus. An tego is a des arti here.* I have a third treatise to direct young ladies in reading. *Ama dis de Gallis a fine his tori, an dy et Belli anis is ab et ter. Summas eurus Valent in an Dorso ne isthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I canna me fore do mæsti cani males o fallique nat ure*; *na mel i, ac at, arat, amasti, fanda lædi*; *Imæ ad amo usto o*; *a lædi inde edi mite ex ceptas a beasti e verme et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum pari sono dius orno?*

I believe some evil spirit hath got possession of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any power with the D —— of D——, or with any one bishop, or man of power. I did but glance a single word to the D —— about as proper a thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to some other

diſcourſe. You ſay one word of my mouth would do, &c. I believe the rhyme of my word would do juſt as much. Am I not univerſally known to be one who diſlikes all preſent perſons and proceedings? Another writes to deſire, that I would prevail on the Archbiſhop of Dublin * to give him the beſt prebend of St. Patrick's. Let Biſhop Clayton † allow the reſignation, ſince Donellan is provided for. I mentioned to the D——, that Donellan ſhould be Dean of Cork, on purpoſe to forward the reſignation of old Caulfield: but it would not do; though Caulfield ſeems to have ſome hopes, and it is Biſhop Clayton's fault if he does not yield, &c.

LETTER CXXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

‡ *April* 24. 1736.

I Have been very ill for theſe two months paſt with giddineſs and deafneſs, which laſted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered; but ſtill am weak and indolent, not thinking any thingworth my thoughts; and although (I forget what I am going to ſay, ſo it ſerves for nothing), I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs. Whiteway, who is upon all occaſions ſo zealous to vindicate, is one whom I deſire you to chide: for, during my whole ſickneſs, ſhe was perpetually plaguing and ſpunging on me; and

* Dr. John Hoadly.

† Dr Clayton, Biſhop of Cork.

‡ The paragraphs marked with inverted commas, in this and the following letter, were written by Mr. Whiteway, a couſin german of Dr. Swift's.

though

though she would drink no wine herself, yet she increased the expence, by making me force it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, some I reject, some I cannot compass, I mean merry fellows. Mr J. R. never fails. I did within two days past ring him such a peal in relation to you, that he must be the d——l not to consider it. I will use him the same way, if he comes to morrow (which I do not doubt), for a pint of wine. I like your project of a satire on Fairbrother *, who is an arrant rascal in every circumstance.

"Every syllable that is worth reading in this letter, you are to suppose I writ it; the Dean only took the hints from me; but he has put them so ill together, that I am forced to tell you this in my own justification. Had you been worth hanging, you would have come to town this vacation, and I would have shewn you a poem on the legion club. I do not doubt but that a certain person will pretend he writ it, because there is a copy of it in his hand, lying on his table; but do not mind that; for there are some people in the world will say any thing. I wish you could give some account of poor Dr. Sheridan. I hear the reason he did not come to town this Easter, is, that he waited to see a neighbour of his hanged."

Whatever is said in this page by Goody Whiteway, I have not read, nor will read; but assure you, if it relates to me, it is all a lie: for she says you have taught her that art; and, as the world goes, and she takes you for a wise man, she ought to follow your practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own affairs, and of your health; and when will you pay me any money? For, upon my conscience, you have half-starved me.

* See the next letter.

" The plover-eggs were admirable, and the wor-
" ſted for the Dean's ſtockings ſo fine, that not
" one knitter here can knit them."

We neither of us know what the other hath writ; ſo one anſwer will ſerve, if you write to us both, provided you juſtly give us both our ſhare, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that diſorder be better.

" If the Dean ſhould give you any hint about
" money, you need not mind him; for, to my
" knowledge, he borrowed twenty pounds a month
" ago, to keep himſelf alive."

I am ſorry to tell you, that poor Mrs. Whiteway is to be hanged on Tueſday next, for ſtealing a piece of Indian ſilk out of Bradſhaw's ſhop, and did not ſet the houſe on fire, as I adviſed her. I have wrote a very maſterly poem on the legion-club; which, if the printer ſhould be condemned to be hanged for it, you will ſee in a three-penny book; for it is 240 lines. Mrs. Whiteway is to have half the profit and half the hanging.

" The Drapier went this day to the Tholſel as a
" merchant, to ſign a petition to the government
" againſt lowering the gold; where, we hear, he
" made a long ſpeech, for which he will be reckon-
" ed a Jacobite. God ſend hanging does not go
" round."

Your's, &c.

LETTER CXXXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, May 15. 1736.

MRS. Whiteway and I were fretting, raging, ſtorming, and fuming, that you had not ſent a letter

a letter ſince you got to your caban. (for the V conſonant was anciently a B,) I mean Cavan: but, however, we mingled pity; for we feared you had run away from ſchool, and left the key under the door. We were much diſappointed, that the ſpring and beginning of ſummer had not introduced the muſes, and that your now walkable roads had not rouſed your ſpirits. We are here the happieſt people in the univerſe. We have a year and a half before the club will meet, to be revenged further on the clergy, who never offended them: and in England their parliament are following our ſteps, only with two or three ſteps for our one. It is well you have done with the church *; but pray take care to get money, elſe in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin ſchools, as Popiſh and Jacobite. I took leave of the Duke and Ducheſs to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a promiſe to beſtow upon England 25,000 l. a-year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, againſt the petition of all the merchants, ſhopkeepers, &c. to a man. May his own eſtate be lowered the other forty parts; for we now loſe by all gold two and a half *per cent.* He will be a better (that is to ſay, a worſe) man by 60,000 l. than he was when he came over, and the nation better (that is to ſay worſe) by above half a million; beſides the worthy method he hath taken in diſpoſal of employments in church and ſtate. Here is a curſed long libel running about in manuſcript on the legion club. It is in verſe, and the fooliſh town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abuſed (as it is ſaid) in the original; but others have added more, which I never ſaw; though I have once read the true one. I have often given my opinion, that an honeſt man never wiſhed himſelf to be younger. My ſentiment, I find, ought not to have been univerſal, becauſe,

* Dr. Sheridan exchanged his living at Dunboyne, for the ſchool of Cavan.

to

to my ſorrow, I have lived to change. I have ſeen ſince the death of the late Queen (who had few equals before her in every virtue, ſince monarchy began) ſo great a contempt of religion, morality, liberty, learning, and common ſenſe, among us in this kingdom; a hundred degrees beyond what I ever met with in any writer, ancient or modern. I am very confident, that a complete hiſtory of the fooliſh, wicked, weak, malicious, ruinous, factious, unaccountable, ridiculous, abſurd proceedings in this kingdom, would contain twelve large volumes in folio, of the ſmalleſt letter in the largeſt paper. What has Fowlbrother * done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the title ſhall be, *Upon a certain bookſeller (or printer) in Utopia.* —— Mrs. Whiteway will be here to morrow, and ſhe will anſwer your ſincere, open-hearted letter, very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

SIR,

" I am moſt ſincerely obliged to you for all the " civil things you have ſaid to me, and of me to " the Dean. I found the good effects of them this " day: when I waited on him, he received me with " great good-humour; ſaid ſomething had hap- " pened ſince he ſaw me laſt, that had convinced " him of my merit; that he was ſorry he had treat- " ed me with ſo little diſtinction, and that hereaf- " ter I ſhould not be put upon the foot of an hum- " ble companion, but treated like a lady of wit, " and learning, and fortune; that if he could pre- " vail on Dr. Sheridan to part with his wife, he " would make her his friend, his nurſe, and the " manager of his family. I approved entirely of

* Fairbrother. See the laſt letter, and the ſubſequent part of this.

" his

" his choice; and at the ſame time expreſſed my " fears, that it would be impoſſible for you to " think of living without her. This is all that ſticks " with me. But conſidering the friendſhip you " expreſs to me for the Dean, I hope you will be " perſuaded to conſider his good rather than your " own, and ſend her up immediately; or elſe it " will put him to the expence of giving three ſhil- " lings and fourpence for a wife; and he declares, " that the badneſs of pay of his tithes, ſince the " reſolutions of the parliament of Ireland, puts this " out of his power."

I could not gueſs why you were ſo angry at Fowl-brother; till Mrs. Whiteway, who you find is now with me, ſaid it was for publiſhing ſome works of yours and mine like a rogue; which is ſo uſual to their trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on, to deſire that Mrs. Donaldſon * will let me know what I owe her, not in juſtice, but generoſity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to paſs ſome part of the ſummer with you, if health would permit me; for I have ſome club-enemies, that would be glad to ſhoot me, and I do not love to be ſhot: it is a death I have a particular averſion to. But I ſhall henceforth walk with ſervants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my killers; however, I would have them be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr. R—, who (money excepted) is a very honeſt man. How is your breathing? As to myſelf, my life and health are not worth a groat. How ſhall we get wine to to your cabin? I can ſpare ſome; and am preparing diaclum to ſave my ſkin as far as Cavan, and even to Belturbut. Pray God preſerve you.

I am, &c.

* An inn-keeper at Cavan.

LET-

LETTER CXXXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, June 5. 1736.

YOU muſt pay your groat (as if you had been drunk laſt night) for this letter; becauſe I am neither acquainted with any frank cur, nor the of frank king. I am glad you have got the piles, becauſe it is a mark of health and a ſtrong conſtitution. I believe what you ſay of the legion-club poem; for it plainly appears a work of a legion-club; for I hear there are fifty different copies; but what's that to me? And you are in the right, that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ ſo regularly in your life; and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the piles; I mean any piles *, except thoſe of lime and ſtone; and yet piles are not ſo bad as the ſtone. I find you intend to be be here (by your date) in a dozen days hence. The room ſhall be ready for you; though I ſhall never have you in a morning, or at dinner, or in the evening; at all other times I ſhall be peſtered with you. John R——— (for he does not deſerve the name of Jack) is gone to his ſix miles off country-ſeat for the ſummer. I admire at your bill of 10 l. odd; for I thought your firſt was double; or is it an additional one? When you ſatisfy me, I will ſend down to him with a vengeance; although, except that damned vice of avarice, he is a very agreeable

* The author held puns in contempt, but would ſometimes make himſelf merry with them.

man,

man. ——— As to your veniſon, vain is one who expects it. I am checking you for your chickens, and could lamb you for lambs. *Addenda quaedam.*

My wife a-rattling,
My children tattling,
My money ſpent is,
And due my rent is.
My ſchool decreaſing,
My income ceaſing.
All people teaſe me,
But no man pays me.
My worſhip is bit,
By that rogue Niſbet.
To take the right way,
Conſult friend Whiteway.
Would you get ſtill more!
Go flatter Kilmore *.
Your geeſe are old,
Your wife a ſcold.
You live among ill folks in a dunghill.
You never have an old friend at Cavan.

Mrs. Whiteway is ever your friend; but your old ones have forſaken you, as mine have me My head is very bad; and I have juſt as much ſpirits left as a drowned mouſe. Pray do not give yourſelf airs of pretending to have flies in ſummer at Cavan; and ſuch a *no* ſummer as this. I, who am the beſt fly-catcher in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to ſhow my ſkill in that art I believe nothing of your garden improvements; for I know you too well. What you ſay of your leanneſs is incredible; for when I ſaw you laſt, you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free, (which nothing but exerciſe

* Dr. Joſiah Hort, then Biſhop of Kilmore.

can

can give), you may be ſafe with as little fleſh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter juſt before this was ſealed; but I cannot anſwer it now.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

July 10, 1736.

I Received your two letters. The firſt is mingled with Latin and Engliſh, one following the other: now I ſcorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the ſake of order, I will begin with anſwering your ſecond letter before the firſt, becauſe it deſerves one on account of your preſents. From bogs, rivers, mountains, moſſes, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c. — Mrs. Whiteway was pleaſed, although very unjuſtly, to criticiſe upon every curioſity. She ſwears, the paper of gravel was of your own voiding, as ſhe found by the ſmell: that your whole archichoak leaf ſhows its mother to be ſmaller than a nutmeg: and I confeſs you were ſomewhat unwary in expoſing it to cenſure. Your raſberry ſhe compared with the head of a corking-pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were inviſible, and we could not diſtinguiſh the red from the black. Your purſlane paſſed very well with me, but ſhe ſwore it was houſe-leek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine: but will have it, that, for the credit of your town, you would have it born there, although Mrs Donaldſon confeſſes it was ſent her in a box of brown ſugar, and died

as it entered the gates. Mrs Whiteway proceeds further in her malice, declaring your naſturtium to be only a p-ſs a bed; your beans as brown as herſelf, and of the ſame kind with what we fatten hogs in Leiceſterſhire. In one thing ſhe admires your generoſity, that, for her ſake, you would ſpare a drop or two of your canal water, which, by the ſpongy bottom, needs it ſo much. The only defects of them all were, that they wanted colour, ſight, and ſmell; yet, as to the laſt, we both acknowledged them all to exhale a general ſuſtineſs, which however did much reſemble that of your Cavan air.

LETTER CXXXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

I Received your letter, which begun with *lings* *. You have thirteen in all, and I have got but an hundred and ſixty; a trifle! Find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve, which are not entered in a letter; which I will ſend you when health permits, and I have nothing elſe to do; and that may be a twelve-month hence, if my diſorder will let me hold out ſo long. You are born to be happy, for you take the leaſt piece of good fortune chearfully. I ſuppoſe your arithmetic is, that three boys a-week are a hundred and fifty-nine in a year; and ſeven guineas a-week are three hundred and ſixty-five *per annum*. Can you reckon that the county, and the next, and Dublin,

* A termination whimſically applied. See the next letter.

will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen ſhall be lodgers? Does the cheapneſs of things anſwer your expectation? Have you ſent away your late younger-married daughter? and will you ſend away the other? let me deſire you will be very regular in your accounts; becauſe a very honeſt friend of your's and mine tells me, that, with all your honeſty, it is an uneaſy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts, by your frequent forgetfulneſs and confuſion; for you have no notion of regularity; and I do not wonder at it, conſidering the ſcattered, confuſed manner in which you have lived. Mrs. Whiteway thanks you for the good opinion you have of her; and I know ſhe always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I ſhall be able to travel. I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to ſee the Biſhop of Oſſory. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some ſudden turns are every day threatening me with a giddy fit; and my affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a ſcheme of living with you, when the college-green club is to meet: for in theſe times I deteſt the town, and hearing the follies, corruptions, and flaviſh practices of thoſe miſrepreſentative brutes; and reſolve, if I can ſtir, to paſs that whole time at Bath or Cavan. I ſay again, keep very regular accounts, in large books, and a fair hand; not like me, who, to ſave paper, confuſe every thing. Your mind is honeſt, but your memory a knave; and therefore the Scotch mean the ſame thing by *minding*, that we do by *remembering*. Sirrah, ſaid I to a Scotch footman, why did you not go that errand? Becauſe I did not *mind* it, quo' Sawny. A curſe on theſe twenty ſoldiers drumming through my liberty twice a day, and going to a barrack * the government hath placed juſt under

* Called now the *peddle-guard*, and kept within the liberties of St. Patrick's to ſuppreſs riots.

my

my nose. I think of a line in Virgil Travesty. *The d——l cut their yelping weasons.* We expect Lord Orrery and Bishop Rundle next week. —— This letter was intended for last post, but interruptions and horses hindered it. Poor Mrs. Acheson is relapsed at Grange, and worse than ever. I was there yesterday, and met Dr. H——m, who hopes she was a little better. —— 16. Here has no body been hanged, married, or dead, that I hear of. Dr. Grafton is confined by a boil; if you ask him where, he will sell you a bargain. My chief country-companion now is philosopher Webber; for the Grattans and Jacksons are neither to be found at home or abroad, except Robin, who cannot stir a foot.

LETTER CXXXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

April 9. 1737.

ABout a month ago I received your last letter, wherein you complain of my long silence; what will you do when I am so long in answering? I have one excuse which will serve for all my friends; I am quite worn out with disorders of mind and body; a long fit of deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an apprehension of giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratchings and blots before this letter is done: in to the bargain, I have not one

rag of memory left; and my friends have all forſaken me, except Mrs. Whiteway, who preſerves ſome pity for my condition; and a few others, who love wine that coſts them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am juſt as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But to ſpeak in the *Latinitas Grattaniana*, *Tu clamas meretrix primus*; for we have all expected you here at Eaſter, as you were uſed to do —— Your muſter-roll of meat is good, but of drink in ſup port able. Yew wann twine. My ſtreſs Albavia has eaten here all your hung beef, and ſaid it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is, that Miſs Molly hath iſſued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs. Harriſon: which cauſeth many ſpeck you'll aſh owns. — I am now come to the noii me tan jerry, which begg inns with Mad dam. —— So I will go on, by the ſtrength of my own wit, upon points of the higheſt imp or taunts. I have been very curious in conſidering that fruitful word *ling*; which explains many fine qualities in ladies; ſuch as, *grow ling*, *ray ling*, *tip ling*, (ſeldom) *toy ling*, *mumb ling*, *grumb ling*, *cur ling*, *puſs ling*, *buſs ling*, *ſtrow ling*, *ramb ling*, *quarry ling*, *tat ling*, *whiff ling*, *dabb ling*, *doub ling*. Theſe are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower: they have all got cold this winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wether, and dare ink you rabble.—— Well, I triumph over you, Is corn urine cap a city. Pray tell me, does the land of Quilca pay any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? or is there not any part of 50 l to be got? But before you make complaints of ill payments from your ſchool, I will declare I was never ſo ill paid as now, even by my richer debtors I have finiſhed my bill for the laſt time; wherein I left ſome little legacy, which you are not to receive till you ſhall be entirely out of my debt, and paid all you owe me to my executors. And I have made very

very honourable mention of you in the will, as the conſideration of leaving theſe legacies to you.

Explain this proverb. *Salt dry fiſh, and the wedding-gold, is the vice of women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time. The old huncks Shepherd has buried his only ſon, who was a young huncks come to age.

POSTSCRIPT.

Here is a rhyme; it is a ſatire on an inconſtant lover.

You are as faithleſs as a Carthaginian,
To love at once Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny, Anne.

A ſpecimen of Latinitas Grattaniana.

EGO ludam diabolum ſuper duos baculos cum te. Voca ſuper me cras.
Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.
Sine me ſolum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.
Quid peſtis velles tu eſſe apud ?
Ego faciam te fumare.
Duc uxorem veni ſuper.
Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.
Ego faciam te ſecare ſaltum.
Veni, veni, ſolve tuum ſcotum, et fac non plura verba.
Id eſt plus expenſi quam veneratio.
Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventrem plenum.
Ut diabolus voluit habere id.
Quid eſt materia tecum ?
Tu habes vetus proverbiam ſuper tuum latus: Nihil eſt nunquam in periculo.
Cape me apud illud, et ſuſpende me.
Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.

Tu venis in farti tempore.
Eſt formoſus corporatus homo in facie.
Eſne tu ſuper pro omni die?
Morſus: Eſne tu ibi cum tuis urſis?
Ille eſt ex ſuper ſuam ſervationem.
Tu eſt carcer avis.
Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas me ad crinem.
Ego dicam tibi quid: Hic eſt magnus clamor, et parva lana.
Quid! tu es ſuper tuum altum equum.
Tu nunquam ſervaſti tuum verbum.
Hic eſt diabolus et omne agere.
Viſne tu eſſe tam bonus, quam tuum verbum?
Ego faciem porcum vel canem de id.
Ego ſervo hoc pro pluvioſo die.
Ego poſſum facere id cum digito madido.
Prefecto ego habui nullam manum in id.
Eſne tu in aure nido?
Tu eſt homo extranei renis.
Precor, ambula ſuper.
Ego intro non in tuas querelas.
Ego feci amorem virgini honoris.
Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis ſtoltum ita?
Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.
Omnes ſocii apud pedem pilam.
Fœminæ et linteum aſpiciunt optime per candelæ lucem.

LETTER CXXXVII *.

Dr. SWIFT to Dr. SHERIDAN.

I Will on Monday (this is Saturday, May 22. as you will read below in the date) ſend or talk to Mr. Smith: but I diſtruſt your ſanguinity ſo much, (by my own deſponding temper), that I know not whether that affair of your juſticeſhip be fixed; but I ſhall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the Duke and his clan againſt the lowering of gold, which is juſt a kind ſettlement upon England of 25,000 l. a-year for ever. Yet ſome of my friends differ from me, tho' all agree that the abſentees will be juſt ſo much gainers. I am exceſſively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our noſtrils, but our lungs You muſt in ſummer ride every half-holiday. and go to church every Sunday ſome miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy; but they intend far to outdo the original. I wiſh I were to be born next century, when we ſhall be utterly rid of parſons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at preſent; and until your Biſhop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of *Reverend.* I did write him lately a letter with a witneſs, relating to his printer of quadrille, (did you ever ſee it?), with which he half ruined Faulkner. He promiſes (againſt his nature) to conſider him; but interpoſed an excep-

* This ſhould have been dated 22d May 1737, but is not.

tion

tion, which I believe will destroy the whole. Mrs. Whiteway gives herself airs of loving you; but do not trust her too much; for she grows disobedient, and says, she is going for to get another favourite. In short, she calls you names, and has neither Mr. nor Dr. on her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this in spite of me, and, between ourselves, she sets up to be my governor. I wish you had sent me the Christian name of Knatchbull, and I would have writ to him; but I will see him on Monday, if he will be visible. The poem on the legion-club is so altered and enlarged, as I hear, (for I only saw the original), and so damnably murdered, that they have added many of the club to the true number. I hear it is charged to me, with great personal threatnings from the puppies offended. Some say they will wait for revenge to their next meeting; others say the privy-council will summon the suspected author. If I could get the true copy, I would send it you. Your Bishop writes me word, that the real author is manifest by the work. —— Your loss of flesh is nothing, if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with Horace, *Non omnis moriar*; for half my body is already spent.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dear SIR, *Dublin, April* 28. 1739.

THE gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me,

me, which is by no means any ſort of recommendation; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection; and with good reaſon, becauſe they are a numerous race degenerating from their anceſtors, who were of good eſteem for their loyalty and ſufferings in the rebellion of King Charles I. This couſin of mine, who is ſo deſirous to wait on you, is named *Deane Swift* *, becauſe his great grandfather by the grandmother's ſide was Admiral Deane; who having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to ſave his neck by dying a year or two before the reſtoration.

I have a great eſteem for Mr. Deane Swift, who is much the moſt valuable of any in his family. He was firſt a ſtudent in this univerſity, and finiſhed his ſtudies in Oxford; where Dr. King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, aſſured me, that Mr. Swift behaved himſelf with good reputation and credit. He hath a very good taſte for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verſes, and is a perfect maſter, equally ſkilled in the beſt Greek and Roman authors. He hath a true Spirit for liberty, and with all theſe advantages is extremely decent and modeſt. Mr. Swift is heir to the little paternal eſtate of our family at Goodrich in Herefordſhire. My grandfather was ſo perſecuted and plundered two and fifty times, by the barbarity of Cromwell's helliſh crew, (of which I find an account in a book called *Mercurius Ruſticus*), that the poor old gentleman was forced to ſell the better half of his eſtate to ſupport his family. However, three of his ſons had better fortune; for coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchaſed good eſtates here; of which Mr. Deane Swift hath a good ſhare, but with ſome incumbrance.

* Author of *An eſſay upon the life, writings, and character of Dr. Swift*, publiſhed in 1755.

I had

I had a mind that this young gentleman ſhould have the honour of being known to you, which is all the favour I aſk for him; and that if he ſtays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you ſometimes.

I am,

My deareſt friend,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

A LETTER.

DOCTOR,

URE verens is as fit amanto tellus to ris affi. It is as illi geſto me. E veri lædi is a prata pace: ſum arſo denti i curſum at a venture. A manto mari ad rapido cetis a miti folli. Ime metum at Annibal. A tu es de ſe nite ſed ito a lædi in cum pani offa delatoris, præfit in mi lapſu. Dicti camina furiatus, orto præ ventus: his cot is vel vetas fine aſſa hero. Hiſtrix arſo rudi cantabit en durum. His arſis ne ver atqui et. Cæſi, de vilis in uti fora puppi. Præ heris anſer. Surſum denis agrum, a gros, aras calli, as auſi, an empti, an das curvi tori. A pacatoris ſat at ſuperbius, ſed ito Dic; Serra, ærugo, origo, I mæres mi angor in as lapithæ belli: I promiſſu as ſuras urina a gaudi coti intendit; fori de teſta violent parti rogas mi ene mi. As ſuras veni ſonis fit fora paſti. Ima deni ſe; far ab ove ad rumor, ora piper, or a caper in fartorr. Sed ito an ebur nec ſto miſi de; A, goarundo formica ne, lætabo

beat.

beat mi merci. I seda punis mi de lite, ora cupa claret ; an di cæso fore ver. Alludó dic isto callus aras calido deni it. Dic sedi in ager, cantu ride mi mare inani para bootes, ora a nupera sues ? Dic has hyems in his pate. His cum pani i tecum fora veri scilicet o puppis : iras cullum tuenti times a de. Dic, sed, i amabo, i sedi deteStabo, i findit: cantu curabo ? Prædixit an do tellus sum tales. Cannibal a sudo ? Olet Serapis in ure bootes : olet hircum. A curru artis apparent. As sine as ure cotis, it is as Græci assa candelis ; nota sum tuus habet forabo. Atlas tu sed : Serra dicti, sensu arso rude tomis ter deni se, ure nos in mi ars.

Præ se Doctor, musti visit mi par sonas i intendit ? I definit a tu se de nite nec stat his laobora tori ; an de at mi superaturus.

Itis a bova forte nite ago sinceri ritu notis offa define tomus ter almi tori parti at super. Se, musti bipes forum, orno ? An ebur omine has sum veri fine stipes ; I præ ubi sumto fata porcas i intendat sum time for a meri Es ter, orat Cristamas de. As tomi pes, i avum redi in atro.

Is dicor is mari deflet me tecum in tomi cum pani ; for midinis in mi pate. Fori cantherina dea bellet alpha quarter offa miles distans.

Sed ito dic, præis mi lædi Mari abuti orno ? Heris anser ; O, as feras ab lac amore, assuet as Ajax, as meri as an apis, an das redito fartas a marina rodis.

Præbe specus a satur de nec stat superaturus : Ime beaturus Tori roti, as meri assa piper.

Res tore mi in cornu curru stola a satur de. Udi diti se, an das sur as agunto, it istos hamus. Ime comi tuto nugator inani gelu deservit. Atlas tu me sufferat a gallus fora robur. It is veri es ito paca juri. Cani se imas Indis Creta manas ubi ? I cano. Præ surdo me justis. Sed ito dixit quietas alam. Sensu arso pertica nata ni time triumpho

vero

vero prætor; itis notat alto me. I valuit nota quarto vale.

Mi puppi is ſolamins legas i cantu ſim inani errant.

Seras de lite iſto flat ter. Afflat error is redito puta nos inani ars. Sera ſed i, pullus ſum fruitor lætus pullum, an apri coxa bitumen de lite in. Ire alimenta civi lite fora lædi, butio nimis tecum. Itis inveni findito trito humorem. Itis as long a timeas ire membra jumento ſume for a det: at ipſi rogato poto vale: uno Io nomen agro at. I meto non eſt as urnæ, a ſoto mi en enemi; an depedit in hiſco in.

Sinciput Eumenides ago in a furi, Iambicum more care fulto repent it: Atom, cantu culmen fit fora meri cum pani? Atri forum, prædo. Finalis mi delite. Obruit as fine affis inani citi. Ure caris in ops notabit fuſti. Aduncis mi de lite, juſtas a paratis ures; I herum, I encur age, an di ſecundum in almi follis, for a de or ſo.

Tomi adviſu toris toriſque nota peni inani Hanno veri an intereſt. Arma geſti Caro lina has no credit. An das tomi Georgica notabit en dure. Mi cur doctor toral ordinis nupera bootes.

Miſer vi ceto ure datur An. Præ rem embrio hera peni. I ſum times caſtas ipſi ater. I mis terat urus.

Siriam,

Satur de at nite Ures

A humorous Letter to Dr. SHERIDAN *, on a literalia ſcheme of writing.

SIR,

AS you are a famous inſtructor of youth in the learned languages, I cannot doubt of your being willing to encourage all *uſeful inventions*, that may further improve knowledge. I have often lamented

* Swift was naturally fond of ſeeing his works in print; and he was encouraged in this fondneſs by his friend Dr. Sheridan, who had the *cacoethes ſcribendi*, to the greateſt degree, and was continually letting off ſquibs, rockets, and all ſorts of little fire-works from the preſs: by which means he offended many particular perſons, who, although they ſtood in awe of Swift, held Sheridan at defiance. The truth is, the poor Doctor, by nature the moſt peaceable, inoffenſive man alive, was in a continual ſtate of warfare with the minor poets; and they revenged themſelves, or, in the ſtyle of Mr. Bays, often gave him *ſlaſh for ſlaſh*, and *ſinged his feathers*. The affection between Theſeus and Pirithous was not greater than the affection between Swift and Sheridan. But the friendſhip that cemented the two ancient heroes probably commenced upon motives very different from thoſe which united the two modern divines. As in a former letter I drew a picture of Swift's wife, let me here give you ſome ſketches of Swift's friend.

Dr. Sheridan was a ſchoolmaſter, and, in many inſtances, perfectly well adapted for that ſtation. He was deeply verſed in the Greek and Roman languages, and in their cuſtoms and antiquities. He had that kind of good nature, which abſence of mind, indolence of body, and careleſsneſs of fortune, produce; and although not over ſtrict in his own conduct, yet he took care of the morality of his ſcholars, whom he ſent to the univerſity remarkably well grounded in all claſſical learning, and not ill inſtructed in the ſocial duties of life. He was ſlovenly, indigent, and chearful. He knew books much better than men; and he knew the value of money leaſt of all. In this ſituation, and with this diſpoſition, Swift faſtened upon him, as upon a prey with which he intended to regale himſelf, whenever his appetite ſhould prompt him. Sheridan therefore was kept conſtantly within his reach: and the only time he was permitted to go beyond

mented the unneceſſary loſs of time we ſuffer in tranſcribing our thoughts by dividing our words into ſyllables, and writing the vowels at length,

the limits of his chain, was to take poſſeſſion of a living in the county of Cork, which had been beſtowed upon him by the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the preſent Earl of Granville. Sheridan, in one fatal moment, or by one fatal text, effected his own ruin. You will find the ſtory told by Swift himſelf, in vol. 4, p. 84. So that here I need only tell you, that this ill-ſtarred, good natured, improvident man returned to Dublin, unhinged from all favour at court, and even baniſhed from the caſtle But ſtill he remained a punſter, a quibbler, a fidler, and a wit. Not a day paſſed without a rebus, an anagram, or a madrigal. His pen and his fiddleſtick were in continual motion; and yet to little or no purpoſe, if we may give credit to the following verſes, which ſhall ſerve as the concluſion of his poetical character.

With muſic and poetry equally bleſs'd,
A bard thus Apollo moſt humbly addreſs'd:
Great author of poetry, muſic and light,
Inſtructed by thee, I both fiddle and write:
Yet unheeded I ſcrape, or I ſcribble all day,
My tunes are neglected, my verſe flung away.
Thy ſubſtitute here, Vice-Apollo * diſdains,
To vouch for my numbers, or liſt to my ſtrains.
Thy manual ſign he refuſes to put
To the airs I produce from the pen, or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus, and grant
Relief: or reward to my merit, or want.
Though the Dean and Delany † tranſcendently ſhine,
O! brighten one ſolo, or ſonnet of mine
Make one work immortal; 'tis all I requeſt.
Apollo look'd pleas'd, and reſolving to jeſt,
Replied, honeſt friend, I've conſider'd your caſe,
Nor diſlike your unmeaning and innocent face.
Your petition I grant, the boon is not great,
Your works ſhall continue, and here's the receipt,
On a *roundo* ‡ hereafter your fiddleſtrings ſpend,
Write verſes in circles, they never ſhall end.

Orrery.

See a further account of Dr. Sheridan in Dr. Swift's life, prefixed to vol. 1.

* *Dr. Swift.*

† *Now Dean of Down*——*See Swift's will, at the end of this volume.*

‡ *A ſong or peculiar kind of poetry, which returns to the beginning of the firſt verſe, and ſo continues in a perpetual rotation.*

which

which ſo frequently occur; that although they be but five, yet by occurring ſo frequently as they do, they double our labour. Beſides the great loſs of paper, pens and ink, which many among the learned are not ſo well able to ſpare.

I confeſs, that, in this polite and learned age of ours, many laudable attempts have been made for ſome remedy againſt this evil; partly by abbreviating words with apoſtrophes, and partly by lopping the polyſyllables, leaving only one or two at moſt: as thus, 'Tis 'n't, 't'nt, won't, can't, poz, 'pon, rep' phis, and many more. But alas, theſe are poor expedients, and do not go to the root of the diſeaſe.

My ſcheme is much more uſeful and extenſive: although I confeſs myſelf not to be altogether the original inventor. For I obſerve, that the ingenious gentlemen who play at White's chocolate-houſe, have ſome imperfect idea of it; and I have ſeen ſome inſtances of it many years older, but very imperfect. By theſe examples, I have theſe nine years paſt been conſidering the force of letters in our alphabet, with relation to each other; as ſchoolmiſtreſſes teach young children to pronounce them in their horn-books; which is in this manner: A, Be or Bee, See, Dee, E, Ef, Gee, Each or Ach, I or Eye, Ka or Key, El, Em, En, O, Pee or Pe, Qu or Cue, Are or Err, Eſs, Tee or Tea, U or You, double U or double You, Ex, Wy, Izzard. Now this, I ſay, the very gaming lords at the chocolate-houſes have already ſome imperfect notion of, as far as concerns the vowels. The ſame thing alſo men of buſineſs are not ignorant of; for thus three vowels ſhall ſtand. with the ſum affixed, for a good promiſſory note, JOU 20 l.

In ſhort, you need only read the letters as they are pronounced by boys and girls, when they are taught firſt to read, as A, Bee, Cee; and ſix letters ſhall go as far as ten This is only for diſpatch

in writing; of which take the following ſpecimens. But I have materials for a treatiſe to contract words in ſpeaking, which, as this finds encouragement, I ſhall publiſh afterwards.

A letter to your miſtreſs.

DR In ur a but; I ſtm a dit. Ur mpr ndurs. O b ur but ndls. A tr faces ur but. Ur a gm; a gul; a rub. I c a b p q ur i: I b c h u t k a r o ur i, I c q u ar med U r etn; u r yy. U r aprs. I c a pr b for u. I deſire ur pt, ur gnroſet; ur prſpquit; dene, enerit, fablit, ur exlmes apr. Ur a qrioet. Ritr nobls ur log. Ur a qn ma. Ur but dfis apls a pntr. I c ur but preſs ur nmi.

Another letter in the literalia ſtyle.

BT, ur nt; u dfil ur krks dli. I c ur a grr. I ph u. I aqq u. Ur nmii aqq u. Mli aqqs u. Q pd d fi i u. U r r r mprs. U th kt. O g m ni! u a thr. U th a br. Ur ri, I d fi u. I ſk p u. I ſq u. I k tquis u. U a but. Ur rc a but. U rſmbl ur ldr eſtr kt on. I rmmbr dr Ptr. On ſqir. B guptr I cur gloc. Q ep ur tmpr.

A punning Epiſtle on Money.

Worthy Mr PENNYFEATHER,

MAdam Johnſon has been very ill uſed by her ſervants; they put ſhillings into her broth inſtead of groats, which made her ſtamp. I hear they had them from one Tom Ducket, a tenant to Major Noble, who, I am told, is reduced to nine pence. We are doubting whether we ſhall dine at the

the Crown or the Angel. Honeſt Mark Cob, who has been much moydored of late, will dine with us; but Squire Manypenny, and Captain Sterling, deſire to be excuſed; for they are engaged with Ned Silver to dine in Change-alley. They live in great har-mony; they met all-together laſt week, and ſat as lovingly as horſes in a pond. I ſuppoſe you have heard of the rino-ceros lately arrived here. A captain was caſh-eered on Wedneſday. A ſcavenger abuſed me this morning; but I made him down with his duſt, which indeed was a far-thing from my intentions. Mrs. Brent had a piſtole from her; I would a' ginn'ye a good deal for ſuch another. Mrs. Dingley has made a ſouſe for your collared eel. Alderman Coin preſents his ſervice to you. I have nothing but half pens to write with, ſo that you muſt excuſe this ſcrawl. One of my ſeals fell into a chink. I am, without allay, Your moſt obedient,

TOM MITE.

P. S. Mr. Cole preſents his ſervice to you, of which I am a-teſter.

A Letter from a gentleman in the country to his friend in town.

——— *De te*
Fabula narratur.

SIR,

AS you have been pleaſed very generouſly to honour me with your friendſhip, I think myſelf obliged to throw off all diſguiſe, and diſcover to you my real circumſtances; which I ſhall do with all the openneſs and freedom imaginable You will be ſurpriſed at the beginning of my ſtory, and think the whole a joke; but you may depend upon its being actually true, and, if need were, I can bring the parſon of the pariſh to teſtify the ſame.

You must know then, that, at this present time, I live in a poor, little, sorry house of clay, that stands upon the waste, as other cottages do; and what is worst of all, am liable to be turned out at a minute's warning. It is a sort of copyhold tenure; and the custom of the manor is this: for the first thirty years I am to pay no rent, but only to do suit and service, and attend upon the courts, which are kept once a-week, and sometimes oftener: for twenty years after this, I am to pay a rose every year; and further than this, during the remainder of my life, I am to pay a tooth, (which you will say is a whimsical kind of acknowledgement), every two or three years, or oftener, if it be demanded: and when I have nothing more to pay, *out* must be the word, and it will not be long ere my person will be seized. I might have had my tenement (such as it is) upon better terms, if it had not been for a fault of my great-grandfather. He and his wife together, with the advice of an ill neighbour, were concerned in robbing an orchard belonging to the lord of the manor, and so forfeited this great privilege, to my sorrow I am sure. But however, I must do as well as I can, and shall endeavour to keep my house in tolerable repair.

My kitchen, where I dress my victuals, is a comical little roundish sort of a room, somewhat like an oven, it answers very well to the purpose it was designed for, and that is enough. My garrets (or rather my cock-lofts indeed), are very indifferently furnished; but they are rooms which few people regard now, unless to lay lumber in; however, I make shift to rub on in my little way; and when rent-day comes, I must see and discharge it as well as I can.

Whenever I am turned out, I understand my lodge, or whatever you please to call it, descends upon a low-spirited creeping family, remarkable for nothing, but being instrumental in advancing the reputation

reputation of the great Moor in Abchurch-lane *. But be that as it will, I have one ſnug apartment that lies on the left ſide of my houſe, which I reſerve for my chiefeſt friends. It is very warm, where you will always be a welcome gueſt; and you may depend upon a lodging, as long as the edifice ſhall be in the tenure and occupation of,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant.

A Letter from Dr. SWIFT *to the Rev. Mr.* KENDAL, *Vicar of Thornton in Leiceſterſhire* †.

SIR, *Feb.* 11. 1691.

IF any thing made me wonder at your letter, it was your almoſt inviting me to do ſo in the beginning; which indeed grew leſs upon knowing the occaſion, ſince it is what I have heard from more than one in and about Leiceſter. And for the friendſhip between us, as I ſuppoſe yours to be real, ſo I think it would be proper to imagine mine, until you find any cauſe to believe it pretended; tho' I might have ſome quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill beſtowed in complimenting me. And as to that of my great proſpects of making my fortune, on which, as your kindneſs only looks on the beſt ſide, ſo my own cold temper and unconfined humour is much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the ſubject of your letter. I ſhall ſpeak plainly to you, that the very

* An apothecary in London, remarkable for ſelling worm-powder.

† This letter is not in Hawkeſworth's or the Dublin edition. It is taken from the 11th volume of Swift's Miſcellanies, printed at London in 1753.

ordinary

ordinary obſervations I made with going half a mile beyond the univerſity, have taught me experience enough, not to think of marriage, till I ſettle my fortune in the world; which I am ſure will not be in ſome years. And even then itſelf, I am ſo hard to pleaſe, that I ſuppoſe I ſhall put it off to the other world. How all this ſuits with my behaviour to the woman in hand, you may eaſily imagine, when you know that there is ſomething in me which muſt be employed; and, when I am alone, turns all, for want of practice, into ſpeculation and thought; inſomuch, that, in theſe ſeven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again, upon almoſt all manner of ſubjects, more than perhaps any man in England. And this is it, which a perſon of great honour in Ireland (who was pleaſed to ſtoop ſo low as to look into my mind), uſed to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured ſpirit, that would do miſchief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me ſo buſy when I am in company, to turn all that way: and ſince it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common converſation, it is all alike. This is ſo common, that I could remember twenty women in my life, to whom I have behaved myſelf juſt the ſame way, and, I profeſs, without any other deſign, than of entertaining myſelf when I am very idle, or when ſomething goes amiſs in my affairs. This I always have done, as a man of the world, when I had no deſign for any thing grave in it, and what I thought (at worſt) a harmleſs impertinence. But whenever I began to take ſober reſolutions, or (as now) to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Beſides, perhaps in ſo general a converſation among that ſex, I might pretend a little to underſtand where I am, when I go to chuſe for a wife; and think, that though the cunningeſt ſharper of the town may have

have a cheat put upon him, yet it must be cleanlier carried than this, which you think I am going to top upon myself. And truly, if you know how metaphysical I am that way, you would little fear I should venture on one, who has given so much occasion to tongues. For though the people is a lying sort of beast, (and, I think, in Leicester above all parts that I ever was in); yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason; which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am), to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman, any farther than a bare acquaintance, except all things else were agreeable, and that I had mathematical demonstrations for the falsehood of the first, which, if it be not impossible, I am sure is very like it. Among all the young gentlemen that I have known, who have ruined themselves by marrying, (which, I assure you, is a great number), I have made this general rule, That they are either young, raw, and ignorant scholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every silk petticoat includes an angel; or else they have been a sort of honest young men, who perhaps are too literal, in rather marrying than burning, and so entail miseries on themselves and posterity, by an over-acting modesty. I think I am very far excluded from lighting under either of these heads. I confess I have known one or two men of sense enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married, and ruined themselves out of a maggots But a thousand house-hold thoughts, which alway drive matrimony out of my mind whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, fright me from that Besides, I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces those effects. Your hints at particular stories I do not understand, having never heard them but just so hinted I thought it proper to give you this, to shew you how I thank you for your regard of me: and I hope my carriage will be so, as my friends

friends need not be ashamed of the name. I should not have behaved myself after the manner I did in Leicester, if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leicester to be; and so I content myself with retaliation. I hope you will forgive this trouble; and so, with my service to your good wife,

I am,

Good cousin,

Your very * friend and servant,

JON. SWIFT.

* There seems to have been a word omitted here through haste.

A PRAYER

A PRAYER used by the Dean for Mrs. JOHNSON in her last sickness, written Oct. 17. 1727 *.

MOST merciful Father, except our humblest prayers in behalf of this thy languishing servant.

* Mrs. Johnson was the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward, and the concealed, but undoubted wife of Dr. Swift. Sir William Temple bequeathed her in his will 1000 l. as an acknowledgement of her father's faithful services. I cannot tell how long she remained in England, or whether she made more journeys than one to Ireland, after Sir William Temple's death; but, if my informations are right, she was married to Dr. Swift in the year 1716, by Dr. Athe, then Bishop of Clogher.

Stella was a most amiable woman in mind and person. She had an elevated understanding, with all the delicacy and softness of her sex. Her voice, however sweet in itself, was still rendered more harmonious by what she said. Her wit was poignant without severity. Her manners were humane, polite, easy, and unreserved. Wherever she came, she attracted attention and esteem. As virtue was her guide in morality, sincerity was her guide in religion. She was constant, but not ostentatious, in her devotions. She was remarkably prudent in her conversation. She had great skill in music, and was perfectly well versed in all the lesser arts that employ a lady's leisure. Her wit allowed her a fund of perpetual chearfulness: her prudence kept that chearfulness within proper limits. She exactly answered the description of Penelope in Homer:

" A woman lovelieſt of the lovely kind,
" In body perfect, and complete in mind.

Such was Stella: yet, with all these accomplishments, she never could prevail upon Dr Swift to acknowledge her openly as his wife. A great genius must tread in unbeaten paths, and deviate from the common road of life; otherwise surely a diamond of so much lustre might have been publicly produced, although it had been fixed within the collet of matrimony. But the flaw which in Dr. Swift's eye reduced the value of such a jewel, was the servile state of her father, who,

vant, Forgive the ſins, the frailties, and infirmities of her life paſt. Accept the good deeds ſhe hath done, in ſuch a manner, that at whatever time

who, as has been ſaid before, was a menial ſervant to Sir William Temple. Ambition and pride will, at any time, conquer reaſon and juſtice; and each larger degree of pride, like the larger fiſhes of prey, will devour all the leſs. Thus the vanity of boaſting ſuch a wife, was ſuppreſſed by the greater vanity of keeping free from a low alliance.

Dr. Swift and Mrs. Johnſton continued the ſame œconomy of life after marriage, which they had purſued before it. They lived in ſeparate houſes; he remaining at the Deanery, ſhe in lodgings at a diſtance from him, and on the other ſide of the river Liffy. Nothing appeared in their behaviour inconſiſtent with decorum, or beyond the limits of Platonic love. They converſed like friends; but they induſtriouſly took care to ſummon witneſſes of their converſation: A rule to which they adhered ſo ſtrictly, that it would be difficult, if not impoſſible, to prove they had ever been together without ſome third perſon.

A conduct ſo extraordinary in itſelf always gives room for various comments and reflections. But however unaccountable this renunciation of marriage-rights might appear to the world, it certainly roſe not from any conſciouſneſs of too near a conſanguinity between him and Mrs. Johnſon, although the general voice of fame was willing to make them both the natural children of Sir William Temple. I am perſuaded, that Dr. Swift was not of that opinion; becauſe the ſame falſe pride that induced him to deny the legitimate daughter of an obſcure ſervant, might have prompted him to own the natural daughter of ſo eminent a man as Sir William Temple.

There are actions of which the true ſources will never be diſcovered. This perhaps is one. I have told you the fact, in the manner I have received it from ſeveral of Swift's friends and relations; and I muſt leave you to make your own obſervations upon it.

You may imagine, that a woman of Stella's delicacy muſt repine at ſuch an extraordinary ſituation. The outward honours which ſhe received, are as frequently beſtowed upon a miſtreſs, as upon a wife. She was abſolutely virtuous; and yet was obliged to ſubmit to all the appearances of vice, except in the preſence of thoſe few people who were witneſſes of the cautious manner in which ſhe lived with her huſband, who ſcorned even to be married like any other men.

Inward anxiety affected by degrees the calmneſs of her mind, and the ſtrength of her body. She began to decline in her health, in the year 1724; and from the firſt ſymptoms of decay, ſhe rather haſtened than ſhrunk back in the deſcent: tacitly pleaſed to find her footſteps tending to that place where *they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.* She died towards the end of January 1727-8, abſolutely deſtroyed by the peculiarity of her fate; a fate which perhaps ſhe could not have incurred by an alliance with any other perſon in the world. *Orrery.*

See a further account of Stella in Dr. Swift's life, prefixed to vol. I.

thou ſhalt pleaſe to call her, ſhe may be received into everlaſting habitations. Give her grace to continue ſincerely thankful to thee for the many favours thou haſt beſtowed on her, the ability, and inclination, and practice, to do good, and thoſe virtues which have procured the eſteem and love of her friends, and a moſt unſpotted name in the world. O God, thou diſpenſeſt thy bleſſings and thy puniſhments as it becometh infinite juſtice and mercy; and ſince it was thy pleaſure to afflict her with a long, conſtant, weakly ſtate of health, make her truly ſenſible, that it was for very wiſe ends, and was largely made up to her in other bleſſings more valuable and leſs common. Continue to her, O Lord, that firmneſs and conſtancy of mind, wherewith thou haſt moſt graciouſly endued her, together with that contempt of wordly things and vanities, that ſhe hath ſhewn in the whole conduct of her life. O all-powerful Being, the leaſt motion of whoſe will can create or deſtroy a world; pity us, the mournful friends of thy diſtreſſed ſervant, who ſink under the weight of her preſent condition, and the fear of loſing the moſt valuable of our friends: reſtore her to us, O Lord, if it be thy gracious will, or inſpire us with conſtancy and reſignation, to ſupport ourſelves under ſo heavy an affliction. Reſtore her, O Lord, for the ſake of thoſe poor, who, by loſing her, will be deſolate; and thoſe ſick, who will not only want her bounty, but her care and tending; or elſe, in thy mercy, raiſe up ſome other in her place, with equal diſpoſition, and better abilities. Leſſen, O Lord, we beſeech thee, her bodily pains, or give her a double ſtrength of mind to ſupport them. And if thou wilt ſoon take her to thyſelf, turn our thoughts rather upon that felicity which we hope we ſhall enjoy, than upon that unſpeakable loſs we ſhall endure. Let her memory be ever dear unto us; and the example of her many virtues, as far as human

infirmity will admit, our conſtant imitation. Accept, O Lord, theſe prayers, poured from the very bottom of our hearts, in thy mercy, and for the merits of our bleſſed Saviour. *Amen.*

Another, written November 6. 1727 *.

O Merciful Father, who never afflicteſt thy children, but for their own good, and with juſtice, over which thy mercy always prevaileth, either to turn them to repentance, or to puniſh them in the preſent life, in order to reward them in a better; take pity, we beſeech thee, upon this thy poor afflicted ſervant, languiſhing ſo long and ſo grievouſly under the weight of thy hand. Give her ſtrength, O Lord, to ſupport her weakneſs; and patience to endure her pains, without repining at thy correction. Forgive every raſh and inconſiderate expreſſion which her anguiſh may at any time force from her tongue, while her heart continueth in entire ſubmiſſion to thy will. Suppreſs in her, O Lord, all eager deſires of life, and leſſen her fears of death, by inſpiring into her an humble yet aſſured hope of thy mercy. Give her a ſincere repentance for all her tranſgreſſions and omiſſions, and a firm reſolution to paſs the remainder of her life in endeavouring, to her utmoſt, to obſerve all thy precepts. We beſeech thee likewiſe to compoſe her thoughts; and preſerve to her the uſe of her memory and reaſon, during the courſe of her ſickneſs. Give her a true conception of the vanity, folly, and inſignificancy of all human things; and

* Mrs. Johnſon, alias Stella, died on the 28th of January following in the 44th year of her age.

ſtrengthen

ſtrenthen her ſo, as to beget in her a ſincere love of thee in the midſt of her ſufferings. Accept, and impute all her good deeds; and forgive all thoſe offences againſt thee, which ſhe hath repented of, or, through the frailty of memory, hath forgot. And now, O Lord, we turn to thee, in behalf of ourſelves, and the reſt of her ſorrowful friends. Let not our grief afflict her mind, and thereby have an ill effect on her preſent diſtemper. Forgive the ſorrow or weakneſs of thoſe among us, who ſink under the grief and terror of loſing ſo dear and uſeful a friend. Accept and pardon our moſt earneſt prayers and wiſhes for her longer continuance in this evil world, to do what thou art pleaſed to call thy ſervice, and is only her bounden duty; that ſhe may be ſtill a comfort to us, and to all others, who will want the benefit of her converſation, her advice, her good offices, or her charity. And ſince thou haſt promiſed, that where two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midſt of them, to grant their requeſt; O gracious Lord, grant to us who are here met in thy name, that thoſe requeſts, which in the utmoſt ſincerity and earneſtneſs of our hearts, we have now made in behalf of this thy diſtreſſed ſervant, and of ourſelves, may effectually be anſwered; through the merits of Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. *Amen.*

BONS MOTS de STELLA.

A Lady of my intimate acquaintance both in England and Ireland, in which laſt kingdom ſhe lived from the eighteenth year of her age, twenty-ſix years, had the moſt and fineſt accompliſhments of any perſon I ever knew of either ſex. It was obſerved by all her acquaintance, that ſhe never failed in company to ſay the beſt thing that was ſaid, whoever was by; yet her companions were uſually perſons of the beſt underſtanding in the kingdom. Some of us, who were her neareſt friends, lamented that we never wrote down her remarks, and what the French call *bons mots*. I will recollect as many as I can remember.

We were diverting ourſelves at a play, called *What is it like?* One perſon is to think, and the reſt, without knowing the thing, to ſay what it is like. The thing thought on was the ſpleen: ſhe had ſaid it was like an oyſter; and gave her reaſon immediately, becauſe it is removed by taking ſteel inwardly.

Dr. Sheridan, who ſquandered more than he could afford, took out his purſe as he ſat by the fire, and found it was very hot: ſhe ſaid, the reaſon was, that his money burnt in his pocket.

She called to her ſervants to know what ill ſmell was in the kitchen? they anſwered, they were making matches: Well, ſaid ſhe, I have heard matches were made in heaven; but, by the brimſtone, one would think they were made in hell.

After ſhe had been eating ſome ſweet thing, a little of it happened to ſtick on her lips; a gentle-

man

man told her of it, and offered to lick it off; she said, No, Sir, I thank you, I have a tongue of my own.

In the late king's time, a gentleman asked Jervas, the painter, where he lived in London? he answered, Next door to the king, (for his house was near St. James's). The other wondering how that could be; she said, You mistake Mr Jervas, for he only means next door to the *sign* of a king.

A gentleman who had been very silly and pert in her company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of a child lately dead. A bishop sitting by comforted him, that he should be easy, because the child was gone to heaven No, my Lord, said she, that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child there.

Having seen some letters writ by a king in a very large hand, and some persons wondering at them, she said it confirmed the old saying, *That kings had long hands.*

Dr Sheridan, famous for punning, intending to sell a bargain, said, he had made a very good pun. Somebody asked what it was? He answered, My a—. The other taking offence she insisted the doctor was in the right; for every one knew that punning was his *blind side*

When she was extremely ill, her physician said, Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again. She answered, Doctor, I fear I shall be *out of breath* before I get up to the top.

A dull person talking of a very smart thing, said to another person as he came out of the pulpit, he was hammering a long time, but could not remember the jest: she, being impatient, said, I remember it very well, for I was there, and the words were these: Sir, you have been blundering at a story this half-hour, and can neither make head nor tail of it.

A very dirty clergyman of her acquaintance, who affected ſmartneſs and repartee, was aſked by ſome of the company, how his nails came to be ſo dirty? He was at a loſs; but ſhe ſolved the difficulty, by ſaying, The Doctor's nails grew dirty by ſcratching *himſelf*.

A Quaker apothecary ſent her a vial corked; it had a broad brim, and a label of paper about its neck. What is that, ſaid ſhe, my apothecary's ſon? The ridiculous reſemblance, and the ſuddenneſs of the queſtion, ſet us all a-laughing

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS *:

LAWS penned with the utmoſt care and exactneſs, and in the vulgar language, are often perverted to wrong meanings; then why ſhould we wonder that the Bible is ſo?

Although men are accuſed for not knowing their weakneſs, yet perhaps as few know their own ſtrength.

A man ſeeing a waſp creeping into a vial filled with honey, that was hung on a fruit-tree, ſaid thus: Why, thou ſottiſh animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you ſee many hundred of your kind there dying before you? The reproach is juſt, anſwered the waſp: but not from you men, who are ſo far from taking example by other people's follies, that you will not take warning by your own. If, after falling ſeveral times into this vial, and eſcaping by chance, I ſhould fall in again, I ſhould then but reſemble you.

An old miſer kept a tame jackdaw, that uſed to ſteal pieces of money, and hide them in a hole; which the cat obſerving, aſked, why he would hoard up thoſe round ſhining things that he could make no uſe of? Why, ſaid the jack-daw, my maſter has a whole cheſtful, and makes no more uſe of them than I.

Men are contented to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

If the men of wit and genius would reſolve never

* Theſe Thoughts, and the Bons Mots de Stella, ſeem to be part of Sheridan's collection of Contes a Rire, and Bons Mots, mentioned in letter 128.

to

to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

After all the maxims and ſyſtems of trade and commerce, a ſtander-by would think the affairs of the world were moſt ridiculouſly contrived.

There are few countries, which, if well cultivated, would not ſupport double the number of their inhabitants, and yet fewer, where one third part of the people are not extremely ſtinted, even in the neceſſaries of life I ſent out twenty barrels of corn which would maintain a family in bread for a year, and I bring back in return a veſſel of wine, which half a dozen good fellows would drink in leſs than a month, at the expence of their health and reaſon.

A motto for the Jeſuits:

Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?

A man would have but few ſpectators, if he offered to ſhew for three pence how he could thruſt a red-hot iron into a barrel of gunpowder, and it ſhould not take fire *

Query. Whether churches are not dormitories of the living as well as of the dead!

Harry Killegrew ſaid to Lord Wharton, "You "would not ſwear at that rate, if you thought you "were doing God honour."

A copy of verſes kept in the cabinet, and only ſhewn to a few friends, is like a virgin much ſought after and admired; but when printed and publiſhed, is like a common whore, whom any body may purchaſe for half a crown.

Lewis XIV of France ſpent his life in turning a good name into a great.

Since the union of divinity and humanity is the

* See The wonder of wonders, in vol. 5. p. 309.

great

great article of our religion, it is odd to see some clergymen in their writings of divinity wholly devoid of humanity.

The Epicureans began to spread at Rome in the empire of Augustus, as the Socinians, and even the Epicureans too, did in England towards the end of King Charles II.'s reign; which is reckoned, tho' very absurdly, our Augustan age. They both seem to be corruptions occasioned by luxury and peace, and by politeness beginning to decline.

Sometimes I read a book with pleasure, and detest the author.

At a bookseller's shop, some time ago, I saw a book with this title, "Poems by the author of the "Choice *. Not enduring to read a dozen lines, I asked the company with me, whether they had ever seen the book, or heard of the poem from whence the author denominated himself; they were all as ignorant as I. But I find it common with these small dealers in wit and learning, to give themselves a title from their first adventure, as Don Quixote usually did from his last This ariseth from that great importance which every man supposeth himself to be of.

One Dennis, commonly called *the critic*, who had writ a three-penny pamphlet against the power of France, being in the country, and hearing of a French privateer hovering about the coast, altho' he were twenty miles from the sea, fled to town, and told his friends, they need not wonder at his haste; for the King of France having got intelligence where he was, had sent a privateer on purpose to catch him †.

Dr Gee, prebendary of Westminster, who had writ a small paper against Popery, being obliged to travel for his health, affected to disguise his person

* The Rev. Mr. Pomfret, a dissenting minister.

† See An account of the phrenzy of John Dennis, vol. 7. p. 28.

and

and change his name, as he paſſed through Portugal, Spain, and Italy; telling all the Engliſh he met, that he was afraid of being murdered, or put into the inquiſition. He was acting the ſame farce at Paris, till Mr. Prior (who was then ſecretary to the embaſſy) quite diſconcerted the Doctor, by maliciouſly diſcovering the ſecret, and offering to engage body for body, that not a creature would hurt him, or had ever heard of him or his pamphlet

A chambermaid to a lady of my acquaintance, thirty miles from London, had the very ſame turn of thought. When talking with one of her fellow-ſervants, ſhe ſaid, "I hear it is all over London "already, that I am going to leave my lady." And ſo had a footman, who being newly married, deſired his comerade to tell him freely what the town ſaid of it.

When ſomebody was telling a certain great miniſter, that people were diſcontented; "Poh," ſaid he, "half a dozen fools are prating in a coffee-"houſe, and preſently think their own noiſe about "their ears is made by the world."

The death of a private man is generally of ſo little importance to the world, that it cannot be a thing of great importance in itſelf; and yet I do not obſerve, from the practice of mankind, that either philoſophy or nature have ſufficiently armed us againſt the fears which attend it. Neither do I find any thing able to reconcile us to it, but extreme pain, ſhame, or deſpair; for poverty, impriſonment, ill fortune, grief, ſickneſs, and old age, do generally fail.

Whence comes the cuſtom of bidding a woman look upon her apron ſtrings to find an excuſe? Was it not from the apron of fig-leaves worn by Eve, when ſhe covered herſelf, and was the firſt of her ſex, who made a bade excuſe, for eating the forbidden fruit?

I never

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Do not we see how easily we pardon our own actions and passions, and the very infirmities of our bodies; why should it be wonderful to find us pardon our own dulness?

Dignity and station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage, as vanity; nor any which by ill management make so contemptible a figure.

Observation is an old man's memory.

Politics are nothing but corruptions, and are consequently of no use to a good king or a good ministry; for which reason all courts are so full of politics.

Eloquence smooth and cutting, is like a razor whetted with oil.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones, by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business because they are apt to go out of the common road, by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe, that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge, to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a strong hand; whereas, if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.

" He

" He who does not provide for his own houſe," St. Paul ſays, " is worſe than an infidel." And I think, he who provides *only* for his own houſe, is juſt equal with an infidel.

Jealouſy, like fire, may ſhrivel up horns, but it makes them ſtink.

A footman's hat ſhould fly off to every body; and therefore Mercury, who was Jupiter's footman, had wings faſtened to his cap.

When a man pretends love, but courts for money, he is like a juggler, who conjures away your ſhilling, and conveys ſomething very indecent under the hat.

All panegyrics are mingled with an infuſion of poppy

I have known men happy enough at ridicule, who, upon grave ſubjects, were perfectly ſtupid; of which Dr. Echard of Cambridge, who writ *The contempt of the clergy*, was a great inſtance.

One top of Parnaſſus was ſacred to Bacchus, the other to Apollo.

Matrimony hath many children; Repentance, Diſcord, Poverty, Jealouſy, Sickneſs, Spleen, Loathing, *&c.*

Viſion is the art of ſeeing things inviſible.

The two maxims of any great man at court are, Always to keep his countenance; and, Never to keep his word.

I aſked a poor man how he did? He ſaid, he was like a waſhball, always in decay.

Hippocrates, *aph.* 32. *ſect* 6. obſerves, that ſtuttering people are always ſubject to a looſeneſs. I wiſh phyſicians had power to remove the profuſion of words in many people to the inferior parts.

A man dreamed he was a cuckold; a friend told him it was a bad ſign, becauſe when a dream is true, Virgil ſays it paſſes through the horned gate.

Love is a flame; and therefore we ſay, beauty is

attractive; becauſe phyſicians obſerve that fire is a great drawer.

Civis, the moſt honourable name among the Romans; a citizen, a word of contempt among us.

A lady who had gallantries and ſeveral children, told her huſband, he was like the auſtere man, who reaped where he did not ſow

We read that an aſs's head was ſold for eighty pieces of ſilver; they have been lately ſold ten thouſand times dearer, and yet they were never more plentiful.

I muſt complain the cards are ill ſhuffled, till I have a good hand.

Very few men do properly live at preſent, but are providing to live another time.

When I am reading a book, whether wiſe or ſilly, it ſeems to me to be alive, and talking to me.

Whoever live at a different end of the town from me, I look upon as perſons out of the world, and only myſelf and the ſcene about me to be in it.

When I was young, I thought all the world, as well as myſelf, was wholly taken up in diſcourſing upon the laſt new play.

My Lord Cromarti, after fourſcore, went to his country-houſe in Scotland, with a reſolution to ſtay ſix years there, and live thriftily, in order to ſave up money, that he might ſpend in London.

It is ſaid of the horſes in the viſion, that their power was in their mouths and in their tails. What is ſaid of horſes in the viſion, in reality may be ſaid of women.

Elephants are always drawn ſmaller than the life, but a flea always larger.

When old folks tell us of many paſſages in their youth between them and their company, we are apt to think how much happier thoſe times were than the preſent.

Why does the elder ſiſter dance barefoot, when the younger is married before her? Is it not that ſhe

may appear ſhorter, and conſequently be thought younger than the bride?

No man will take counſel, but every man will take money; therefore money is better than counſel.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is) who was not a dunce.

A perſon reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to ſcratch out ſix lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other ſide; whereof the poet complaining, I bid him be eaſy, for it would be better if thoſe were out too.

At Windſor I was obſerving to my Lord Bolingbroke, that the tower where the maids of honour lodged (who at that time were not very handſome) was much frequented with crows. My Lord ſaid, it was becauſe they ſmelt carrion.

The STORY of the INJURED LADY.

Written by herſelf.

IN a Letter to her FRIEND.

With his ANSWER.

SIR,

BEing ruined by the inconſtancy and unkindneſs of a lover, I hope a true and plain relation of my misfortunes may be of uſe and warning to credulous maids, never to put too much truſt in deceitful men.

A gentleman * in the neighbourhood had two miſtreſſes, another and myſelf †; and he pretended honourable love to us both. Our three houſes ſtood pretty near one another. His was parted from mine by a river ‡, and from my rival's by an old broken wall ‖. But before I enter into the particulars of this gentleman's hard uſage of me, I will give a very juſt impartial character of my rival and myſelf.

As to her perſon, ſhe is tall and lean, and very ill ſhaped; ſhe hath bad features, and a worſe complexion; ſhe hath a ſtinking breath, and twenty ill ſmells about her beſides; which are yet more un-

* England.
† Scotland and Ireland.
‡ The Iriſh ſea.
‖ The Picts wall.

ſufferable, by her natural ſluttiſhneſs; for ſhe is always louſy, and never without the itch As to her other qualities, ſhe hath no reputation either for virtue, honeſty, truth, or manners: and it is no wonder, conſidering what her education hath been, Scolding and curſing are her common converſation. To ſum up all; ſhe is poor and beggarly, and gets a ſorry maintenance by pilfering wherever ſhe comes. As for this gentleman, who is now ſo fond of her, ſhe ſtill beareth him an invincible hatred revileth him to his face, and raileth at him in all companies. Her houſe is frequented by a company of rogues, and thieves and pick-pockets, whom ſhe encourageth to rob his henrooſts, ſteal his corn and cattle, and do him all manner of miſchief. She hath been known to come at the head of theſe raſcals, and beat her lover until he was ſore from head to foot, and then force him to pay for the trouble ſhe was at. Once attended with a crew of raggamuffins, ſhe broke into his houſe, turned all things topſy-turvy, and then ſet it on fire. At the ſame time ſhe told ſo many lies among his ſervants, that it ſet them all by the ears, and his poor ſteward * was knocked on the head; for which I think, and ſo doth all the country, that ſhe ought to be anſwerable. To conclude her character: ſhe is of a different religion, being a Preſbyterian of the moſt rank and virulent kind, and conſequently having an inveterate hatred to the church; yet I am ſure, I have been always told, that in marriage there ought to be an union of minds as well as of perſons.

I will now give my own character: and ſhall do it in few words, and with modeſty and truth.

I was reckoned to be as handſome as any in our neighbourhood, until I became pale and thin with grief and ill uſage. I am ſtill fair enough, and have, I think, no very ill feature about me. They

* Charles I.

that

that see me now, will hardly allow me ever to have had any great share of beauty; for, besides being so much altered, I go always mobbed, and in an undress, as well out of neglect, as indeed for want of cloaths to appear in. I might add to all this, that I was born to a good estate, although it now turneth to little account, under the oppressions I endure, and hath been the true cause of all my misfortues.

Some years ago this gentleman taking a fancy either to my person or fortune, made his addresses to me; which, being then young and foolish, I too readily admitted. He seemed to use me with so much tenderness, and his conversation was so very engaging, that all my constancy and virtue were too soon overcome; and, to dwell no longer upon a theme that causeth such bitter reflections, I must confess with shame, that I was undone by the common arts practised upon all easy credulous virgins, half by force, and half by consent, after solemn vows and protestations of marriage. When he had once got possession, he soon began to play the usual part of a too fortunate lover, affecting on all occasions to shew his authority, and to act like a conqueror. First, he found fault with the government of my family, which I grant was none of the best, consisting of ignorant illiterate creatures; for at that time I knew but little of the world. In compliance to him, therefore, I agreed to fall into his ways and methods of living. I consented that his steward should govern my house, and have liberty to employ an under-steward *, who would receive his directions. My lover proceeded farther, turning away some old servants and tenants, and supplying me with others from his own house. These grew so domineering and unreasonable, that there was no quiet, and I heard of nothing but

* Lord Lieutenant.

perpetual quarrels; which although I could not poſſibly help, yet my lover laid all the blame and puniſhment upon me; and, upon every falling out, ſtill turned away more of my people, and ſupplied me in their ſtead with a number of fellows and dependents of his own, whom he had no other way to provide for. Overcome by love, and to avoid noiſe and contention, I yielded to all his uſurpations; and finding it in vain to reſiſt, I thought it my beſt policy, to make my court to my new ſervants, and draw them to my intereſts. I fed them from my own table with the beſt I had, put my new tenants on the choice parts of my land, and treated them all ſo kindly, that they began to love me as well as their maſter. In proceſs of time all my old ſervants were gone, and I had not a creature about me, nor above one or two tenants, but what were of his chuſing; yet I had the good luck, by gentle uſage, to bring over the greateſt part of them to my ſide. When my lover obſerved this, he began to alter his language; and to thoſe who inquired about me, he would anſwer, that I was an old dependent upon his family, whom he had placed on ſome concerns of his own; and he began to uſe me accordingly, neglecting by degrees all common civilities in his behaviour. I ſhall never forget the ſpeech he made me one morning, which he delivered with all the gravity in the world. He put me in mind of the vaſt obligations I lay under to him, in ſending me ſo many of his people for my own good, and to teach me manners: that it had coſt him ten times more than I was worth to maintain me: that it had been much better for him if I had been damned, or burnt, or ſunk to the bottom of the ſea: that it was but reaſonable I ſhould ſtrain myſelf as far as I was able, to reimburſe him ſome of his charges: that, from henceforward, he expected his word ſhould be a law to me in all things: that I muſt maintain a pariſh watch againſt thieves and

and robbers, and give ſalaries to an oveeſeer, a conſtable, and others, all of his own chuſing, whom he would ſend from time to time to be ſpies upon me; that, to enable me the better in ſupporting theſe expences, my tenants ſhall be obliged to carry all their goods croſs the river, to his own town-market, and pay toll on both ſides, and then ſell them at half value. But becauſe we were a naſty ſort of people, and that he could not endure to touch any thing we had a hand in, and likewiſe, becauſe he wanted work to employ his own folks, therefore we muſt ſend all our goods to his market juſt in their naturals; the milk immediately from the cow, without making it into cheeſe or butter; the corn in the ear; the graſs as it is mowed; the wool as it cometh from the ſheep's back; and bring the fruit upon the branch, that he might not be obliged to eat it after our filthy hands; that, if a tenant carried but a piece of bread and cheeſe to eat by the way, or an inch of worſted to mend his ſtockings, he ſhould forfeit his whole parcel; and becauſe a company of rogues uſually plied on the river between us, who often robbed my tenants of their goods and boats, he ordered a waterman of his to guard them, whoſe manner was, to be out of the way until the poor wretches were plundered; then to overtake the thieves, and ſeize all as lawful prize to his maſter and himſelf. It would be endleſs to repeat a hundred other hardſhips he hath put upon me; but it is a general rule, that whenever he imagines the ſmalleſt advantage will redound to one of his footboys, by any new oppreſſion of me and my whole family and eſtate, he never diſputeth it a moment. All this hath rendered me ſo very inſignificant and contemptible at home, that ſome ſervants, to whom I pay the greateſt wages, and many tenants, who have the moſt beneficial leaſes, are gone over to live with him; yet I am bound to continue their wages,

and

and pay their rents: by which means one third part of my whole income is ſpent on his eſtate, and above another third by his tolls and markets; and my poor tenants are ſo ſunk and impoveriſhed, that inſtead of maintaining me ſuitably to my quality, they can hardly find me cloaths to keep me warm, or provide the common neceſſaries of life for themſelves.

Matters being in this poſture between me and my lover; I received intelligence, that he had been for ſome time making very preſſing overtures of marriage to my rival, until there happened ſome miſunderſtandings between them. She gave him ill words, and threatened to break off all commerce with him. He, on the other ſide, having either acquired courage by his triumphs over me, or ſuppoſing her as tame a fool as I, thought at firſt to carry it with a high hand; but hearing at the ſame time, that ſhe had thoughts of making ſome private propoſals to join with me againſt him, and doubting, with very good reaſon, that I would readily accept them, he ſeemed very much diſconcerted. This I thought was a proper occaſion to ſhew ſome great example of generoſity and love; and ſo, without further conſideration, I ſent him word, that hearing there was like to be a quarrel between him and my rival, notwithſtanding all that had paſſed, and without binding him to any conditions in my own favour, I would ſtand by him, againſt her and all the world, while I had a penny in purſe, or a petticoat to pawn. This meſſage was ſubſcribed by all my chief tenants; and proved ſo powerful, that my rival immediately grew more tractable upon it. The reſult of which was, that there is now a treaty of marriage * concluded between them; the wedding-cloaths are bought, and nothing remaineth but to perform the ceremony, which is put off for ſome

* Treaty of Union.

days,

days, because they design it to be a public wedding. And, to reward my love, constancy, and generosity, he hath bestowed on me the office of being sempstress to his grooms and footmen, which I am forced to accept or starve. Yet, in the midst of this my situation, I cannot but have some pity for this deluded man, to cast himself away on an infamous creature; who, whatever she pretendeth, I can prove, would at this very minute rather be a whore to a certain great man, that shall be nameless, if she might have her will. For my part, I think, and so doth all the country too, that the man is possessed; at least none of us are able to imagine what he can possibly see in her, unless she hath bewitched him, or given him some powder.

I am sure I never sought this alliance; and you can bear me witness, that I might have had other matches; nay, if I were lightly disposed, I could still perhaps have offers, that some, who hold their heads higher, would be glad to accept. But alas! I never had any such wicked thought; all I now desire is, only to enjoy a little quiet, to be free from the persecutions of this unreasonable man, and that he will let me manage my own little fortune to the best advantage; for which I will undertake to pay him a considerable pension every year, much more considerable than what he now gets by his oppressions; for he must needs find himself a loser at last, when he hath drained me and my tenants so dry, that we shall not have a penny for him or ourselves. There is one imposition of his I had almost forgot, which I think insufferable, and will appeal to you or any reasonable person, whether it be so or not. I told you before, that, by an old compact, we agreed to have the same steward; at which time I consented likewise to regulate my family and estate by the same method with him, which he then shewed me written down in form, and I approved of. Now, the turn he thinks fit to give this compact of

ours.

ours is very extraordinary; for he pretends, that whatever orders he ſhall think fit to preſcribe for the future in his family, he may, if he will, compel mine to obſerve them, without aſking my advice, or hearing my reaſons. So that I muſt not make a leaſe without his conſent, or give any directions for the well governing of my family, but what he countermands whenever he pleaſeth. This leaveth me at ſuch confuſion and uncertainty, that my ſervants know not when to obey me, and my tenants, although many of them be very well inclined, ſeem quite at a loſs.

But I am too tedious upon this melancholy ſubject; which, however, I hope, you will forgive, ſince the happineſs of my whole life dependeth upon it. I deſire you will think a while, and give your beſt advice what meaſures I ſhall take with prudence, juſtice, courage, and honour, to protect my liberty and fortune againſt the hardſhips and ſeverities I lie under from that unkind, inconſtant man.

The ANSWER to the INJURED LADY.

MADAM,

I Have received your Ladyſhip's letter, and carefully conſidered every part of it; and ſhall give you my opinion how you ought to proceed for your own ſecurity. But, firſt, I muſt beg leave to tell your Ladyſhip, that you were guilty of an unpardonable weakneſs t'other day, in making that offer to your lover, of ſtanding by him in any quarrel he might have with your rival. You know very well, that ſhe began to apprehend he had deſigns of uſing her as he had done you; and common prudence might have directed you, rather to have entered

entered into ſome meaſures with her for joining againſt him, until he might, at leaſt, be brought to ſome reaſonable terms: but your invincible hatred to that lady hath carried your reſentments ſo high, as to be the cauſe of your ruin. Yet if you pleaſe to conſider, this averſion of yours began a good while before ſhe became your rival, and was taken up by you and your family in a ſort of compliment to your lover, who formerly had a great abhorrence for her. It is true, ſince that time you have ſuffered very much by her incroachments upon your eſtate, but ſhe never pretended to govern or direct you: and now you have drawn a new enemy upon yourſelf; for I think you may count upon all the ill offices ſhe can poſſibly do you by her credit with her huſband; whereas, if inſtead of openly declaring againſt her, without any provocation, you had ſat ſtill a while, and ſaid nothing, that gentleman would have leſſened his ſeverity to you out of perfect fear. This weakneſs of yours you call generoſity; but I doubt there was more in the matter. In ſhort, Madam, I have good reaſons to think you were betrayed to it by the pernicious counſels of ſome about you: for, to my certain knowledge, ſeveral of your tenants and ſervants, to whom you have been very kind, are as arrant raſcals as any in the country. I cannot but obſerve what a mighty difference there is in one particular between your Ladyſhip and your rival. Having yielded up your perſon, you thought nothing elſe worth defending; and therefore you will not now inſiſt upon theſe very conditions for which you yielded at firſt. But your Ladyſhip cannot be ignorant, that ſome years ſince your rival did the ſame thing, and upon no conditions at all; nay, this gentleman kept her as a miſs, and yet made her pay for her very diet and lodging. But, it being at a time when he had no ſteward, and his family out of order, ſhe ſtole away, and hath now got the trick very well known among the

the women of the town, to grant a man the favour over night, and the next day have the impudence to deny it to his face. But it is too late to reproach you with any former overſights, which cannot now be rectified. I know the matters of fact, as you relate them, are true and fairly repreſented. My advice therefore is this: Get your tenants together as ſoon as you conveniently can, and make them agree to the following reſolutions.

Firſt, That your family and tenants have no dependence upon the ſaid gentleman, further than by the old agreement, which obligeth you to have the ſame ſteward, and to regulate your houſehold by ſuch methods as you ſhall both agree to.

Secondly, That you will not carry your goods to the market of his town, unleſs you pleaſe, nor be hindered from carrying them any where elſe.

Thirdly, That the ſervants you pay wages to, ſhall live at home, or forfeit their places.

Fourthly, That whatever leaſe you make to a tenant, it ſhall not be in his power to break it.

If he will agree to theſe articles, I adviſe you to contribute as largely as you can to all charges of pariſh and county.

I can aſſure you, ſeveral of that gentleman's ableſt tenants and ſervants are againſt his ſevere uſage of you, and would be glad of an occaſion to convince the reſt of their error, if you will not be wanting to yourſelf.

If the gentleman refuſes theſe juſt and reaſonable offers, pray let me know it, and perhaps I may think of ſomething elſe that will be more effectual.

I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's, &c.

A Consultation of four Physicians upon a Lord that was dying.

First Doctor. IS his honor sic? Præ lætus felis puls. It do es beat veris loto de.

Second Doctor. No notis as qui caffi e ver fel tu metri it. Inde edit as fastas an alarum, ora fire bellat nite.

Third Doctor. It is veri hi.

Fourth Doctor. Noto contra dictu in mi juge mentitis veri loto de. It is as orta maladi sum callet. Here e ver id octo reti resto a par lori na mel an coli post ure.

First Doctor. It is a megri mas I opi ne.

Second Doctor. No docto rite quit fora quin si. Heris a plane sim tomo fit. Sorites Para celsus: præ re adit.

First Doctor. Nono doctor I never quo te aqua casu do.

Second Doctor. Sum arso: mi autoris no ne.

Third Doctor. No quare lingat præ senti des ire. His honor is sic offa colli casure as i sit here.

Fourth Doctor. It is æther an atro phi ora colli casu sed. Ire membri re ad it in doctor me ades esse, here itis

Third Doctor. I ne ver read apage init, no re ver in tendit.

Second Doctor. Fer ne lis offa qui te deferent noti o nas i here.

First Doctor. Notis ab ludi fluxit is veri plene.

Second Doctor. I fitis a fluxit me re qui re ac lis ter.

Third Doctor. I a ver his caffis venere a laffi disco-

ver edit in as hanc cor; an da poli pus in his no ſc. An di ſit be as i cetis, ago no rea me en ſue.

Firſt Doctor. It is ad ange rus caſas ani.

Fourth Doctor I mus tellure alitis ago uti humor in his belli. Hi ſto macto is empti.

Firſt Doctor. It me bea pluri ſi; avo metis veri pro per fora manat his age.

Second Doctor Ure par donat preſenti des ire; his dis eas is a cataride clare it

Third Doctor. Atlas tume findit as tone in his quid ni es.

Fourth Doctor. It is alea pro ſi fora uti ſe. Præ hos his a poti cari? cantu tellus Ab lis ter me bene ceſſa riſum decens. It is as urem edi in manicas es.

Third Doctor. I findit iſto date tot hinc offa rem edi; fori here his honor is de ad.

Second Doctor. His time is cum.

Firſt Doctor. Is it trudo ut hinc?

Fourth Doctor. It is veri certa in. His par is belli ſto ringo ut foris de partu re

Third Doctor. Næ, i ſis ecce lens is de ad lætus en dum apri eſto præ foris ſole. His honor has bina cato liquor a de iſti here.

Firſt Doctor. Alor dis ſum times as tingi as an uſu reris.

Second Doctor. A pi ſtolis aligo time a verbi mi at en dans fora forte nite.

Third Doctor. O mei ne vera tendo na nil ordinis ſic nes ani more.

Fourth Doctor. Api ſtolis ne a quin in a nil ordo ſis qua liti; ſum pes fore times more. It iſtos mala ſito a doctor o ſis hic.

Second Doctor. Lætus paco ſitis time.

Firſt Doctor. Abigo ditis hi time inde editis forus alto fallas campe ringo fas faſtas arato ut offa da iri; fori fera bea tinge veri minute; bimi ſolido. His lac quis, an das turdis auſſi ſto ut valet is readi forus.

Second Doctor. Ali feris ab aſt in a do, fori here ano is at adis ſtans.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the honour of the KINGDOM of IRELAND.

THIS is to inform the public, that a gentleman of long ſtudy, obſervation, and experience, hath employed himſelf for ſeveral years in making collections of facts relating to the conduct of divines, phyſicians, lawyers, ſoldiers, merchants, traders, and eſquires; containing an hiſtorical account of the moſt remarkable corruptions, frauds, oppreſſions, knaveries, and perjuries; wherein the names of all the perſons concerned ſhall be inſerted at full length, with ſome account of their families and ſtations.

But, whereas the ſaid gentleman cannot complete his hiſtory without ſome aſſiſtance from the public, he humbly deſires, that all perſons who have any memoirs, or accounts, relating to themſelves, their families, their friends, or acquaintance, which are well atteſted, and fit to enrich the work, will pleaſe to ſend them to the printer of this advertiſement: and if any of the ſaid perſons, who are diſpoſed to ſend materials, happen to live in the country, it is deſired their letters may be either franked, or the poſt paid.

This collection is to commence with the year 1700, and be continued to the preſent year 1738. The work is to be intitled, "The author's critical "hiſtory of his own times."

It is intend to be printed by ſubſcription, in a large octavo; each volume to contain five hundred facts. and to be ſold for a Britiſh crown. The author propoſeth that the whole work (which will

take in the period of thirty eight years) ſhall be contained in eighteen volumes.

Whoever ſhall ſend the author any accounts of perſons who have performed any acts of juſtice, charity, public ſpirit, gratitude, fidelity, or the like, atteſted by indubitable witneſſes within the ſame period; the ſaid facts ſhall be printed, by way of appendix, at the end of each volume, and no addition to the price of the work demanded. But leſt ſuch perſons may apprehend, that the relating of theſe facts may be injurious to their reputations, their names ſhall not be ſet down without particular direction.

N. B. There will be a ſmall number printed on royal paper for the curious, at only two Britiſh crowns. There will alſo be the effigies of the moſt eminent perſons mentioned in this work, prefixed to each volume, curiouſly ingraved by Mr. Hogarth.

Subſcriptions are taken in by the printer hereof, and by the bookſellers of London and Dublin.

A character of P——TE M——N.

M—— has the reputation of moſt profound and univerſal learning; this is the general opinion, neither can it be eaſily diſproved. An old ruſty iron cheſt in a banker's ſhop, ſtrongly locked, and wonderful heavy, is full of gold; this is the general opinion, neither can it be diſproved, provided the key be loſt, and what is in it be wedged ſo cloſe that it will not by any motion diſcover the metal by the chinking. Doing good is his pleaſure; and as no man conſults another in his pleaſures, neither does he in this; by his aukwardneſs and unadviſedneſs diſappointing his own good deſigns. His high ſtation hath placed him in the way of great employments; which, without the leaſt poliſhing his native ruſticity, have given him a tincture of pride and ambition But theſe vices would have paſſed concealed under his natural ſimplicity if he had not endeavoured to hide them by art. His diſpoſition to ſtudy is the very ſame with that of an uſurer to hoard up money, or of a vitious young fellow to a wench; nothing but avarice and evil concupiſcence, to which his conſtitution has fortunately given a more innocent turn. He is ſordid and ſuſpicious in his domeſtics, without love or hatred; which is but reaſonable, ſince he has neither friend nor enemy; without joy or grief; in ſhort, without all paſſions but fear, to which of all others he hath leaſt temptation, having nothing to get or to loſe, no poſterity, relation, or friend, to be ſolicitous about; and placed by his ſtation above the reach of fortune or envy. He hath found out the ſecret of preferring men without deſerving their thanks; and

where he dispenses his favours to persons of merit, they are less obliged to him than to fortune, He is the first of human race, that, with great advantages of learning, piety, and station, ever escaped being a great man. That which relishes best with him, is mixed liquor and mixed company, and he is seldom unprovided with very bad of both He is so wise to value his own health more than other mens noses; so that the most honourable place at his table is much the worst, especially in summer. It hath been affirmed, that originally he was not altogether devoid of wit, till it was extruded from his head to make room for other mens thoughts. He will admit a governor, provided it be one who is very officious and diligent, outwardly pious, and one that knows how to manage and make the most of his fear. No man will be either glad or sorry at his death, except his successor.

The blunders, deficiencies, diſtreſſes, and misfortunes of QUILCA.

Propoſed to contain one and twenty volumes in quarto. Begun April 20. 1724 To be continued weekly, if due encouragement be given.

BUT one lock and a half in the whole houſe.
The key of the garden-door loſt.
The empty bottles all uncleanable.
The veſſels for drink few and leaky.
The new houſe all going to ruin before it is finiſhed
One hinge of the ſtreet-door broke off, and the people forced to go out and come in at the back-door.
The door of the Dean's bed-chamber full of large chinks.
The beaufet letting in ſo much wind that it almoſt blows out the candles.
The Dean's bed threatening every night to fall under him.
The little table looſe and broken in the joints.
The paſſages open over head, by which the cats paſs continually into the cellar, and eat the victuals; for which one was tried, condemned, and executed by the ſword.
The large table in a very tottering condition.
But one chair in the houſe fit for ſitting on, and that in a very ill ſtate of health.
The kitchen perpetually crouded with ſavages.
Not a bit of mutton to be had in the country.
Want of beds, and a mutiny thereupon among the ſervants, till ſupplied from Kells.

An

An egregious want of all the moſt common neceſſary utenſils.

Not a bit of turf this cold weather, and Mrs. Johnſon and the Dean in perſon, with all their ſervants, forced to aſſiſt at the bog in gathering up the wet bottoms of old clamps.

The grate in the ladies bed-chamber broke, and forced to be removed, by which they were compelled to be without fire; the chimney ſmoking intolerably; and the Dean's great coat was employed to ſtop the wind from coming down the chimney, without which expedient they muſt have been ſtarved to death.

A meſſenger ſent a mile to borrow an old broken tun diſh.

Bottles ſtopped with bits of wood and tow inſtead of corks.

Not one utenſil for a fire, except an old pair of tongs, which travels through the houſe, and is likewiſe employed to take the meat out of the pot, for want of a fleſh-fork.

Every ſervant an arrant thief as to victuals and drink, and every comer and goer as arrant a thief of every thing he or ſhe can lay their hands on.

The ſpit blunted with poking into bogs for timber, and tears the meat to pieces.

Bellum atque fæminam: or, A kitchen-war between nurſe and a naſty crew of both ſexes; ſhe to preſerve order and cleanlineſs, they to deſtroy both; and they are generally conquerors.

April 28. This morning the great fore-door quite open, dancing backwards and forwards with all its weight upon the lower hinge, which muſt have been broken, if the Dean had not accidentally come and relieved it.

A great hole in the floor of the ladies chamber, every hour hazarding a broken leg.

Two

Two damnable iron ſpikes erect on the Dean's bed ſtead, by which he is in danger of a broken ſhin at riſing and going to bed.

The ladies and Dean's ſervants growing faſt into the manners and thievries of the natives; the ladies themſelves very much corrupted; the Dean perpetually ſtorming, and in danger of either loſing all his fleſh, or ſinking into barbarity for the ſake of peace.

Mrs. Dingley full of cares for herſelf, and blunders, and negligence for her friends, Mrs. Johnſon ſick and helpleſs. The Dean deaf and fretting; the lady's maid aukward and clumſy; Robert lazy and forgetful; William a young pragmatical, ignorant, and conceited puppy; Robin and nurſe the two great and only ſupports of the family.

Bellum lacteum; or, The milky battle, fought between the Dean and the crew of Quilca; the latter inſiſting on the privilege of not milking till eleven in the forenoon; whereas Mrs. Johnſon wanted milk at eight for her health. In this battle the Dean got the victory: but the crew of Quilca begin to rebel again; for it is this day almoſt ten o'clock, and Mrs. Johnſon hath not got her milk.

A proverb on the lazineſs and lodgings of the ſervants, "The worſe their ſtye, the longer they lie."

Two great holes in the wall of the ladies bedchamber, juſt at the back of the bed, and one of them directly behind Mrs. Johnſon's pillow, either of which would blow out a candle in the calmeſt day.

A modeſt

A modeſt DEFENCE of a late POEM by an unknown author, called, THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM *.

Written in the year 1732.

[The poem on the Lady's Dreſſing-room having given offence to a few ſqueamiſh ladies, and ſome fine gentlemen, it was thought proper to publiſh the following defence.]

A Poem, or pamphlet, publiſhed in this kingdom without a name, will not long want one, if the paper maketh any noiſe.

There is a certain perſon of diſtinction among us, who is conjectured to have written many things, both in proſe and verſe, for the ſervice of the nation, which undoubtedly were publiſhed with his own conſent. It is alſo believed, that he has compoſed others occaſionally, for the amuſement of himſelf and a few intimate friends; which, by the indiſcretion of others, were, from ſtolen and incorrect copies, dragged into light.

But I hold it for certain, that a much greater number have, by the boldneſs of printers and the want of judgement in readers, been charged upon that author, wherein he never had the ſmalleſt finger, as I am aſſured he hath often declared; and, which is remarkable, was as free in diſowning ſome writings charged upon him, of which he had no reaſon to be aſhamed, as he could be of the meaneſt productions of Hibernian Grub-ſtreet.

As to thoſe fatal verſes, called The Lady's Dreſ-

* See this poem in vol. viii. p. 143.

ſing-

ſing-room, which have ſo highly inflamed the whole ſex, (except a very few of better judgement); as I can by no means juſtify the vulgar opinion, that ſeemeth to fix it upon a perſon ſo well known for works of a very different nature; ſo I cannot but lament the prevailing ill taſte among us, which is not able to diſcover that uſeful ſatire running thro' every line, and the matter as decently wrapped up as it is poſſible the ſubject could bear.

Cleanineſs hath, in all polite ages and nations, been eſteemed the chief corporal perfection in women; as it is well known to thoſe who are converſant with the ancient poets. And ſo it is ſtill among the young people of judgement and ſobriety, when they are diſpoſed to marry. And I do not doubt, but that there is a great number of young lain this town and kingdom, who, in reading that poem, find great complacency in their own minds, from a conſciouſneſs, that the ſatirical part in the Lady's Dreſſing-room doth not in the leaſt affect them.

Wherefore it is manifeſt, that no poem was ever written with a better deſign for the ſervice of the ſex: wherein our author hath obſerved, to a title, the precepts of his maſter Horace; or, indeed, rather hath gone very far beyond him, in the article of decency.

That great poet, inſtructing us what actions are fitteſt to be produced openly upon the ſcene, and which are moſt proper to be only related to the audience, goeth many lengths beyond the author of the Lady's Dreſſing-room; for, at the ſame inſtant when he ſaith, ſome actions ſhould not appear as done upon the ſtage, he allows, they may be recited with pleaſure and elegance; and yet when he cometh to particulars, his recital is extremely groſs, and ſo are his very precepts which forbid the actions: that if our infinitely more modeſt author had imitated his maſter's ſtyle, the whole world might,

might, with great appearance of reaſon, have been up in arms againſt him.

Therefore, to ſet theſe two poets in a true light, I have ventured, for the ſatisfaction of both ſexes, to tranſlate as literally as I could, ten lines in Horace, upon the very ſame ſubject, which our author hath handled with a decency ſo far ſuperior to his Roman maſter.

To juſtify the truth of my tranſlation, I deſire all fine gentlemen and ladies will appeal from me to the information of the learned, that I may be wholly clear from the leaſt cenſure of miſrepreſenting ſo great an authority; for, indeed, if I have been guilty of any fault, it is in palliating the groſs expreſſions in the original, and ſoftening them very much to the politeneſs of the preſent age.

The Latin is word for word as follows.

Aut agitur res in ſcenis, aut acta refertur,
Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator. Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in ſcenam; multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia preſens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus.
Aut in avem Progne vertetur. Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.

The literal tranſlation whereof is thus.

Some ladies do their need before your face:
Some only tell the action and the place.
Our mind is leſs provok'd by what it hears,
Than what the fact before our eyes appears.
In cloſet dark, your cedar-box be hid;
Not in a parlour ſhown without the lid.
Some actions muſt be always out of ſight,
Yet, elegantly told, may give delight.

Nurſe muſt not hold the child, and cry *Hee Hee*,
When Madam and her friends are o'er their tea.
Atreus, with ladies by, miſtakes his wit,
In new-born t——s to run a red-hot ſpit.
Miſs Progne muſt not cry, *A bird, a bird!*
Before good company, and ſhew a t—— d.
Cadmus, who voids out worms of monſtrous ſize,
In mere good manners ſhould deceive our eyes;
Muſt do his dirty work behind the ſcene,
And ere he ſhews the vermin, wipe them clean.
To bring ſuch odious objects full in view,
Tho' fools may laugh, 'twill make a wiſe man ſpue.

I deſire the reader will compare the moſt exceptionable lines in the Lady's Dreſſing-room with the leaſt offenſive of theſe in Horace; although purged by me, as much as could conſiſt with preſerving the true ſenſe of the original. Yet this was the great maſter of politeneſs in the Roman empire, at the time it flouriſhed moſt in arts and arms.

Horace, you ſee, makes uſe of the plain ſlovenly words, which our decent Iriſh poet induſtriouſly avoideth, and ſkippeth over a hundred dirty places, without fouling his ſhoes. Horace, on the contrary, plainly calleth a ſpade, a ſpade, when there was not the leaſt neceſſity; and when, with equal eaſe, as well as ſignificancy, he might have expreſſed his meaning in homely terms, fit for the niceſt ears of a queen or a ducheſs.

I do therefore poſitively decide in favour of our Hibernian bard, upon the article of decency; and am ready to defend my propoſition againſt all mankind; that, in the ten lines of Horace, here faithfully and favourably tranſlated, there are ten times more ſlovenly expreſſions, than in the whole poem called The Lady's Dreſſing-room; and for the truth of this propoſition, I am ready to appeal to all the young ladies of the kingdom, or to ſuch a committee as my very adverſaries ſhall appoint.

The Addreſs of the Inhabitants of the Liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin *.

WE, the inhabitants of the liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and the neighbourhood of the ſame, having been informed, by univerſal report, that a certain man of this city hath openly threatened and ſworn, before many hundred people, as well perſons of quality as others, that he reſolves, upon the firſt opportunity, by the help of ſeveral ruffians, to murder or maim the Reverend the Dean of St. Patrick's, our neighbour, benefactor, and head of the liberty of St. Patrick's, upon a frivolous unproved ſuſpicion, of the ſaid Dean's having written ſome lines in verſe reflecting on the ſaid man:

Therefore we, the ſaid inhabitants of the ſaid liberty, and in the neighbourhood thereof, from our great love and reſpect to the ſaid Dean, to whom the whole kingdom hath ſo many obligations, as well as we of the liberty, do unanimouſly declare, that we will endeavour to defend the life and limbs of the ſaid Dean againſt the ſaid man, and all his ruffians and murderers, as far as the law will allow: if he, or any of them, preſume to come into the ſaid liberty, with any wicked malicious intent, againſt the houſe, or family, or perſon, or goods of the ſaid Dean. To which we have chearfully, ſincerely, and heartily ſet our hands.

The Dean being in bed, very much indiſpoſed,

* See an account of the occaſion of this addreſs, and the anſwer, in Dr. Swift's life, prefixed to vol. i.

and

and not able to receive the said persons, dictated the following answer.

GENTLEMEN,

I receive with great thankfulness these many kind expressions of your concern for my safety, as well as your declared resolution to defend me (as far as the laws of God and man will allow), against all murderers and ruffians, who shall attempt to enter into the liberty with any bloody or wicked designs, upon my life, my limbs, my house, or my goods. Gentlemen, my life is in the hands of God; and whether it may be cut off by treachery, or open violence, or by the common way of other men, as long as it continues, I shall ever bear a grateful memory for this favour you have shewn, beyond my expectation, and almost exceeding my wishes. The inhabitants of the liberty, as well as those of the neighbourhood, have lived with me in great amity for near twenty years; which, I am confident, will never diminish during my life. I am chiefly sorry, that by two cruel disorders of deafness and giddiness, which have pursued me for four months, I am not in a condition either to hear, or to receive you, much less to return my most sincere acknowledgements, which in justice and gratitude I ought to do. May God bless you and your families in this world, and make you for ever happy in the next.

A LETTER from the GRAND MISTRESS of the FEMALE FREE MASONS to GEORGE FAULKNER, Printer.

Ixion, impious, lewd, profane,
Bright Juno woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
Long had he languiſh'd for the dame,
Till Jove, at length, to quench his flame,
Some ſay for fear, ſome ſay for pity,
Sent him a cloud like Juno pretty,
As like as if 'twere drawn by painters,
On which he got a race of Centaurs.
A bite, quoth VENUS.———

A. B. C. lib. 6. p. 107.

SEeing it is of late become a faſhion in town, in writing to all the world, to addreſs to you, our ſociety of *Female Free Maſons*, has alſo choſen you for our *printer*; and ſo, without preface, art, or imbelliſhment, (for truth and a ſhort paper needs none of them) our *female lodge* has the whole myſtery as well as any *lodge* in Europe, with proper inſtructions in writing; and, what will ſeem more ſtrange to you, without the leaſt taint of *perjury*. By this time any *reader* who is a *maſon*, will, I know, laugh, and not without indignation. But that matters not much; our ſex has long owed yours this good turn. You refuſed to admit Q. Eliſabeth, and even Semiramis Queen of Babylon, tho' each of them (without punning) had a great deal of male fleſh upon their bodies; but, at laſt, you will be forced to own we have it; and thus it was we came by it.

A

A gentleman, who is a great friend to all our members, who has ſince inſtructed and formed us into a *lodge*, and whom we therefore call our *guardian*, fell in lately with a *lodge of Free Maſons* at Omagh in Ulſter. They preſſed him hard to come into their ſociety, and at length prevailed. They wanted an *Old Teſtament* to ſwear him by. The innkeeper's Bible having both *Old* and *New* bound up together, would not do: for the *Free Maſons* oath being of much older date than the *New Teſtament*, that is from the building of Solomon's temple, (for till then it was but a proteſtation well larded over with *curſes and execrations*) they are always ſworn on the *Old Teſtament* only. They offer to buy the fellow's *Bible*; he conſents; but finding they were to cut away the *New Teſtament* from the *Old*, concluded them at once a pack of profane wretches, and very piouſly reſcued his *Bible*. This cuſtom of ſwearing on the *Old Teſtament* only, is what has given birth to the vulgar error, That *Free Maſons* renounce the *New Teſtament*. So they proceed to the reſt of the ceremony, deferring the oath till next morning, one of them having an *Old Teſtament* for the purpoſe, at his houſe hard by. This, it is true, was a hainous blunder againſt the canons of *Free Maſonry*. But the gentlemen were far gone in *punch* and *whiſky*. In ſhort, our friend and preſent guardian is made a *Free* but *unſworn Maſon*, and was three hours gone on his journey next morning, before the merry *Free Maſons* awoke to ſend for their *Old Teſtament*; and, what was worſe, they had taught him the form of the oath, againſt he was to ſwear in the morning.

Now, as to the ſecret words and ſignals uſed among *Free Maſons*, it is to be obſerved, that in the Hebrew alphabet, (as our guardian has informed our *lodge* in writing) there are four pair of letters, of which each pair is ſo like, that, at firſt view,

they ſeem to be the ſame ; *Beth* and *Caph*, *Gimel* and *Nun*, *Cheth* and *Thau*, *Daleth* and *Reſch* ; and on theſe depend all their ſignals and grips.

Cheth and *Thau* are ſhaped like two ſtanding gallowſes, of two legs each. When two *maſons* accoſt each other, one cries *Cheth*, the other anſwers *Thau* ; ſignifying, that they would ſooner be hanged on the gallows than divulge the *ſecret*.

Then again, *Beth* and *Caph* are each like a gallows lying on one of the ſide-poſts, and, when uſed as above, imply this pious prayer, *May all who reveal the* ſecret, *hang upon the gallows till it falls down*. This is their *maſter-ſecret*, generally called the *great word*.

Daleth and *Reſch* are like two half gallowſes, or a gallows cut in two at the croſs-ſtick on top; by which, when pronounced, they intimate to each other, that they would rather be half-hanged, than name either *word* or *ſignal* before any but a *brother*, ſo as to be underſtood.

When one ſays *Gimel*, the other anſwers *Nun*; then the firſt again joining both letters together, repeats three times, *Gimel-Nun*, *Gemel-Nun Gimel-Nun*; by which they mean, that they are united as one in intereſts, ſecrecy, and affection. This laſt word has in time been depraved in the pronunciation from *Gimel-Nun* to *Gimellum*, and at laſt to *Giblun*, and ſometimes *Giblin*; which word being by ſome accident diſcovered, they now-a-days pretend it is but a *mock-word*.

Another of their words has been maimed in the pronunciation by the illiterate ; that is, the letter *Lamech*, which was the *huſh word* ; for, when ſpoke by any *brother* in a *lodge*, it was a warning to the reſt to have a care of liſteners. It is now corruptly pronounced *Lan* ; but the *maſons* pretended this alſo is a *mock-word*, for the ſame reaſon as *Giblin*. This play with the Hebrew alphabet is very antiently called the MANAEOLETH.

When

When one *brother* orders another to walk like a *maſon*, he muſt walk four ſteps backwards; four becauſe, of the four pair of letters already mentioned; and backwards, becauſe the Hebrew is writ and read backwards.

As to their *myſterious grips*, they are as follows. If they be in company, where they cannot with ſafety, ſpeak the above words, they take each other by the hand; one draws one of the letters of the *Manaboleth* with his fingers on the other's hand, which he returns as in ſpeaking.

It is worth obſerving, that a certain *lodge* in town publiſhed ſome time ago a ſheet full of *mock-maſonry*, purely to puzzle and banter the town, with ſeveral falſe ſigns and words, as *Mada* or *Adam*, writ backwards, *Boas*, *Nimrod*, *Jakins Pectoral Guttural*, &c. but not one word of the real ones, as you ſee by what has been ſaid of the MANABOLETH.

After King James VI's acceſſion to the throne of England, he revived *maſonry*, of which he was *Grand Maſter*, both in Scotland and England: it had been entirely ſuppreſſed by Queen Eliſabeth, becauſe ſhe could not get into the ſecret. All perſons of quality, after the example of the King, got themſelves admitted *Free Maſons*; but they made a kind of MANABOLETH in Engliſh, in imitation of the true and ancient one: as I. O U. H. a gold key; *I owe you each a gold key*, H. CCCC. his ruin. *Each foreſees his ruin.* I. C. U. B. YY, for me, *I ſee you to be too wiſe for me.* And a great deal more of the ſame fooliſh ſtuff, which took its riſe from a ſilly *pun* upon the word *Bee*; for you muſt know, that —— A *bee* has, in all ages and nations, been the grand *hieroglyphic* of *maſonry*, becauſe it excels all other living creatures in the contrivance and commodiouſneſs of its habitation or comb; as, among many other authors, Dr. Macgregor, now profeſſor of mathematic in Cambridge,

Cambridge, (as our guardian informs us), hath learnedly demonſtrated; nay, *maſonry* or *building* ſeems to be the very eſſence or nature of the *bee*; for her building not the ordinary way of all other living creatures, is the generative cauſe which produces the young ones; (you know, I ſuppoſe, that *bees* are of *neither ſex*.)

For this reaſon the Kings of France, both *Pagans* and *Chriſtians*, always eminent *Free Maſons*, carried three *bees* for their *arms*. But, to avoid the imputation of the Egyptian idolatry of worſhipping a *bee*, Clodovæus, their firſt Chriſtian King, called them *lilies*, or *flower-de-luces*, in which, notwithſtanding the ſmall change made for diſguiſe ſake, there is ſtill the exact figure of a *bee*. You have perhaps read of a great number of golden bees found in the coffin of a *Pagan* King of France near Bruſſels, many ages after CHRIST, which he had ordered ſhould be buried with him, in token of his having been a *maſon*.

The Egyptians, always excellent and ancient *Free Maſons*, paid divine worſhip to a *bee*, under the outward ſhape of a *bull*, the better to conceal the myſtery; which *bull*, by them called *Apis*, is the Latin word for a *bee*. The *ænigma* repreſenting the *bee* by a *bull* conſiſts in this; that, according to the doctrine of the *Pythagoran lodge* of *Free Maſons*, the ſouls of all the *cow-kind* tranſmigrate into bees; as one Virgil a poet, much in favour with the Emperor Auguſtus, becauſe of his profound ſkill in *maſonry*, has deſcribed; and Mr. Dryden has thus *ſhewed*.

——— ——— ——— ——— ——— Ariſtæus
Four altars raiſes; from his herd he culls
For ſlaughter four the faireſt of his *bulls*,
Four heifers from his female ſtore he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke;

Nine

Nine mornings thence, with ſacrifice and *pray'rs*,
The gods invok'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for from within,
The broken bowels and the bloated ſkin,
A buzzing noiſe of *bees* his ears alarms;
Straight iſſue thro' the ſides aſſembling ſwarms, *&c.*

What modern maſons call a lodge, was, for the above reaſons, by antiquity called a HIVE of Free Maſons. And, for the ſame reaſons, when a diſſention happens in a lodge, the going off and forming another lodge is to this day called SWARMING.

Our guardian is of opinion, that the preſent maſonry is ſo tarniſhed by the ignorance of the working, and ſome other illiterate maſons, that very many, even whole lodges, fall under the cenſure of the venerable Chineſe brachman, whoſe hiſtory of the riſe, progreſs, and decay of Free Maſonry, writ in the Chineſe tongue, is lately tranſlated into a certain European language. This Chineſe ſage ſays, the greateſt part of current maſons judge of the myſteries and the uſe of that ſacred art, juſt as a man perfectly illiterate judges of an excellent book; in which, when opened to him, he finds no other beauties than the regular uniformity in every page, the exactneſs of the lines in length, and equidiſtance, and blackneſs of the ink, and whiteneſs of the paper; or, as the famous Britiſh Free Maſon *Merlin* ſays of the ſtars in the firmament, when viewed by a child, &c. But I ſhall not trouble you with the length of the quotation at preſent, becauſe Merlin and Friar Bacon on Free Maſonry are ſoon to be dreſſed up in modern Engliſh, and ſold by our printer Mr. Faulkner, if duly encouraged by ſubſcribers; and alſo a key to Raymundus Lullius, without whoſe help, our guardian ſays, it is impoſſible to come at the quinteſſence of Free Maſonry.

But ſome will perhaps object, How came your unſworn guardian by this refined and uncommon know-

knowledge in the great art? To which I anſwer, that

The branch of the lodge of Solomon's temple, afterwards called "The lodge of St. John of Jeru-"ſalem," on which our guardian fortunately hit, is, as I can eaſily prove, the ancienteſt and pureſt now on earth; from whence came the famous old Scottiſh lodge of Kilwinning, of which all the kings of Scotland have been from time to time grand maſters, without interruption, down from the days of Fergus, who reigned there more than two thouſand years ago, long before the knights of St. John of Jeruſalem, or the knights of Malta; to which two lodges I muſt nevertheleſs allow the honour of having adorned the ancient Jewiſh and Pagan maſonry with many religious and Chriſtian rules.

Fergus being eldeſt ſon to the chief king of Ireland, was carefully inſtructed in all the arts and ſciences, eſpecially in the natural magic, and the cabaliſtical philoſophy, (afterwards called the *Roſicrucians*), by the Pagan Druids of Ireland and Mona, the only true cabaliſts then extant in the weſtern world. (For they had it immediately from the Phœnicians, Chaldeans, and Egyptians, which I, though but a woman, can prove). The Egyptians probably had it immediately from Abraham, as the ſcripture plainly hints in the life of that patriarch; and it is allowed, I am told, by men of learning, that the occult as well as moral philoſophy of all the Pagans was well beſprinkled and enriched from the cabaliſtical ſchool of the patriarchs, and afterwards by the Talmudiſts and other inferior rabbins, though the prevailing idolatry of thoſe days much depraved and vitiated it.

Fergus before his deſcent upon the Picts in Scotland, raiſed that famous ſtructure, called to this day Carrick Fergus after his name, the moſt myſterious piece of architecture now on earth, (not excepting the pyramyds of the Egyptian maſons, and their

their hieroglyphics, or Free Masons signs); as any skilful Free Mason may easily perceive, by examining it according to the rules of the art. He built it as a lodge for his college of Free Masons, in those days called Druids; which word, our guardian assures us, signifies an oak in the Greek language, because oak is one of the best timber trees for building, of which (especially the marine architecture) the Druids were the only masters, though your modern term of *mason* implies no more than a worker in stone; erroneously enough indeed, or at least far short of the true and ancient term of *Druid*; since the marine architecture, the most useful branch of the sacred art, corresponds naturally and perfectly with the term of *Druil*, or *worker in oak*, and hath nothing at all to do with stones of any kind; till Jason, a famous Druid or Free Mason, used the load-stone, when he went in quest of the golden fleece, as it is called in the enigmatical terms of Free Masonry, or, more properly speaking, of the *cabala*, as Masonry was called in those days. The use of the loadstone was then, and long after, kept as secret as any of the other mysteries of the art, till by the unanimous consent of all the great lodges, the use of it was made public, for the common benefit of mankind. Jason's artificial frog had it fixed in his mouth; and having a free swing in an oaken bowl, half filled with water, always faced the north pole; which gave rise to the poetical fable, that Jason's frog was a little familiar or sea-demon presiding over the navigation, like any other angel-guardian; for Free Masons in all ages, as well as now, have been looked upon to deal with spirits or demons. And hence came that imputation which they have in many nations lain under, of being conjurers, or magicians; witness Merlin or Friar Bacon.

It is perhaps further worth remarking, that Jason took one of the two sacred vocal oaks of the grove

grove of Dodona to make the keel of the Argos; for so his ship was called; mysteriously joining together architecture or masonry, and the Druidical priesthood, or power of explaining the oracles. For our guardian will have it so, that the Pagan priesthood was always in the Druids or masons, and that there was a perceivable glimmering of the Jewish rites in it, though much corrupted, as I said; that the Pagan worship was chiefly in groves of oak; that they always looked upon the oak as sacred to Jupiter; which notion is countenanced (making allowance for the Paganism) by the Patriarchs; for you see in Genesis, that Abraham sacrificed under the oaks of Mamre. Joshua indeed took a great stone, and put it up under the oak, emblematically joining the two great elements of Masonry to raise an altar for the LORD.

Our guardian says, that Cæsar's description of the Druids of Gaul, is as exact a picture of a lodge of Free Masons as can possibly be drawn.

His reasons for the Manaboleth are the better worth discovering, for that I believe there are even some masons who know nothing of it, *viz.* That it hath been an ancient practice among the cabalistic philosophers, to make every Hebrew letter a hieroglyphic, mysterious in its figure above all other letters, as being thus shaped and formed by the immediate directions of the Almighty, whereas all other LETTERS are of human invention.

Secondly, That the Manaboleth has a very close and unconstrained analogy with masonry or architecture; for that every letter of the Hebrew alphabet, as also of the Syriac, Chaldaic, and Irish alphabets, derived from it, have their names from timber-trees, except some few who have their names from stones; and I think it is pretty plain, that timber and stone are as much the elements of masonry, as the alphabet is of books; which is a near relation enough between architecture and learning

of all kinds, and naturally shews why the Druids, who took their title from a tree, kept learning and architecture jointly within themselves.

Next week shall be published the Free Masons oath, with the remarks upon it of a young clergyman, who has petitioned to be admitted chaplain to our lodge, which is to be kept at Mrs. Prater's female coffee-house, every Tuesday, from nine in the morning to twelve, and the tenth day of every month in the year; where all ladies of true hearts, and sound morals, shall be admitted without swearing.

I think it proper to insert the Free Masons SONG, commonly sung at their meetings; though, by the by, it is of as little signification as the rest of their secrets. It was writ by one Anderson, as our guardian informs me, just to put a good gloss on the mystery, as you may see by the words.

S O N G.

I.

COme let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Assembled on merry occasion,
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring;
Here's a health to an accepted MASON.

II.

The world is in pain
Our secrets to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on;
They ne'er can divine
The word or the sign
Of a free and an accepted MASON.

III.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men in the nation

Should aprons put on,
To make themſelves one
With a free and an accepted MASON.

IV.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
Have laid by their ſwords,
Our myſt'ry to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a free and an accepted MASON.

V.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our ſide,
And it maketh men juſt in their ſtation;
There's nought but what's good
To be underſtood
By a free and an accepted MASON.

VI.

Then join hand in hand,
To each other firm ſtand:
Let's be merry and put a bright face on.
What mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt,
As a free and an acepted MASON.

POSTSCRIPT.

Mr. FAULKNER,

Our lodge unanimouſly deſire you will give their ſincere reſpects to your ingenious DRAPER, to whoſe pen we, as well as the reſt of the nation, own ourſelves obliged. If he be not already a Free Maſon, he ſhall be welcome to be our deputy-guardian.

Your humble ſervant,

THALESTRIS.

Yſrif eht Tſugua Nilbud.

The

The LAST WILL of Dr. SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin *.

IN the name of God, *Amen*. I *Jonathan Swift*, Doctor in Divinity, and Dean of the Cathedral church of St. Patrick, Dublin, being at this present of found mind, although weak in body, do here make my laſt will and teſtament, hereby revocking all my former wills.

Imprimis, I bequeath my ſoul to God, (in humble hopes of his mercy through Jeſus Chriſt), and my body to the earth. And I deſire, that my body may be in the great iſle of the ſaid cathedral, on the ſouth ſide, under the pillar next to the monument of Primate Narciſſus Marſh†, three days after my deceaſe, as privately as poſſible, and at twelve o'clock at night; and that a black marble of feet ſquare, and ſeven feet from the ground, fixed to the wall, may be erected, with the following in-

* Swift's will, like all his other writings, is drawn up in his own peculiar manner. Even in ſo ſerious a compoſition he cannot help indulging himſelf, in leaving legacies that carry with them an air of raillery and jeſt. He diſpoſes of his three hats, (his beſt, his ſecond beſt, and his third beſt beaver) with an ironical ſolemnity, that renders the bequeſts ridiculous. He bequeaths "to Mr John Grattan "a ſilver-box," &c. [below, p. 311.] But his legacy to Mr. Robert Grattan is ſtill more extraordinary. "*Item*, I bequeath to the Reve- "rend Mr. Robert Grattan," &c. [below, p. 310.] Theſe are ſo many laſt impreſſions of his turn, and way of thinking: and I dare ſay, the perſons thus diſtinguiſhed, look upon theſe inſtances, as affectionate memorials of his friendſhip, and as tokens of the jocoſe manner in which he had treated them during his lifetime. *Orrery.*

† See his character, p. 281.

ſcription in large letters, deeply cut, and ſtrongly gilded ‡.

HIC DEPOSITVM EST CORPVS
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
HVIVS ECCLESIAE CATHEDRALIS DECANI,
VBI SAEVA INDIGNATIO
VLTERIVS COR LACERARE NEQVIT.
ABI, VIATOR,
Et IMITARE, SI POTERIS,
STRENVVM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICEM.
OBIIT ANNO [MDCCXLV.]
MENSIS [OCTOBRIS] DIE [19]
AETATIS ANNO [LXXVIII.]

Item, I give and bequeath to my executors all my worldly ſubſtance, of what nature or kind ſoever, (excepting ſuch part thereof as is herein after particularly deviſed), for the following uſes and purpoſes: that is to ſay, to the intent that they, or the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, his executors, or adminiſtrators, as ſoon as conveniently may be after my death, ſhall turn it all into ready money, and lay out the ſame in purchaſing lands of inheritance in fee ſimple, ſituate in any province of Ireland, except Connaught, but as near to the city of Dublin as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or ſubject to any leaſes for lives renewable, or any terms for years longer than thirty-one. And I deſire, that a yearly annuity of twenty pounds Sterling, out of the annual profits of ſuch lands, when purchaſed, and out of the yearly income of my ſaid fortune deviſed to my executors as aforeſaid, until ſuch purchaſe ſhall be made, ſhall be paid to Rabecca Dingley of the city

‡ His monumental inſcription, written by himſelf, may confirm to you the obſervation which I formerly made [in vol. 7. p. 114], that he was not an elegant writer of Latin. An harſher epitaph has ſeldom been compoſed. It is ſcarce intelligible; and if intelligible, is a proof how difficult a taſk it is, even for the greateſt genius, to draw his own character, or to repreſent himſelf and his actions in a proper manner to poſterity. *Orrery.*

of

of Dublin, ſpinſter, during her life, by two equal half-yearly payments, on the feaſts of All Saints, and St. Philip and St. Jacob; the firſt payment to be made on ſuch of the ſaid feaſts as ſhall happen next after my death. And that the reſidue of the yearly profits of the ſaid lands, when purchaſed, and, until ſuch purchaſe be made, the reſidue of the yearly income and intereſt of my ſaid fortune, deviſed as aforeſaid to my executors, ſhall be laid out in purchaſing a piece of land, ſituate near St. Steven's hoſpital, or, if it cannot be there had, ſomewhere in or near the city of Dublin, large enough for the purpoſes herein after-mentioned, and in building thereon an hoſpital large enough for the reception of as many idiots and lunatics as the annual income of the ſaid lands and worldly ſubſtance ſhall be ſufficient to maintain. And I deſire, that the ſaid hoſpital may be called *St. Patrick's Hoſpital*, and may be built in ſuch a manner, that another building may be added unto it, in caſe the endowment thereof ſhould be enlarged; ſo that the additional building may make the whole edifice regular and complete. And my further will and deſire is, that, when the ſaid hoſpital ſhall be built, the whole yearly income of the ſaid lands and eſtate ſhall, for ever after, be laid out in providing victuals, cloathing, medicines, attendance, and all other neceſſaries for ſuch idiots and lunatics as ſhall be received into the ſame; and in repairing and enlarging the building from time to time, as there may be occaſion. And, if a ſufficient number of idiots and lunatics cannot readily be found, I deſire that incurables may be taken into the ſaid hoſpital to ſupply ſuch deficiency; but that no perſon ſhall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious diſeaſe: and that all ſuch idiots, lunatics, and incurables, as ſhall be received into the ſaid hoſpital, ſhall conſtantly live and reſide therein, as well in the night as in the day; and that the ſalaries of agents, receivers, of-

ficers, ſervants, and attendants, to be employed in the buſineſs of the ſaid hoſpital, ſhall not in the whole exceed one fifth part of the clear yearly income or revenue thereof. And I further deſire, that my executors, the ſervivors or ſervivor of them, or the heirs of ſuch, ſhall not have power to demiſe any part of the ſaid lands ſo to be purchaſed as aforeſaid, but with conſent of the Lord Primate, the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord Archbiſhop of Dublin, the Dean of Chriſt-church the Dean of St. Patrick's, the phyſician to the ſtate, and the ſurgeon-general, all for the time being, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and that no leaſes of any part of the ſaid lands ſhall ever be made, other than leaſes for years not exceeding thirty-one, in poſſeſſion, and not in reverſion or remainder, and not diſpuniſhable of waſte, whereon ſhall be reſerved the beſt and moſt improved rents that can reaſonably and moderately, without racking the tenants, be gotten for the ſame, without fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earneſt deſire, that no leaſe of any part of the ſaid lands, ſo to be purchaſed as aforeſaid, ſhall ever be made to, or in truſt for any perſon any way concerned in the execution of this truſt, or to, or in truſt for any perſon any way related or allied, either by conſanguinity or affinity, to any of the perſons who ſhall at that time be concerned in the execution of this truſt; and that if any leaſes ſhall happen to be made contrary to my intention above expreſſed, the ſame ſhall be utterly void and of no effect. And I further deſire, until the charter herein after-mentioned be obtained, my executors, or the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, his heirs, executors, or adminiſtrators, ſhall not act in the execution of this truſt, but with the conſent and approbation of the ſaid ſeven additional truſtees, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and ſhall, with ſuch conſent and approbation

bation as aforesaid, have power, from time to time, to make rules, orders, and regulations, for the government and direction of the said hospital. And I make it my request to my said executors, that they may, in convenient time, apply to his Majesty for a charter to incorporate them, or such of them as shall be then living, and the said additional trustees, for the better management and conduct of this charity, with a power to purchase lands; and to supply by election such vacancies happening in the corporation as shall not be supplied by succession; and such other powers as may be thought expedient for the due execution of this trust, according to my intention herein before expressed. And when such charter shall be obtained, I desire, that my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such survivor, may convey to the use of such corporation in fee simple, for the purposes aforesaid, all such lands and tenements as shall be purchased in manner above-mentioned. Provided always, and it is my will and intention, that my executors, until the said charter, and afterwards the corporation to be hereby incorporated, shall, out of the yearly profits of the said lands, when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune, devised to my executors as aforesaid, until such purchase be made, have power to reimburse themselves for all such sums of their own money as they shall necessarily expend in the execution of this trust; and that, until the said charter be obtained, all acts which shall at any time be done, in execution of this trust, by the greater part of my executors then living, with the consent of the greater part of the said additional trustees, under their hands in writing, shall be as valid and effectual, as if all my executors had concurred in the same.

Item, Whereas I purchased the inheritance of the tithes of the parish of Effernock near Trin, in the county of Meath, for two hundred and sixty pounds Sterling,

Sterling, I bequeath the ſaid tithes to the vicars of Laracor for the time being; that is to ſay, ſo long as the preſent Epiſcopal religion ſhall continue to be the national eſtabliſhed faith and profeſſion in this kingdom; but, whenever any other form of Chriſtian religion ſhall become the eſtabliſhed faith in this kingdom, I leave the ſaid tithes of Effernock to be beſtowed, as the profits come in, to the poor of the ſaid pariſh of Laracor, by a weekly proportion, and by ſuch officers as may then have the power of diſtributing charities to the poor of the ſaid pariſh, while Chriſtianity, under any ſhape, ſhall be tolerated among us, ſtill excepting profeſſed Jews, Atheiſts, and Infidels.

Item, Whereas I have ſome leaſes of certain houſes in Kevin's-ſtreet, near the deanery houſe, built upon the Dean's ground, and one other houſe now inhabited by Henry Land *, in Deanery-lane, alias Mitre-alley, ſome of which leaſes are let for forty-one years, or forty at leaſt, and not yet half-expired, I bequeath to Mrs Martha Whiteway my leaſe or leaſes of the ſaid houſes. I alſo bequeath to the ſaid Martha, my leaſe of forty years of Goodman's holding, for which I receive ten pounds *per annum*; which are two houſes or more lately built. I bequeath alſo to the ſaid Martha, the ſum of three hundred pounds Sterling, to be paid her by my executors out of my ready money, or bank-bills, immediately after my death, as ſoon as the executors meet. I leave moreover to the ſaid Martha, my repeating gold watch, my yellow tortoiſe ſhell ſnuff-box, and her choice of four gold-rings, out of ſeven which I now poſſeſs.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Swift, alias Harriſon, daughter of the ſaid Martha, my plain gold watch made by Quare; to whom alſo I give my Japan writing-deſk, beſtowed to me by my Lady

* Sexton of St. Patrick's cathedral.

Worſely,

Worſely, my ſquare tortoiſe-ſhell ſnuff-box, richly lined and inlaid with gold, given to me by the Right Honourable Henrietta now Counteſs of Oxford, and the ſeal with a Pegaſus, given to me by the Counteſs of Granville.

Item, I bequeath to Mr. Ffolliot Whiteway, eldeſt ſon of the aforeſaid Martha, who is bred to be an attorney, the ſum of ſixty pounds, as alſo five pounds to be laid out in the purchaſe of ſuch law-books, as the Honourable Mr. Juſtice Lindſay, Mr. Stannard *, or Mr. M'Aulay †, ſhall judge proper for him.

Item, I bequeath to Mr. John Whiteway, youngeſt ſon of the ſaid Martha, who is to be brought up a ſurgeon, the ſum of one hundred pounds, in order to qualify him for a ſurgeon, but under the direction of his mother; which ſaid ſum of one hundred pounds is to be paid to Mrs. Whiteway, in behalf of her ſaid ſon John, out of the arrears which ſhall be due to me from my church-livings, (except thoſe of the Deanery-tithes, which are now let to the Reverend Dr. Wilſon) as ſoon as the ſaid arrears can be paid to my executors. I alſo leave the ſaid John five pounds, to be laid out in buying ſuch phyſical and chirurgical books as Dr. Grattan, and Mr. Nichols ‡, ſhall think fit for him.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs. Anne Ridgeway ‖, now in my family, the profits of the leaſe of the two houſes let to John Cownly, for forty years, of which

* Eaton Stannard, Eſq; Recorder of the city of Dublin. See conſiderations——concerning the choice of a Recorder, in vol. 4. p. 271.

† Alexander M'Aulay, Eſq; counſellor at law, and made judge of the conſiſtorial court. Nov, 1745.

‡ John Nichols, Eſq; ſurgeon general.

‖ Daughter to Mrs. Brent, and who, for many years, had been his faithful domeſtic friend.

only

only eight or nine are expired, for which the said Cownly payeth me nine pounds Sterling for rent yearly. I also bequeath to the said Anne, the sum of one hundred pounds Sterling, to be paid her by my executors in six weeks after my decease, out of whatever money or bank-bills I may possess when I die; as also three gold rings, the remainder of the seven above mentioned, after Mrs Whiteway hath made her choice of four; and all my small pieces of plate, not exceeding in weight one ounce and one third part of an ounce.

Item, I bequeath to my dearest friend Alexander Pope of Twittenham, Esq; * my picture in miniature, drawn by Zinck, of Robert late Earl of Oxford.

Item, I leave to Edward, now Earl of Oxford, my seal of Julius Cæsar, as also another seal, supposed to be a young Hercules, both very choice antiques, and set in gold; both which I chuse to bestow to the said Earl, because they belonged to her late most excellent Majesty Queen Anne, of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, the real nursing mother of all her kingdoms.

Item, I leave to the Reverend Mr. James Stopford, Vicar of Finglass, my picture of King Charles I. drawn by Vandike, which was given to me by the said James; as also my large picture of birds, which was given to me by Thomas Earl of Pembroke.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St. Audeon's, my gold bottle-screw, which he gave me, and my strong box, on condition of his giving the sole use of the said box to his brother Dr. James Grattan, during the life of the said Doctor, who hath more occasion for it, and the second best beaver hat I shall die possessed of.

* Mr. Pope did not live to receive his legacy, having died May 30 1744.

Item,

Item, I bequeath to Mr. John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan, my silver box, in which the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to me, in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called *pigtail*.

Item, I bequeath all my horses and mares to the Reverend Mr. John Jackson, Vicar of Santry, together with all my horse-furniture; lamenting that I had not credit enough with any chief governor (since the change of times) to get some additional church-preferment for so virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I also leave him my third best beaver hat.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Dr. Francis Wilson, the works of Plato in three folio volumes, the Earl of Clarendon's history in three folio voumes, and my best Bible; together with 13 small Persian pictures in the drawing-room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard.

Item, I bequeath to the Earl of Orrery * the enamelled silver plates to distinguish bottles of wine by, given to me by his excellent Lady, and the half-length picture of the late Countess of Orkney in the drawing-room.

Item, I bequeath to Alexander M'Aulay, Esq; the gold box in which the freedom of the city of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him, on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety, and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the rights of the clergy, in opposition to all their unprovoked oppressors.

* Author of the *Remarks on the life and writings of Dr. Swift*, published in 1752.

Item,

Item, I bequeath to Deane Swift, Esq; † my large silver standish, consisting of a large silver-plate, an ink-pot, a sand-box, and a bell of the same metal.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Barber, the medal of Queen Anne and Prince George, which she formerly gave me.

Item, I leave to the Reverend Mr John Worral ‡ my best beaver hat.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Dr. Patrick Delany * my medal of Queen Anne in silver, and on the reverse the bishops of England kneeling before her Most Sacred Majesty.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. James King, Prebendary of Tipper, my large gilded me-

† Author of the *Essay on the life, writings, and character of Dr. Swift*, published in 1755.

‡ Vicar to the Dean of Christ church, and master of both choirs. He was a foundling, for which reason Swift used to call him *Melchisedek*. Though he was not a man of an improved understanding, nor a man of humour, yet he was a good walker, ever in the way, and always at the command of Dr. Swift. His wife, a neat, clean looking woman in her dress, understood the business of marketting perfectly well; had studied what the Dean liked; and if the markets afforded any thing nice, when the Dean's stomach, as years came on, began to be in some measure weak and capricious, she constantly bought it for him, and sent it home to the deanery. From a principle of wisdom, taking the world as he found it, no man ever studied more than Swift did, to reduce every man's talents to his own particular gratification. He could feast upon the delicacies of wit and learning, when they happened to fall in his way; and at other times be content with plain common entertainment. He could laugh, and drink a bottle with Sheridan over night; and the next morning walk into the fields, and prattle to Worral. Perhaps there never was a man equally desirous with Dr. Swift, to have a companion always at his beck, of some sort or other; and, without dispute, throughout all Dublin he could not have fixed upon another so exactly calculated to receive his commands, and especially to attend him in his morning exercise, as Mr. Worral. He died some time after the Dean, worth a good deal of money; 500 l. of which his executors appropriated to the Doctor's hospital, and 500 l. each to two other hospitals. *Swift*.

* The same to whom the Dean addresses several copies of verses, in vol. 8. and of whom he gives an excellent character above, p. 76.

dal of King Charles I. and on the reverſe a crown of martyrdom, with other devices. My will nevertheleſs is, that, if any of the above named legatees ſhould die before me, that then, and in that caſe, the reſpective legacies to them bequeathed ſhall revert to myſelf, and become again ſubject to my diſpoſal.

Item, Whereas I have the leaſe of a field in truſt for me, commonly called the *vineyard* let to the Reverend Dr Francis Corbet, and the truſt declared by the ſaid Doctor; the ſaid field, with ſome land on this ſide of the road, making in all about three acres, for which I pay yearly to the dean and chapter of St. Patricks **

Whereas I have built a ſtrong wall round the ſaid piece of groud, eight or nine feet high, faced to the ſouth aſpect with brick, which coſt me above ſix hundred pounds Sterling; and likewiſe another piece of ground, as aforeſaid, of half an acre, adjoining to the burial-place, called the *Cabbage-garden*, now tenanted by William White, gardener; my will is, that the ground incloſed by the great wall may be ſold for the remainder of the leaſe, at the higheſt price my executors can get for it, in belief and hopes, that the ſaid price will exceed three hundred pounds at the loweſt value. For which my ſucceſſor in the deanery ſhall have the firſt refuſal; and it is my earneſt deſire, that the ſucceeding deans and chapters may preſerve the ſaid *vineyard*, and piece of land adjoining, where the ſaid White now liveth, ſo as to be always in the hands of the ſucceeding deans, during their office, by each dean leſſening one fourth of the purchaſe-money to each ſucceeding dean, and for no more than the preſent rent.

And I appoint the Honourable Robert Lindſay *, one of the judges of the court of common

* See a poem wrot by this gentleman, intitled, *A dialogue between a lawyer and Dr. Swift*, in vol. 8. p. 270.

pleas; Henry Singleton, Esq; Prime Serjeant to his Majesty; the Reverend Dr. Patrick Delany, Chancellor of St. Patrick's: the Reverend Dr. Francis Wilson, Prebendary of Kilmacktolway; Eaton Stannard, Esq. Recorder of the city of Dublin; the Reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St. Audeon's; the Reverend Mr. John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan; the Reverend Mr. James Stopford, Vicar of Finglass, the Rev. Mr. James King, Prebendary of Tipper; and Alexander M'Aulay, Esq; my executors.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published and declared this as my last will and testament, this third day of May, 1740.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Signed, sealed, and published by the above-named Jonathan Swift, in the presence of us who have subscribed our names in his presence.

Jo. Wynne.
Jo. Rochfort.
William Dunkin.

Two LETTERS to the Earl of ORRERY, describing the melancholy situation of Dr. SWIFT's health and understanding.

I. Mrs. MARTHA WHITEWAY's * Letter.

My LORD, *Dublin. Nov* 22. 1742.

THE easy manner in which you reproach me for not acquainting you with the poor Dean's situation, lays a fresh obligation upon me; yet mean as an excuse is for a fault, I shall attempt one to your Lordship; and only for this reason, that you may not think me capable of neglecting any thing you could command me. I told you in my last letter, the Dean's understanding was quite gone, and I feared the farther particulars would only shock the tenderness of your nature, and the melancholy scene make your heart ach, as it has often done mine. I was the last person whom he knew; and when that part of his memory failed, he was so outrageous at seeing any body, that I was forced to leave him, nor could he rest for a night or two after seeing any person; so that all the attendance which I could pay him was, calling twice a week to inquire after his health, and to observe that proper care was taken of him; and durst only look at him while his back was towards me, fearing to discompose him. He walked ten hours a-day, would not eat or drink if his servant staid in the room. His meat was served up ready cut, and sometimes it would lie an hour on the table before he would

* The lady mentioned in several of Swift's letters, and in his will, in this volume.

touch it, and then eat it walking. About ſix weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye ſwelled as large as an egg, and the lid Mr Nichols (his ſurgeon) thought would mortify, and many large boils appeared upon his arms and body. The torture he was in, is not to be deſcribed. Five perſons could ſcarce hold him for a week, from tearing out his own eyes; and, for near a month, he did not ſleep two hours in twenty-four: yet a moderate appetite continued; and what is more to be wondered at, the laſt day of his illneſs he knew me perfectly well, took me by the hand, called me by my name, and ſhewed the ſame pleaſure as uſual in ſeeing me I aſked him, if he would give me a dinner? He ſaid, to be ſure, my old friend. Thus he continued that day, and knew the doctor and ſurgeon, and all his family ſo well, that Mr Nichols thought it poſſible he might return to a ſhare of underſtanding, ſo as to be able to call for what he wanted, and to bear ſome of his old friends to amuſe him. But, alas! this pleaſure to me was but of ſhort duration; ſo the next day or two it was all over, and proved to be only pain that had rouſed him. He is now free from torture; his eye almoſt well; very quiet, and begins to ſleep; but cannot, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk a turn about his room; and yet, in this way, the phyſicians think he may hold out for for ſome time. I am, my Lord.

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,
humble ſervant,
M. WHITEWAY.

What a ſhocking, what a melancholy account is this! of how ſmall eſtimation muſt the greateſt genius appear in the ſight of God!

II.

II. Mr. DEANE SWIFT's * LETTER.

My LORD, *Dublin, April* 4. 1744.

AS to the ſtory of *O poor old man*! I inquired into it. The Dean did ſay ſomething upon his ſeeing himſelf in the glaſs; but neither Mrs. Ridgeway, nor the lower ſervants, could tell me what it was he ſaid. I deſired them to recollect it, by the time when I ſhould come again to the deanery. I have been there ſince, they cannot recollect it. A thouſand ſtories have been invented of him within theſe two years, and impoſed upon the world. I thought this might have been one of them; and yet I am now inclined to think there may be ſome truth in it: for on Sunday the 17th of March, as he ſat in his chair, upon the houſekeeper's moving a knife from him as he was going to catch it, he ſhrugged his ſhoulders, and, rocking himſelf, ſaid, *I am what I am, I am what I am*: and, about ſix minutes afterwards, repeated the ſame words two or three times over.

His ſervant ſhaves his cheeks, and all his face as low as the tip of his chin, once a-week; but under the chin, and about the throat, when the hair grows long, it is cut with ſciſſars.

Sometimes he will not utter a ſyllable; at other times he will ſpeak incoherent words; but he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonſenſe, or ſaid a fooliſh thing.

About four months ago, he gave me great trouble: he ſeemed to have a mind to talk to me. In order to try what he would ſay, I told him, I came to dine with him; and immediately his houſekeep-

* Author of the Eſſay on the life, character, &c. of Dr. Swift.

er, Mrs. Ridgeway, ſaid, " Won't you give Mr. " Swift a glaſs of wine, Sir ?" He ſhrugged his ſhoulders, juſt as he uſed to do when he had a mind that a friend ſhould ſpend the evening with him. Shrugging his ſhoulders, your Lordſhip may remember, was as much as to ſay, " You'll ruin " me in wine." I own I was ſcarce able to bear the ſight. Soon after, he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words to ſpeak to me ; at laſt, not being able, after many efforts, he gave a heavy ſigh, and, I think, was afterwards ſilent. This puts me in mind of what he ſaid about five days ago. He endeavoured ſeveral times to ſpeak to his ſervant, (now and then he calls him by his name) : at laſt, not finding words to expreſs what he would be at, after ſome uneaſineſs, he ſaid, " I am a fool." Not long ago, the ſervant took up his watch that lay upon the table to ſee what o' clock it was ; he ſaid, " Bring it here ;" and when it was brought, he looked very attentively at it. Some time ago, the ſervant was breaking a large ſtubborn coal ; he ſaid, " That's a ſtone, you " blockhead."

In a few days, or ſome very ſhort time, after guardians had been appointed for him, I went into his dining-room, where he was walking ; I ſaid ſomething to him very inſignificant, I know not what ; but, inſtead of making any kind of anſwer to it, he ſaid, " Go, go," pointing with his hand to the door ; and immediately afterwards, raiſing his hand to his head, he ſaid, " My beſt under- " ſtanding ;" and ſo broke off abruptly, and walked away. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,
and moſt humble ſervant,

DEANE SWIFT.

An

An Account of the ſituation of Dr. SWIFT's health and mind, from 1739 to his death, at the latter end of October 1745; with a Diſſertation on LUNACY and IDIOTISM.

By the Earl of ORRERY.

THE total deprivation of Dr. Swift's ſenſes came upon him by degrees. In the year 1736, I remember him ſeized with a violent fit of giddineſs. He was at that time writing a ſatirical poem, called *The legion-club*; but he found the effects of his giddineſs ſo dreadful, that he left the poem unfiniſhed; and never afterwards attempted a compoſition of any length, either in verſe or proſe. However, his converſation ſtill remained the ſame, lively and ſevere; but his memory gradually grew worſe and worſe; and as that decreaſed and was impaired, he appeared every day more fretful and impatient. From the year 1739 to the latter end of 1741, his friends found his paſſions ſo violent and ungovernable, his memory ſo decayed, and his reaſon ſo depraved, that they took the utmoſt precautions to keep all ſtrangers from approaching him; for, till then, he had not appeared totally incapable of converſation: but early in the year 1742, the ſmall remains of his underſtanding became entirely confuſed, and the violence of his rage increaſed abſolutely to a degree of madneſs. In this miſerable ſtate, he ſeemed to be appointed as the firſt proper inhabitant for his own hoſpital; eſpecially, as from an outrageous lunatic,

natic, he ſunk afterwards into a quiet, ſpeechleſs idiot; and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpleſs ſituation. He died towards the latter end of October 1745. The manner of his death was eaſy, without the leaſt pang or convulſion. Even the rattling in his throat was ſcarce ſufficient to give any alarm to his attendants, till within ſome very little time before he expired. A man in full poſſeſſion of his reaſon would have wiſhed for ſuch a kind of diſſolution; but Swift was totally inſenſible of happineſs or pain. He had not even the power or expreſſion of a child; appearing, for ſome years before his death, reſerved only as an example to mortify human pride, and to reverſe that fine deſcription of human nature, which is given us by Shakeſpear in an inimitable manner. "What a piece of work is man! how noble "in reaſon! how infinite in faculty! in form and "moving, how expreſs and admirable! in action, "how like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like a "a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of "animals." Thus poets paint; but how vain and periſhable is the picture? The ſmalleſt thunderbolt from heaven blaſts it in a moment, and every tinct is ſo effectually obliterated, that ſcarce the outlines of the figure remain

Swift certainly foreſaw his fate. His frequent attacks of giddineſs, and his manifeſt defect of memory, gave room for ſuch apprehenſions. I have often heard him lament the ſtate of childhood and idiotiſm, to which ſome of the greateſt men of this nation were reduced before their death. He mentioned, as examples, within his own time, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Somers; and when he cited thoſe melancholy inſtances, it was always with a heavy ſigh, and with geſtures that ſhewed great uneaſineſs, as if he felt an impulſe of what was to happen to him before he died,

Unleſs

Unleſs I am miſinformed, he died worth about twelve thouſand pounds, incluſive of the ſpecific legacies mentioned in his will, and which may be computed at the ſum of twelve hundred pounds; ſo that the remainder, near eleven thouſand pounds, is intirely applicable to the hoſpital for idiots and lunatics: a charitable foundation, particularly beneficial in theſe kingdoms, where the epidemic diſtemper of lunacy is ſo prevalent, that it will conſtantly furniſh the largeſt building with a ſufficient number of inhabitants.

Lunacy may in general be conſidered, as ariſing from a depraved imagination, and muſt therefore be originally owing to a fault in the body, or the mind. We ſee inſtances every day, where, in fevers, all the powers of ſenſe and reaſon are utterly overturned by a raging madneſs. This frenzy conquers, or is conquered ſoon: but, from more ſlow and chronical cauſes, ſuch obſtructions may be formed, as gradually to produce various degrees of this diſorder, and to remain invincible to the very laſt moments of life. Nothing more ſtrongly diſpoſes the mind to this depraved ſtate, than too fixed an attention to any particular object. Mr. Locke, if my memory does not deceive me, defines madneſs as ariſing from ſome particular idea, or ſet of ideas, that make ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon the mind as to baniſh all others; and the perſons affected are chearful or melancholy, well-tempered or fierce, according as the objects and ideas of their minds are different. From hence it is evident, that we ought to conſider the ſtrength of the mind, even in the purſuit of knowledge, and often to vary our ideas by exerciſe and amuſements; conſtantly fixing a ſtrict guard againſt any paſſion that may be prevalent in too high a degree, or may acquire an habitual ſtrength and dominion over us. Paſſions are the gales of life; and it is our part to take care that they do not riſe into a tempeſt.

Love,

Love, with all its charms, muſt be reſtrained within proper bounds, otherwiſe it will torture that breaſt which it was formed to delight. Love contains with n itſelf a variety of other paſſions, and lays ſuch a foundation of madneſs in the mind, that the frenzy, in this particular caſe, never fails to appear in its full force, and to diſplay itſelf in all its ſtrength of horror.

Religion, which can only make the mind happy, and is our ſureſt and beſt defence againſt the paſſions, if conſidered in a wrong and melancholy view, has often perverted the ſeat of reaſon, and given more inhabitants to Bedlam than any other cauſe. A religious lunatic is miſerable, even to the deepeſt tortures of deſpair.

The miſer, whom I muſt always rank among madmen, heaps up gold with an anxiety that affects his looks, his appetite, and his ſleep. The wretch dreads poverty in the centre of plenty: and ſtarves, only becauſe he dares not taſte thoſe fruits which appear moſt agreeable to his deſires.

In ſome other ſpecies of madneſs, the perſons affected are really more happy than in their ſenſes, and it is almoſt a crime to baniſh the agreeable deluſion. You remember the caſe of the citizen of Argos, who, after a ſalutiferous doſe of Hellebore, cried out,

Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis (ait) cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

Such again would be the caſe of the beau of Bedlam, who, amidſt darkneſs and confinement, ſtill retains his pride and ſelf admiration; dreſſes himſelf up in ſtraw inſtead of embroidery; and, when ſuffered to go to the window, imagines that he captivates every female, who chances to paſs through

through Moor-fields. Is not such a man happier in his madness, than in his senses.

To specify the many different classes of madmen, would be endless. They are innumerable: so that it is almost a rare felicity to enjoy *mens sana in corpore sano*. Some men have owed their reputation and success in the world to a tincture of madness; while others, merely from a superior understanding have been ranked among lunatics. Of the latter sort Hippocrates (whom I wish you to look upon as a classic author, as well as a physician) gives a remarkable instance in one of his letters. He says, he was sent for by the people of Abdera to cure Democritus of madness; but, to his surprise, he found him the wisest man of the age, and, by his laughing manner of talking and reasoning, he almost convinced Hippocrates, that all the rest of the world except Democritus were mad. It is not improbable, that madness has been coæval with mankind There have certainly been many instances of it among the Greeks and Romans. Among the Jews, the enthusiastic fury of Saul is equally remarkable with the ecstatic rage of Nebuchadnezzar. Nor have any parts of the world, I believe, entirely escaped this raging evil. It was frequently mistaken for inspiration; and the prophetic Sybils were obliged to put on the airs and looks of madness, to obtain an implicit belief to their prophecies. From these sacerdotal impositions, mad people reaped some remarkable advantages. They were often looked upon as messengers sent by heaven, to declare the will of the gods, and the prophetical decrees of fate; they were revered as persons sacred and divine; and instead of scourges, they received tokens of adoration. In how great a degree must the subtilty of priests have prevailed, when they could make one of the greatest curses that attends human life appear one of the greatest blessings?

Lunatics

Lunatics are so called from the influence which the moon has over bodies, when its attractive power is greatest, by which means the pressure of the atmosphere being lessened, the humours of the body are more rarefied, and produce a greater plenitude in the vessels of the brain. This has been illustrated by our good and learned friend Dr. Mead, in his treatise *De imperio lunæ et solis*: and I have particularly observed, that, in the last book which he published, intitled, *Monita et precepta medica*, he takes notice, in his chapter *de insania*, "that the blood of such persons, who have "been most liable to this malady, was thick and "fizy, and, upon dissection, their brain always "appeared dry, and their vessels filled with black "sluggish blood:" from whence perhaps we may, in some measure, account for the principal source of Swift's lunacy; his countenance being dark, bilious, and gloomy, and his eyes sometimes fixed and immoveable for a long time. Horace, I remember, attributes the madness of Orestes to a physical cause, where he says,

vocando
Hanc furiam, hunc aliud, jussit quod splendida bilis.

So that diseases formed originally in the mind, often bring on this disorder, and by degrees affect the body; especially in such constitutions as have any tendency to this distemper. But what can be the reason that it is so remarkably epidemical in these kingdoms? I am inclined to believe, that it must be owing to the grossness of our food, and to our immoderate use of spirituous liquors; the one frequently causing the deepest melancholy, the other the most unlimited rage. Our climate is so variable and uncertain, and our atmosphere is so perpetually filled with clouds and sulphureous vapours, that these causes must necessarily have a great effect upon the natural impatience and inconstancy

of the inhabitants. We are apt to revel in a free indulgence of our paſſions; and they are as apt to agitate and enervate the fibres of the brain, and to imprint by degrees many fatal impreſſions, that can never be eradicated from the mind. Even the greateſt bleſſing we enjoy, the freedom of our laws, may, I am afraid, in ſome meaſure, contribute to thoſe raſh actions, that often end in dreadful murders of the worſt kind, parricide, and ſuiciſm. Men muſt be reckoned in the higheſt claſs of lunatics, who are capable of offending the great Author of nature, by depriving themſelves of that life which he only has a right of taking away, becauſe he only had the power of giving it. No perſon in his ſenſes can voluntarily prefer death to life. Our deſires of exiſtence are ſtrong and prevalent; they are born with us: and our ideas of a future ſtate are not ſufficiently clear, to make us fond of hurrying into eternity: eſpecially as eternity itſelf muſt ever remain incomprehenſible to finite beings. Human nature has an abhorrence, and a terror of its own diſſolution. The philoſopher ſubmits to death, becauſe he looks upon it as a neceſſary event; in the mean time, he uſes every method of prudence, and every art of caution, to lengthen out life as far as he poſſibly can extend it, and to prevent the leaſt accident that may bring on death one hour ſooner than the laws of the human ſtructure require. The military hero meets the king of terrors more from the dictates of reaſon, than the impulſes of nature. His fame, his fortune, every object that can be dear to him, depend upon his reſolution to die. He expoſes himſelf to the danger of being deſtroyed, becauſe an effort of ſecuring his life, muſt be attended with contempt and infamy. But, on the other hand, who would wantonly chuſe death, unleſs he were agitated to ſuch a choice by the fumes and vapours of a diſtempered brain?

The ſubjects, where arbitrary power is eſtabliſh-

ed, live in a continual ſtate of dread and apprehenſion, and all their other paſſions are ſubdued by fear; ſo that fewer inſtances of ſuicide have appeared in deſpotic governments, than in kingdoms where liberty is more prevalent, and where the paſſions are leſs reſtrained.

The diet, the air, and the political conſtitution of a country, give the peculiar, and diſtinguiſhing character of the people: and as the characteriſtics change, the inhabitants undergo the ſame metamorphoſes. How different are the modern Italians from the ancient Romans? If Brutus were now living, he would probably acquieſce in the depending ſtate of a cardinal, and the Papal crown would be unanimouſly preſented to Cæſar.

The melancholy caſe of Dr. Swift, has, I find, ſeduced me into a long digreſſion. When I am writing to you, I give a full ſcope to my thoughts, and wander licentiouſly out of my ſphere. I aim at placing all obſervations in your way, which I think can be of any uſe in your future road of life. But why talk to you on the melancholy effects of madneſs? only to obſerve in general, that temperance, exerciſe, philoſophy, and true religion, are the ſureſt means to make men happy, and to preſerve them from a contagious malady, to which the inhabitants of theſe kingdoms are unfortunately liable.

A ſtate of idiotiſm is leſs deplorable, not leſs ſhocking than that of madneſs. Idiots are afflicted with no turbulent paſſions. They are innocent and harmleſs, and often excite pity, but never occaſion fear. The proverb tell us, *They are the favourites of Fortune.* But I ſuppoſe it alludes only to thoſe *fools who can number twenty rightly, and can tell the days of the week*: and alas! thoſe are no idiots in the eye of the law. The abſolute naturals owe their wretchedneſs to a wrong formation in their brain, or to accidents in their birth, or the

the dregs of fevers and other violent diſtempers. The laſt was the caſe of the Dean of St. Patrick's, according to the account ſent me by his two relations Mrs. Whiteway and Mr. Swift *: neither of whom, I think, make the leaſt mention of a deafneſs that, from time to time, attacked the Dean, and rendered him extremely miſerable. You will find him complaining of this misfortune in ſeveral parts of his writings; eſpecially in his letters (of the tenth volume) to Dr. Sheridan. Poſſibly ſome internal preſſure upon his brain might firſt have affected the auditory nerves, and then, by degrees, might have increaſed, ſo as entirely to ſtop up that fountain of ideas, which had before ſpread itſelf in the moſt diffuſive and ſurpriſing manner.

Having juſt now hinted to you the advantages that have accrued to madmen, I ought not to omit the honours that have been paid to fools. In former ages the courts of France and England were not thought completely imbelliſhed without a favourite idiot, who bore the title of the King's jeſter and who was as remarkably diſtinguiſhed by a cap and bells, as his royal maſter was diſtinguiſhed by a diadem and robes. This animal, like Junius Brutus, frequently aſſumed the face and behaviour of folly, to anſwer his own particular views and advantages. His bluntneſs and ſimplicity recommended him in thoſe places, where truths, if ſpoken by a man of ſenſe, were diſagreeable and dangerous. If he had not the honour, like Brutus, to ſave his country, at leaſt he had the happineſs to ſecure himſelf: and his expreſſions were often ſo full of humour and ſarcaſm that, to this day, they are recorded as pieces of wit. Such was the famous reply of Archy to K. James I. when his Majeſty, amidſt all his wiſdom, was ſufficiently inſpired with folly, to ſend his only ſon into Spain. But

* Above, p. 315——319.

fools at preſent are no longer admired in courts; or, if they are, they appear there without their cap and bells.

And now, to quit reflections that tend in general rather to terrify than to improve the underſtanding, let me obſerve, in honour of my friend Swift, that his eſtabliſhment of an hoſpital for idiots and lunatics, is remarkably generous; as the unhappy perſons who receive the benefit, muſt for ever remain inſenſible of their benefactor.

An account of a MONUMENT erected to the memory of Dr. SWIFT in Ireland.

Taken from the DUBLIN JOURNAL.

SIR,

I Have at laſt finiſhed what you have often heard me wiſh I might be able to do, a monument for the greateſt genius of our age, the late Dean of St. Patrick's. The thing in itſelf is but a trifle; but it is more than I ſhould ever have attempted, had I not with indignation ſeen a country (ſo honoured by the birth of ſo great a man, and ſo faithfully ſerved by him all his life) ſo long and ſo ſhamefully negligent in erecting ſome monument of gratitude to his memory Countries are not wiſe in ſuch a neglect; for they hurt themſelves. Men of genius are encouraged to apply their talents to the ſervice of their country, when they ſee in it gratitude to the memory of thoſe that have deſerved well of them. The ingenious Pere Caſtell told me at Paris, that he reckoned it the greateſt misfortune to him, that he was not born an Engliſhman; and when he explained himſelf, it was only for this, that, after two hundred years, they had erected a monument to Shakeſpear: and another to a modern, but to the greateſt of them, Sir Iſaac Newton. Great ſouls are very diſintereſted in the affairs of life; they look for fame and immortality, ſcorning the mean paths of intereſt and lucre: and, ſurely, in an age ſo mercenary as ours, men ſhould not be ſo ſparing to give public marks of their gratitude to men of ſuch virtue, dead, however they may treat them living; ſince, in ſo

doing, they beſpeak, and almoſt inſure to themſelves a ſucceſſion of ſuch uſeful perſons in ſociety. It is with this view that I determined to throw in my mite.

In a fine lawn below my houſe, I have planted an hippodrome. It is a circular plantation, conſiſting of five walks; the central of which is a horſe-courſe, and three rounds make exactly a mile. All the lines are ſo laid out, that, from the centre, the ſix rows of trees appear but one, and form 100 arches round the field; in the centre of which I have erected a mount, and placed a marble column on its proper pedeſtal, with all the decorations of the order; on the ſummit of which I placed a Pegaſus, juſt ſeeming to take flight to heaven; and on the dye of the pedeſtal I have engraved the following inſcription, wrote by an ingenious friend.

In memoriam JONATHAN SWIFT, S.T.P. *viri ſine pari.*

Aonidum fontes aperis, divine poeta,
Arte nova; æthereas propriis ut Pegaſus alis
Scande domos: æternum addet tua fama columnæ
Huic memori decus; hic, tanti qua poſſumus umbram
Nominis in mentem, ſacro revocare quotannis
Ludorum ritu juvat; hic, tibi parvus honorum
Offertur cumulus: laudum quo fine tuarum
Copia claudatur qui quærit, gentis Iernæ
Pectora ſcrutetur, latumque interroget orbem.

1750.

I have alſo appointed a ſmall fund for annual premiums to be diſtributed in the celebration of games at the monument yearly. The ceremony is to laſt three days, beginning the 1ſt of May yearly. On this day, young maids and men in the neighbourhood are to aſſemble in the hippodrome, with their garlands and chaplets of flowers, and to dance round

round the munument, ſinging the praiſes of this ingenious patriot, and ſtrowing with flowers all the place: after which they are to dance for a prize; the beſt dancer among the maids is to be preſented with a cap and ribbands; and after the dance, the young men are to run for a hat and gloves.

The ſecond day, there is to be a large market upon the ground: and the girl who produces the fineſt hank of yarn, and the moſt regular reel and count, is to have a guinea premium; and the perſon who buys the greateſt quantity of yarn, is to have a premium of two guineas.

The third day, the farmer who produces the beſt yearling calf of his own breed, is to have two guineas premium; and he that produces the faireſt colt or filly, of his own breeding likewiſe, not over two years old, ſhall receive a premium of two guineas alſo.——Thus the whole will not exceed ten pounds; and all theſe uſeful branches of our growth and manufacture will be encouraged, in remembering the patron who with ſo much care and tenderneſs recommended them to others, and cheriſhed them himſelf.

I am, &c.

Anecdotes of Dr. SWIFT and STELLA.

Taken from the Gentleman's Magazine, of Nov 1757.

SIR,

AS the lives of eminent perſons are the moſt inſtructive parts of hiſtory, and are more read, perhaps, than any other compoſitions; ſo there are very few pieces that are more juſtly cenſured for partiality; for they are generally the works of perſons intereſted in the praiſe or cenſure of the heroes of their hiſtory. Wiſely therefore have the ſovereign pontiffs decreed, that no perſon ſhall receive the honour of being ſainted, before the expiration of a complete century after their deceaſe; in order to take off, by length of time, all ſenſe of favour, or reſentment, in ſuch parties as might have connections with the friends or enemies of the future ſaint, which might otherwiſe have influenced their evidence in the examination which always precedes the making of a new ſaint.

Theſe reflections naturally occur upon reading any of our modern lives; and they occurred to me, on my reading, a few days ſince, the life of dean Swift, in one of the London Magazines for 1755*, extracted from Lord Orrery, the critic upon his Lordſhip, and the memoirs publiſhed by Deane Swift, Eſq; in which, though very conciſe, the

* The account of Dr. Swift's life, prefixed to the 1ſt volume of this work, was extracted from the ſeveral books here mentioned; and is the moſt complete account of the Dean that has hitherto appeared: ſo that the following anecdotes apply equally to it, as to that imperfect one in the London Magazine.

writer

writer has inſerted moſt of the errors of the preceding works; and as the Dean's charity, his tenderneſs, and even his humanity, have been impeached, in conſequence of his hitherto unaccountable behaviour to his Stella, and of his long reſentment ſhewn to his ſiſter; and as no perſon has yet thought proper to redeem that extraordinary genius from theſe imputations of cruelty and pride, by ſhewing his connections with Stella in their true light; although I think that there are ſome living, who have it in their power, from authentic materials, I flatter myſelf that I ſhall not be cenſured for endeavouring to do this juſtice to his memory myſelf.

It is ſaid, that Swift made an acquaintance with Mrs. Johnſon (the lady celebrated by the name of Stella) at Sir William Temple's; that ſhe was the daughter of Sir William's ſteward; and that Sir William, in his laſt will, left her 1000 l. as an acknowledgement of her father's faithful ſervices; that ſhe was married to the Dean in 1716; and his never owning her for his wife is imputed, by Lord Orrery, to his pride, which made him diſdain an alliance with one deſcended from ſo mean a family; though others impute it to the common rumour, of her being Sir William's natural daughter, as Swift was ſaid to be his ſon. She died (ſays Lord Orrery) abſolutely deſtroyed by the peculiarity of her fate. His Lordſhip likewiſe declares Swift's pride to have been ſuch, as to have induced him to refuſe all reconciliation with his ſiſter, for having married a tradeſman, though in good circumſtances, and with the approbation of her uncle and relations.

But I am certain Lord Orrery will be pleaſed to be convinced, that theſe accuſations are falſe. Dr. Swift would have laid down his life, could it have preſerved his Stella; that Stella, who was no otherwiſe related to Sir William Temple's ſteward, than

by

by her mother's marriage with him many years after the death of Sir William. And as for his cruelty to his ſiſter, it is well known, that he maintained Mrs. Fenton many years, when a widow; and that ſhe uſed to ſhew his picture to her viſitants, with expreſſions of the higheſt gratitude and affection. That I may, however leave no room for doubt permit me to oppoſe to theſe imputations the true hiſtory of Miſs Johnſon, better known to the world by the name of Stella.

When Sir William Temple left Sheen to reſide at Moore Park in Surry, he brought down with him, one ſummer, a gentlewoman, in the character of a houſe-keeper, whoſe name was Johnſon. She was a perſon of a ſurpriſing genius; few women ever exceeded her in the extent of her reading; none in the charms of converſation. She had ſeen the world; her addreſs and behaviour were truly polite; and whoever had the pleaſure of converſing with her for a quarter of an hour, were convinced that ſhe had known a more genteel walk in life than her preſent ſituation confined her to. She was not ſo happy in her perſon as her mind; for ſhe was low of ſtature, and rather fat and thick, than well ſhaped; yet the imperfection of her ſhape was fully compenſated by a ſet of fine features, and an excellent complexion, animated by eyes that perfectly deſcribed the brightneſs of her genius. She was, in few words, the ſame among women, that Sir William Temple was among men. Is it ſurpriſing, then, that ſuch ſimilar perfections ſhould attract each other's notice?

This gentlewoman was the widow (as ſhe always averred) of one Johnſon, a merchant, who having been unfortunate in trade, afterwards became maſter of a trading ſloop, which ran between England and Holland, and there died. He left her, as ſhe ſaid, three children.——The eldeſt, a daughter, was brought up in London, and there married one Filby

Filby, a baker, by whom she had eighteen or nineteen children; and living in a genteel manner, he was soon ruined, and was sent by their friends into the west of England, as a salt-officer; whither she accompanied him, with such of her children as lived.——The second of her children was a son, Edward Johnson; who was put to school at Farnham; and, when of a proper age, was sent abroad, in order to qualify him for trade: but he died there young.—The third and last was her daughter Esther; who only, of all her children, was permitted to reside with her at Moore Park; where she was educated: and her appearance and dress so far exceeded the rank and fortune of her mother, and the rest of the children, that the world soon declared Miss Johnson to be Sir William's daughter. But had dress shewn no distinction between her and the rest of her mother's children, nature had already distinguished her sufficiently. Her mother and brother were both fair; her sister is said to have been the same. The boy was said to be like his father: he therefore must be fair too, as the boy was so to an ucommon degree. Yet Esther's, or, as she was usually called in the family, Miss Hetty's eyes and hair were of a most beautiful black; and all the rest of her features bore so strong a resemblance to those of Sir William T———, that no one could be at a loss to determine what relation she had to that gentleman. And could the striking likeness have been overlooked, Sir William's uncommon regard for her, and his attention to her education, must have convinced every unprejudiced person, that Miss Hetty Johnson was the daughter of one who moved in a higher sphere than a Dutch trader.———The respect that Sir William affected to shew the child, induced his family to copy his example; and the neighbouring families behaving in the same manner, she early lost all that servility that must have tinged her manners and behaviour had

had she been brought up in dependence, and without any knowledge of her real condition. When or where Sir William thought proper to acquaint her with the history of her birth, we profess not to know; but that he did inform her of the secret, we have reason to presume from the following circumstances. As soon as she was woman enough to be intrusted with her own conduct, she left her mother and Moore Park, and went to Ireland to reside, by the order of Sir William, who was yet alive. She was conducted thither by Swift. But of this I am not positive, as I am, that her mother parted with her as one who was never to see her again.

Here let me leave the daughter, and return to Mrs. Johnson, her mother; who continued to live at Moore Park till the death of Sir William Temple. Soon after which she resided with Lady Gifford *, sister to Sir William Temple, and his great favourite, as her woman, or house-keeper, or perhaps in both capacities. Upon Lady Gifford's death, she retired to Farnham, and boarded with one Filby, a brother of her daughter's husband; and some time after intermarried with Mr. Ralph Mose, a person who had for a long series of years been intrusted, as steward, with the affairs of the family, and had successively served Sir William Temple, Lady Gifford, and Mr. Temple. He was a widower, and his first wife had been cook to Sir William Temple. Upon the death of Mr. Mose, she went to board with Mrs. Mayne of Farnham, a gentle-

* Miss Temple, Sir William's favourite sister, was a lady of uncommon merit and goodness, She was addressed by Sir William Gifford; who dying during the courtship, he begged the young lady to bear his name: and to enable him to leave her his estate; as a proof of his affection, she was married to him on his deathbed, by which means she became intitled to the enjoyment of his large estate. And that she might not shew herself unworthy of his esteem, she made a vow, (though in her tender youth) never to marry any other man, but to live his widow: and this she faithfully performed.

woman who had a particular eſteem for her; and at length retired to Mr. Filby's again, and there died, not long after the year 1743. I ſaw her myſelf in the autumn of 1742: and although far advanced in years, ſhe ſtill preſerved the remains of a very fine face.

The reader may wonder, as numbers have done before, that a woman of her refined ſentiments and exquiſite taſte, ſhould marry ſuch a man as Moſe Many have been the conjectures upon the occaſion. Perhaps her eldeſt daughter's diſtreſs might make her deſirous of relieving her with the ſpoils of the old ſteward; or Moſe might be privy to certain ſecrets that ſhe was unwilling to have devulged; and therefore ſhe might not dare to reject his propoſals, for fear of drawing his reſentment upon her. It was certainly a match of policy, and the moſt refined ſenſibility was in her ſacrificed to one who had not the leaſt idea of delicacy. The lady to whom I am obliged for many of theſe anecdotes, aſſured me, that ſhe had heard Mrs. Moſe, in her freer hours, declare, that ſhe was obliged, by indiſpenſible neceſſity, to marry the man whoſe ſervile manners her ſoul deſpiſed; but that religion taught her to fulfil every duty that could poſſibly be expected from the moſt affectionate of wives. She had frequently rejected his offers, but was compelled at length to acquieſce.

Were I to attempt to deſcribe her at full length, I might be thought guilty of the higheſt adulation, ſo extraordinary was the woman that was deſtined to pleaſe Sir William Temple. Pomfret, in his little poem, called *The choice*, is ſaid to have given an exact deſcription of Moor Park; to have delineated Sir William in the account of his own fancy and taſte; and to have taken his picture of the female friend and companion from Mrs. Johnſon; to that piece therefore do I recommend my reader.

While the mother thus ſpent her hours under

the moſt painful reſtraint at Fernham, the daughter made ſurpriſing advances towards perfection under the tuition of Dr. Swift In her poem, dated Nov. 30. 1721, intitled, *Stella to Dr. Swift on his birth day*, we ſee, that ſhe attributes all that was excellent in her to his inſtructions. It is not ſurpriſing that her affection towards the Dean ſhould be ſo great, when we recollect, that it commenced from her earlieſt age, at a time when ſhe thought that affection entirely innocent; that it was increaſed by Sir William's often recommending her tender innocence to the protection of Swift, as ſhe had no declared male relation that could be her defender. It was from Sir William's own leſſons that ſhe received the firſt rules for her future conduct, which were afterwards continued by the Dean. And that the world may know what was the reſult of the joint labours of theſe two exalted geniuſes, I ſhall relate a little anecdote for which I have undoubted authority.

When Stella, or Miſs Johnſon, reſided at Dublin, her noble air, her genteel appearance, and the viſits of many perſons of diſtinction, ſoon gave riſe to a report, that ſhe had a large fortune, and that ſhe kept in her lodgings caſh, jewels, and furniture, to a very great value. Such a report in Ireland could not fail of attracting the notice of indigent villany. Stella had no male ſervant in the houſe, and no reſiſtance could be expected from a few timorous women. On the night deſtined to deprive the world of one of its moſt diſtinguiſhed ornaments, (for robbery and murder are terms ſynonymous there), Stella had diſmiſſed her woman for the night; and not finding an inclination for ſleep, ſhe took a book, and read for ſome time, being all undreſſed, with only a wrapping gown over her. When ſhe had read a while, ſhe removed the candle to its place for the night, as ſhe always kept a light burning; and kneeling by her bedſide, ſhe

was

was more than once disturbed by a noise at her window, she performed her devotions, however, with great calmness and attention; a duty that she never omitted; and then arising, and advancing towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, she saw, through the sash, a man who seemed to stand upon a ladder, and to be waiting for her putting out the candle, to begin his enterprise. The sex in general, upon such an occasion, would have fainted, screamed out, or attempted to have run out of the chamber. Not so the daughter of Sir William Temple. She knew the cruel temper of the vulgar Irish, and took not the least apparent notice of the thief; but seeming to look for something, she went directly to her closet; from whence she returned immediately; and throwing up the sash with her left hand, and drawing out a pistol from under her loose wrapping gown with her right, she fired at the villain; who immediately dropped from the ladder. She then called up the family; and the watch coming soon after at the noise of the pistol, his confederates were obliged to fly, and never afterwards attempted to disturb her. In this case Providence seems to have assisted her in an extraordinary manner: for had she gone to bed at her usual time, or had she not employed an hour or two in reading, the censorious world would never have had it in their power to attribute her death to the pride of Dean Swift.

Lord Orrery thinks his accomplished lady fell a sacrifice to the peculiarity of her fate. I cannot oppose this opinion of his Lordship; a person of her delicate sensibility might be greatly affected by her frequent reflections on her disagreeable situation. But was it in Swift's power to prevent it.

When Stella went to Ireland, a marriage between her and the Dean could not be foreseen: but when she thought proper to communicate to her friends the Dean's proposal, and her approbation of it, it

was then become abſolutely neceſſary for that perſon, who alone knew the ſecret hiſtory of the parties concerned, to reveal what otherwiſe might have been buried in oblivion. But was the Dean to blame, becauſe he was ignorant of his natural relation to Stella? or can he be juſtly cenſured, becauſe it was not made known before the day of marriage?—— He admired her; he loved her; he pitied her; and when fate had placed the everlaſting barrier between them, their affection became a true Platonic love, if not ſomething yet more exalted. I do not deny, but that ſhe might lament the particular oddneſs of her fate; nor do I deny, but that Swift's natural temper might acquire an additional ſeverity and moroſeneſs from hence, and that he might vent his paſſion, and revenge himſelf on the reſt of mankind. But his affection for Stella became truly fraternal; and whenever ſhe lamented her unhappy ſituation, the friend, the tutor, the huſband, all in one, mingled his ſypathatic tears, with hers, and ſoothed the ſharpneſs of her anxiety and ſorrow.—— But he deſpiſed her family. Was Swift's reputed father then ſo noble? and to whom did the Dean declare the ſecret of his ſoul?

We are ſometimes told, that upon the Hanoverian family's ſucceeding to the throne of Great Britain, Swift renounced all hopes of farther preferment; and that his temper became more moroſe and more intolerable every year. I acknowledge the fact in part; but it was not the loſs of his hopes that ſoured Swift alone. This was the unlucky epocha of that diſcovery, that convinced the Dean, that the only woman in the world who could make him happy as a wife, was the only woman in the world who could not be that wife. Could ſo turbulent a temper be eaſy under ſuch a mortification? Let thoſe judge, who have been ſo happy as to have ſeen this Stella, this Hetty Johnſon; and let thoſe who have not, judge from the following deſcription.

cription.——Her ſhape was perfectly eaſy and elegant; her complexion exquiſitely fine; her features were regular, with the addition of that nameleſs ſomething, that ſo often exceeds the moſt exact beauty, and which never fails to add to it when they meet together. Her teeth were beyond compariſon; her eye-brows and hair, of the moſt gloſſy black; and her eyes——but thoſe I pretend not to deſcribe; her mein and air were equal to the reſt of the piece. Such was her exterior appearance: her mind was yet more beautiful than her perſon, and her accompliſhments were ſuch as to do honour to the man who was ſo happy as to call her daughter.

Can we wonder, after reflecting upon the foregoing paſſages, that the Dean and Stella always took care to converſe before witneſſes, or at leaſt a third perſon, from that time when they received the proper notice of the ſecrets of the family, even though they had never taken ſuch precautions before? Can we wonder that they ſhould ſpend one day in the year in faſting, praying, and tears, from this period to her death? Might it not be the anniverſary of their marriage? But it would be unneceſſary to ſay more, ſince every unprejudiced perſon muſt be convinced from the preceding circumſtances, that Hetty Johnſon was neither daughter to Sir William Temple's ſteward, nor could Sir William leave her 1000 l as a reward for her father's faithful execution of his office, when that ſteward was not married to her mother till long after the deceaſe of Sir William. He muſt be convinced alſo, that Swift had more forcible reaſons for not owning Stella for his wife, than his Lordſhip has allowed; and that it was not his behaviour but her own unhappy ſituation, that might perhaps ſhorten her days.

I have yet a word to ſay with reſpect to Mrs. Fenton, the Dean's ſiſter. He is ſaid by Lord Orrery, to have refuſed all reconciliation with her,

on the account of her marriage. But why ſhould he have reſented her marriage with a tradeſman, any more than her going to ſervice? She lived many years with Lady Gifford, as her woman; and although it is probable that the Dean might diſapprove of the match, as her huſband, Fenton, was an extravagant careleſs fellow, and a notorious drunkard; yet, after her huſband's and Lady Gifford's death, ſhe retired to Farnham, and boarded with Mrs Mayne, Mrs. Moſe boarding there at the ſame time, with whom ſhe lived in the greateſt intimacy; and as ſhe had not enough to maintain her, the Dean paid her an annuity as long as ſhe lived;—— neither was that annuity a trifle.

If theſe anecdotes prove agreeable to the public, or ſhould they incite any other perſons, who are poſſeſſed of proper materials, to throw a new light on theſe tranſactions, hitherto ſo extremely miſrepreſented; I ſhall think myſelf fortunate in having contributed ſomething toward ſo generous an attempt, as that of acquitting the innocent from the imputation of guilt.

Yours, &c. C. M. P. G. N. S. T. N. S.

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